

JUNE 1952

THE *Atlantic*

Inglewood High School
Library Book

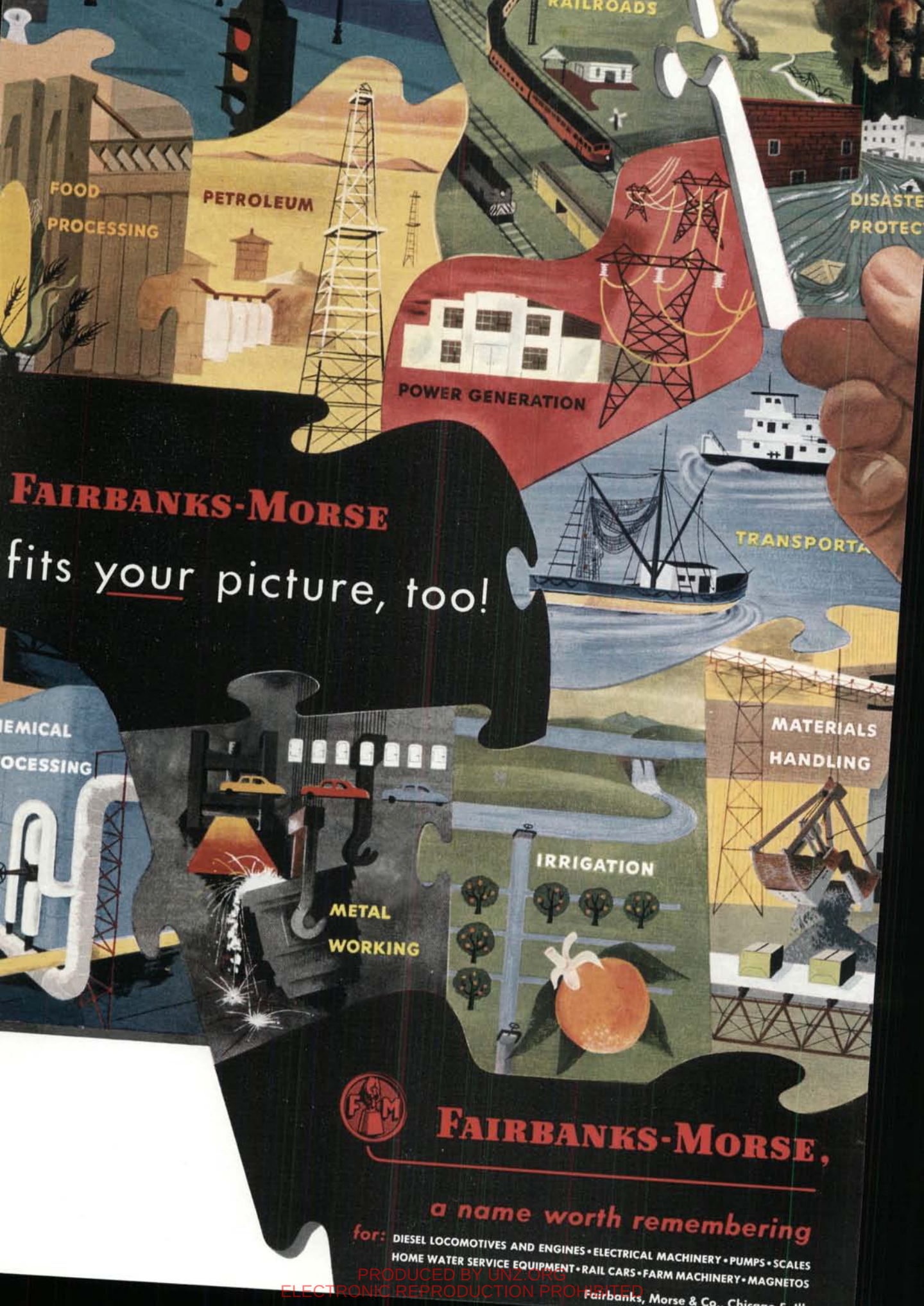
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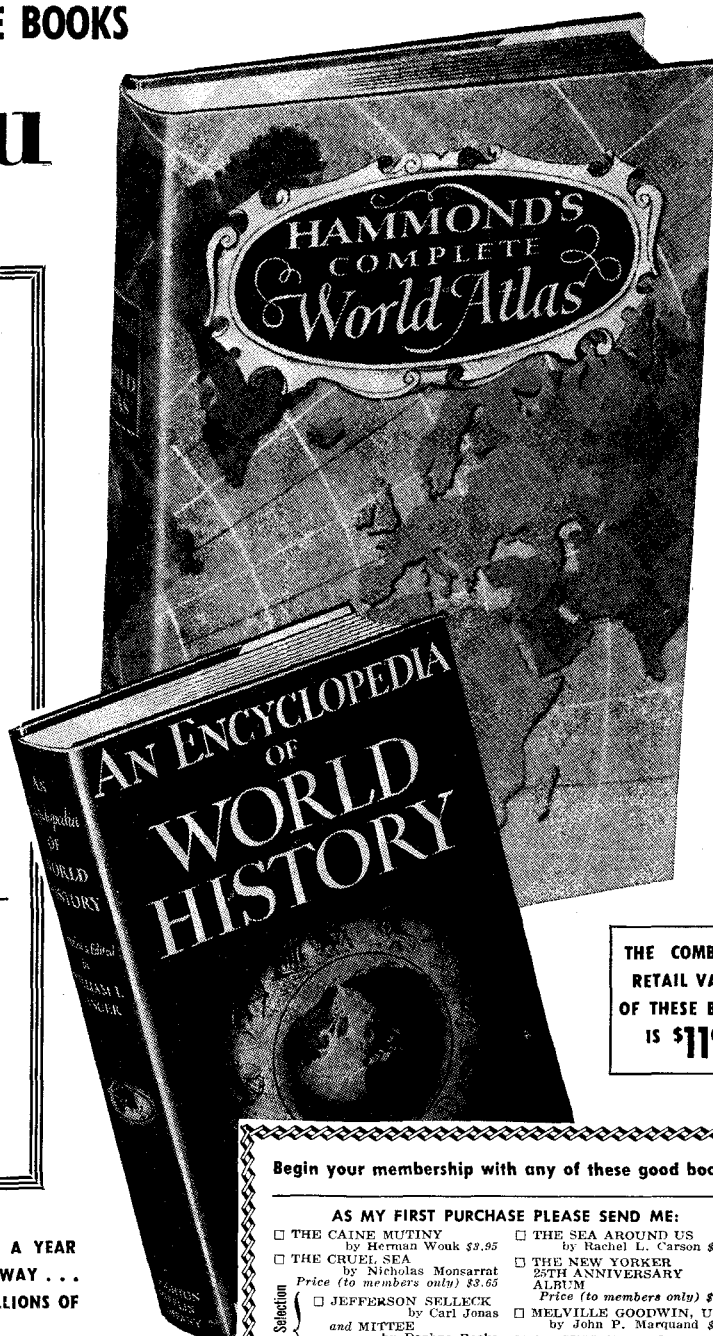
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today



Washington



At the base of the trouble in the steel dispute were two simple facts: 1) the Administration was panicked at the thought of a steel strike; and 2) there was no coördination within the Administration between wage and price policies. Part of the difficulty arose from the tripartite composition of the Wage Stabilization Board. The board consists of eighteen members, six each representing the public, labor, and industry. Four members from each group usually sit on cases. Most public members have backgrounds as arbitrators or impartial umpires in labor negotiations. Nathan P. Feinsinger, the chairman, is a law professor on leave from the University of Wisconsin.

The flaw is that a determined stand by one group can often mean a settlement by a sort of polite blackmail on the lowest common denominator, and the public members become compromisers instead of defenders of the public interest. For example, the public members wanted to return the union shop issue to the steel companies and the union for further bargaining. But for differing reasons the industry and labor members would not go along. So the public members caved in and supported the labor members in order to get a decision.

Varying interpretations of Stabilization Board regulations placed the permissible wage increase anywhere from 9 to 34 cents an hour. Most persons who had been following the board, however, expected it to come up with a "package" recommendation totaling 15 to 18 cents. When the board finally announced recommendations totaling 26.1 cents, plus the union shop, the Capital was dumfounded. These recommendations included a 12½ cents an hour wage increase retroactive to January 1; 2½ cents additional beginning July 1; 2½ cents

more next January (the recommended contract would run eighteen months); and fringe adjustments bringing the eventual total to 26.1 cents.

Wilson vs. Putnam and Arnall

Among the most dumfounded was Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson. Although the Stabilization Board came within his purview, Wilson had kept hands off, on the theory that it was a quasi-judicial body performing a task assigned by the President. Both Economic Stabilizer Roger Putnam and Stabilization Board Chairman Feinsinger, however, undertook to keep Wilson informed. The day before the announcement, Putnam called Wilson to tell him that the wage dispute could not be settled for 15 cents. Wilson agreed to 16 cents, but said that he would rather take a strike than go above that figure. Thereupon ensued a tragedy of errors.

Wilson was under the misapprehension that fringe benefits were included under the wage ceiling. When he learned otherwise, he immediately charged that the recommendations were "un-stabilizing" and flew to Key West to consult the President. Truman reportedly was sympathetic to Wilson's insistence that the steel companies would need price relief and authorized Wilson to tell them that a price increase would be permitted.

In the meantime Putnam, who initially had agreed with Wilson, changed his mind. Putnam and Price Stabilizer Ellis Arnall went to see the President on his return from Key West to plead that no price increase would be necessary beyond that under the Capehart Amendment. (This amendment permits the steel companies to recover additional costs incurred before last July 25.)

Last year's great literary find was Boswell's *London Journey*. This year's is Friedrich Nietzsche's *My Sister and I*. And of the two this second is certainly the greater."

The San Francisco Argonaut.

If—as the publishers clearly believe—this is a genuine Nietzsche work, it must rank as one of the greatest literary discoveries of the twentieth century." *The Saturday Review.*

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"... in between these flights of madness, his Prussian saber thrusts and strikes. No sacrilege beyond him, no insult beyond expression, no deliberate affront so great for his pen. He struggles with terrible doubts and wrestles with guilt complexes that surge from his subconscious like ugly things from the deep... but the flicking fingers of his wit are never far removed from the clenched fist of his rages."

Richmond (Virginia) News

"... an absorbing story of one of the greatest tragedies of modern times. Its style is sufficient evidence of its authenticity."

San Antonio Express

"... it opens the way for startling insight into the author's private life. The incestuous relationship with his sister Elisabeth is delineated with candid accuracy."

Greensboro (N.C.) News

"He is most coherent in his descriptions of sex... he dedicates the great majority of passages to sexual descriptions."

Wichita (Kansas) Eagle

"... whole libraries have been written about his work, his philosophy, his tragic medical history, and the enigma of his personal relationships... and now, fifty-one years after Nietzsche's death, there falls into our hands that may prove to be the key to the whole problem."

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The Atlantic Report on Washington



The upshot was that the President decided against the price increase requested by the steel industry. When Wilson protested that Truman had authorized him to dicker with the steel companies, the President retorted bluntly that he had not told Wilson to let the companies walk all over him. At that point Wilson resigned.

Everybody wants inflation

The very flexibility of the WSB's formula invites arbitrary decisions. Generally the board has permitted wage increases of 10 per cent plus a sum equivalent to the percentage increase in the cost of living since January 15, 1951. Fringe adjustments are considered separately on the basis of industry area practices. But the WSB is free to ignore its own formula. For example, instead of taking the base date of January 15, 1951, for the steel award, it went back to October, 1950, because the last steel contract had been figured on the October cost-of-living index. This "justified" 3½ cents an hour more.

The real difficulty, of course, lies in the Stabilization Board's frame of reference. Many situations arise in which it simply is not possible to be completely fair to labor, industry, and the public. The "catching up" formula is a formula for built-in inflation. Invariably it results in a kind of leap-frogging in which no one is ever caught up.

Actually, the whole philosophy of the controls program has been to permit a creeping wage inflation. The fact is that inflation is popular. In an expanding economy, industry can of course be expected to absorb some wage increases because of greater productivity. But rather than impose a real brake on wages, the Administration has been trying to place most of the burden on industry.

It is hard to avoid the conclusion that the Administration's policy is based on the obvious fact that there are more steel workers than steel companies and more union members than stockholders. The very existence of superboards such as the WSB acts as a deterrent to real bargaining and tends to throw disputes to the government for solution.

Acheson visits a Good Neighbor

Secretary Acheson's first trip to Brazil was a carefully planned effort to mend some fences in bad disrepair. As the United States' biggest and oldest friend in Latin America, Brazil has felt badly neglected since the days of World War II when this country was anxious for bases and Brazil's raw materials. Moreover, in contrast to Acheson's

near-contempt for most Latin American diplomats, he has a real affection for Brazil's capable Foreign Minister, João Neves da Fontoura.

When Acheson attended the funeral of King George VI in London, by accident he was placed in the procession along with three Latin American representatives. These gentlemen seized the occasion to belabor Acheson about United States neglect, and their complaints continued during the entire procession. Acheson was fit to be tied, and Prime Minister Churchill had to send Foreign Secretary Eden to apologize personally.

Actually, the Secretary of State's visit to Brazil coincided with a marked change of policy in Latin America. There is a belated conviction that no effort to appease the Perón government of Argentina will work. For a number of months the State Department has become progressively more bitter about Perón and his attempts to build an anti-United States bloc in the hemisphere.

So obsequious was the fawning of two American Ambassadors in Buenos Aires, George Messersmith and Stanton Griffis, that Perón was advised that State Department protests meant nothing. The peak of the appeasement policy was reached when Assistant Secretary Edward G. Miller, Jr., negotiated a \$125-million Export-Import Bank loan for Perón in 1950.

This loan, however, made no difference. The murder of *La Prensa* — on which the State Department pussyfooted at first — at last convinced the department that Perón could not be bought. In the meantime, Perón's alliance with the Communists has caused the department more and more concern. In contrast with his predecessors, the currently retiring Ambassador, Ellsworth Bunker, has been a model of correct, restrained deportment. The policy now is to let Perón stew in the economic ruin he has brought to Argentina.

But Perón has won a victory which may be very costly in the upset in Bolivia conducted by the MNR, or National Revolutionary Movement. This placed in power Victor Paz Estenssoro, a long-time chum of Perón and the Communists.

The United States itself bears considerable responsibility for this coup. Reconstruction Finance Corporation Administrator W. Stuart Symington adamantly refused to negotiate a tin contract with Bolivia at a price the Bolivians would accept — even though this could have been done for the

same price ultimately given other tin producers. Backed by Senator Lyndon Johnson, Symington sat tight while the tin piled up. The discontent of course played into the hands of Paz Estenssoro. The Bolivian coup is a prime example of the need to make United States international economic policy serve its diplomatic aims.

Women in the services

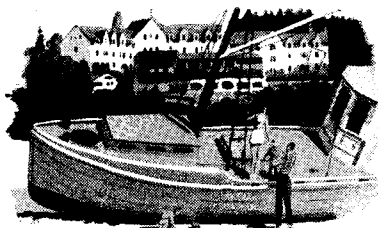
Petite, pert Anna Rosenberg has conducted a minor revolution of her own in the Pentagon. As the Assistant Secretary of Defense in charge of manpower, Mrs. Rosenberg has introduced many personnel methods found successful in private business. Her indefatigable energy for unification has won admiration on Capitol Hill. Now she is embarked upon a special crusade to enlist more women in the armed forces. The goal is to enroll 72,000 more women in the women's components and various medical specialist corps of the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines.

Defense officials have concentrated on quality, and they are pleased with the growing recognition of the need and social acceptance of women in the armed forces. Officials are stressing the point that it is unfair to compel a man to serve more than once, and that there are many jobs in which women can release men for more specialized duties.

Mood of the Capital

President Truman's decision not to run again brought much speculation that he would have a second honeymoon with Congress. With no responsibility for the election, the reasoning went, Truman could be a statesman instead of a politician. Unquestionably relations between the President and Congress have improved, though Truman's partisan handling of the steel dispute dissipated some of the good will.

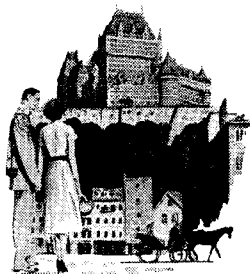
General Eisenhower's return makes him fair political game. Efforts have been made by Senator Taft and his supporters to embroil Ike in controversy, but so far Eisenhower has been adroit. In a sense, so long as he was at SHAPE he was immune from the usual attacks. Some of his supporters here are operating on the theory that the time for political speeches is after the convention, and that the less Eisenhower says before then, the better.



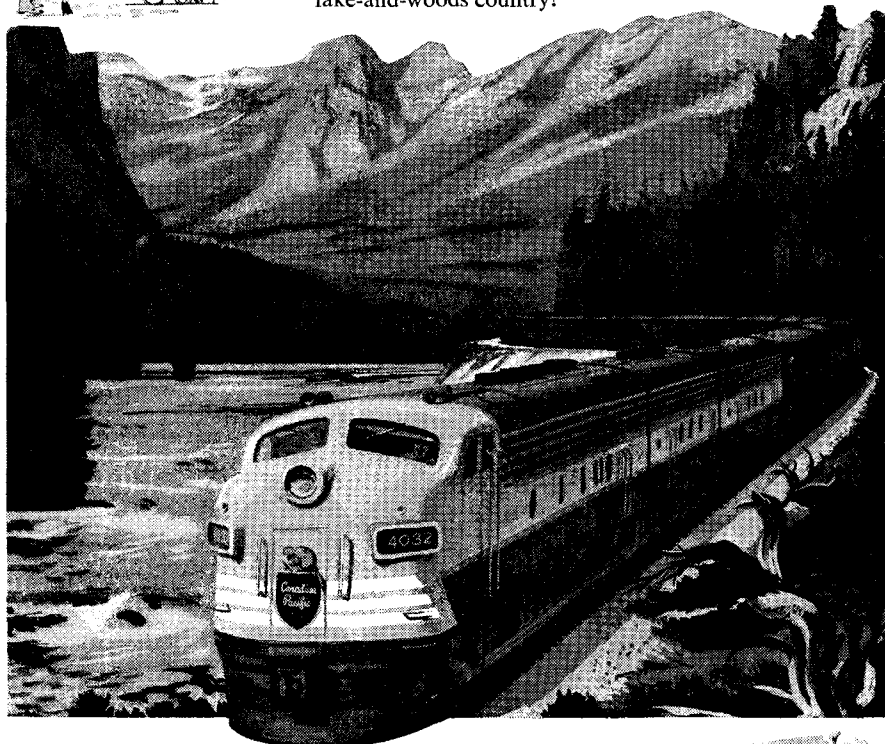
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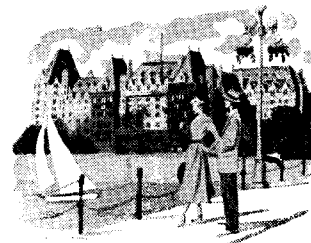
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India

FOR administrative and climatic reasons, polling in India's first general elections was staggered over the four winter months. Between mid-November and the end of February, the people streamed into the polls in the biggest and most amazing elections the world has ever seen. They came from Himalayan villages high in the north, from the remote hills and orange groves and tea estates of Assam, from the crowded factories and dock areas of Bombay and Calcutta, from tiny clearings deep within the tiger-infested forests and jungles of Orissa, from walled settlements and ancient fortress towns sparsely dotting the Rajasthan desert, from the palm-fringed coastal lands of Madras and Travancore-Cochin.

Tribal folk, scantily clad, queued up with spears and bows and arrows, their women with them. Hill women put on their gayest clothes and heavy silver jewelry for the occasion. Blind people in some cities formed into pathetic strings, eager to exercise this new thing called a vote. Bridegrooms and their marriage parties, decorative umbrellas and all, stopped off to vote on the way to their weddings. Even dying persons, here and there, insisted on being carried to the polling booths, cast their votes, and died in peace. At least two women gave birth to children within minutes of voting.

The voting was actually heavier in rural areas than in cities, and the women outnumbered the men at many places. Occasionally — in Jaipur, for instance — a handful of ballot boxes were collected empty at the end of the day; but to offset such rare indifference, there were villages in Saurashtra where the voting was 100 per cent. In Delhi, the capital, the percentage worked out at 53. In the state of Travancore-Cochin, with a literacy figure of over 50 per cent (the highest in India), no less than 79 per cent of those entitled to vote did so.

For the whole of India, out of an electorate of 186 million men and women, about equal to one twelfth of all humanity, between 50 and 60 per cent of the people went to the polls. An act of faith had justified itself. A great experiment in political democracy had passed out of the blueprint stage and gone into production.

On the basis of simple adult franchise and direct ballot, the people of India returned 3772 members to the various legislatures (489 to the Lower House of Parliament, known as the House of the People, and 3283 to twenty-two State Legislative Assemblies). Other elections, partly indirect, through the Assemblies, and partly on a franchise limited to graduates, teachers, and local bodies, decided the Upper Houses, or Legislative Councils, in seven of the larger states. The new Assemblies also elected the allotted number of members for each state to the Upper House of Parliament, or Council of States. Then all elected members of both Houses of Parliament, and all State Assemblies elected the President of India, and in May India's first democratic government assumed office.

Getting India ready to vote

Considering the political setup of India since independence, the holding of elections posed peculiarly difficult problems on the administrative side. There is wide disparity in size, population, historical evolution, political consciousness, and experience among the twenty-five states, but the new Constitution decreed that in free, democratic, secular Republican India, all alike should share the privileges and responsibilities of citizenship. Thus, when announcement was first made, in July, 1951, of forthcoming general elections, the whole country had to be organized for them, with less than six months in which to get ready.

Mammoth electoral rolls were corrected and published. More than 3000 constituencies were demarcated, calculated on a basis of 500,000 to 750,000 persons per seat for the House of the People and 30,000 to 75,000 persons per seat for State Assemblies. Within every constituency, provision had to be made for reservation of seats for Scheduled Castes and Tribes, where population warranted. Written into the Constitution is a ten-year guaranty of Reserved Seats for this most backward element of the population.

Another item was the manufacture of 2,584,010 steel ballot boxes of approved design. They had to be distributed along with 600 million ballot papers and other election paraphernalia to a quarter of a

million polling booths. Training of election staff and posting of police constables or guards to every polling center in the country was another huge administrative responsibility.

The main problem facing the Election Commission, however, was what to do with the illiterate Indian voter. Eighty-two per cent of India's 361 millions are still unable to read or write, and thirteen different languages are spoken. The difficulty was solved by the ingenious system of symbols. It was decided that political party candidates and Independent candidates would all have distinctive symbols. Candidates for the Reserved Seats, who might belong to any party, would have their party symbol enclosed in a circle, as a mark of special identification. Reproduced in black outline on small squares of white paper, the various symbols would be pasted outside and inside the appropriate ballot boxes everywhere in the country.

Complicated as it may sound, the symbol system worked. All that voters had to do on polling day was to obtain their identity slips and ballot papers from the officials in charge, get their left forefingers marked with indelible ink (to prevent possible impersonation and double voting), walk behind a screen and drop their papers, without even having to mark them, into the boxes of their choice.

Thousands of candidates

The system would have worked better had it not been for the cataclysmic rise of innumerable parties and the simultaneous eruption of several thousand Independent candidates on the eve of the elections.

Besides the seventy-year-old Indian National Congress Party, to whom the British handed India over when they left, other older parties already in the field were the Socialists, the Forward Bloc, the Communists, and the Hindu Mahasabha. With elections in sight, a movement of disintegration gained rapid headway. Rebel Congressmen, dissatisfied with their party's policies and critical of its administration, suddenly resigned from the Congress in large numbers.

The Independent candidates were mainly recruited from dissident or dissatisfied Congressmen, and included many whose applications for official



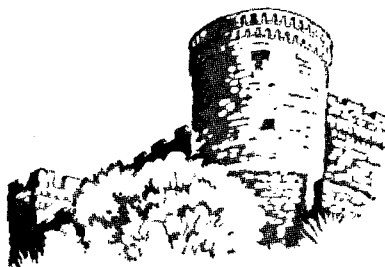
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Congress nomination had been rejected. Ex-rulers of princely states and members of their families supplied another rich contingent. Some fifty rajas and maharajas, with a sprinkling of maharanis and princesses, astonished the country by offering themselves for election.

A few industrialists and journalists and other individuals of influence in their communities who thought they could command a personal following also threw themselves into the fray. Perhaps the most singular among them was bespectacled, long-haired Prabhu Dutt Brahmachari, wearing the traditional garments of an Indian "holy man." He set himself up for election to the House of the People as one of four rivals opposing Prime Minister Nehru in his own home town of Allahabad. His campaign was somewhat handicapped by the vow of silence he had been observing for ten years, but he managed to distribute 60,000 pamphlets bitterly attacking the Congress, and his agents staged Vedic sacrifices and asked people to take an oath by sacred Ganges water not to vote for Congress. (He eventually polled 56,718 votes, against 233,571 for Nehru.)

For the first time in their lives, the people were given some sort of education in the political, social, and economic problems confronting the country. Endless meetings were held—three thousand in Bombay alone. And the people sat, watched, listened, took everything in.

Congress vs. Communists

An analysis of final polling figures makes three things clear. The Congress, often against stiff opposition, has won, and a continuity of Nehru policies is assured for the next five years. Reactionary parties of the Right have suffered a serious setback. Communists in combination with other Leftist groups have emerged as the second largest political party in India, next only to the Congress.

Congress now has practically a three-fourths majority in Parliament, and it has captured more than two thirds of all the Assembly seats. It is the largest single party in every State Assembly, and it has an absolute majority, overriding the combination of all other parties and Independents put together, in eighteen Assemblies out of twenty-two. In West Bengal

and East Punjab, both so-called "problem" states where its position before the elections was uncertain, it has received solid majorities.

But its position is precariously slim in Rajasthan and Hyderabad, and it has failed to get a working majority in four states—Travancore-Cochin, Madras, Orissa, and P.E.P.S.U. (Patiala and East Punjab States Union). And when the polling figures for the whole of India are more closely scrutinized, the inescapable fact emerges that more people voted *against* Congress than *for* it. Congress polled only about 40 per cent of the total votes.

The splitting of votes among the multiple parties and Independent candidates was one reason for the drop in Congress support. Altogether, 17,459 candidates contested the 3862 elected seats.

But there is a more fundamental explanation. The common man in India today is almost totally unaware of what the Nehru government has actually achieved during the past four and a half years. On the other hand, he knows that prices are four or five times higher than they used to be, and that food and cloth and other essentials are in short supply. He finds the controls and procurement policies intolerably irksome, and he knows that there is a flourishing black market.

The success of the Communists and their allies, particularly in South India, gave a rude shock to the Congress camp. In the country as a whole they have won not even one tenth of the seats going to Congress, but in the three southern states of Travancore-Cochin, Madras, and Hyderabad they have won nearly half the number won by Congress. Unsatisfactory administration and some of the police excesses during a prolonged struggle to suppress Communist lawlessness in Telengana (the Communist stronghold in Hyderabad) and adjacent areas in Madras are said to have alienated many votes from Congress.

A bright promise of increased rice rations, reduction of prices, and scaling down of officials' high salaries sounded like convincing arguments in favor of the Communists. Their program contained other glittering possibilities—nationalizing land and industry (without compensation), confiscating foreign assets, tearing India

from the Commonwealth, rescuing her from the octopus embrace of the American "Imperialists."

Class against class

For practical purposes, the Communists found other ways of appealing to the electorate. They fanned the resentment of the non-Brahmin majority in the south against the small, powerful Brahmin minority, mostly Congressmen, and they warmly encouraged the popular demand for linguistic states — particularly an Andhra state for Telugu speakers, long a burning issue. Congress has so far soft-pedaled this question, insisting that at least agreement must first be reached with Madras and Hyderabad, out of which Andhra would have to be carved.

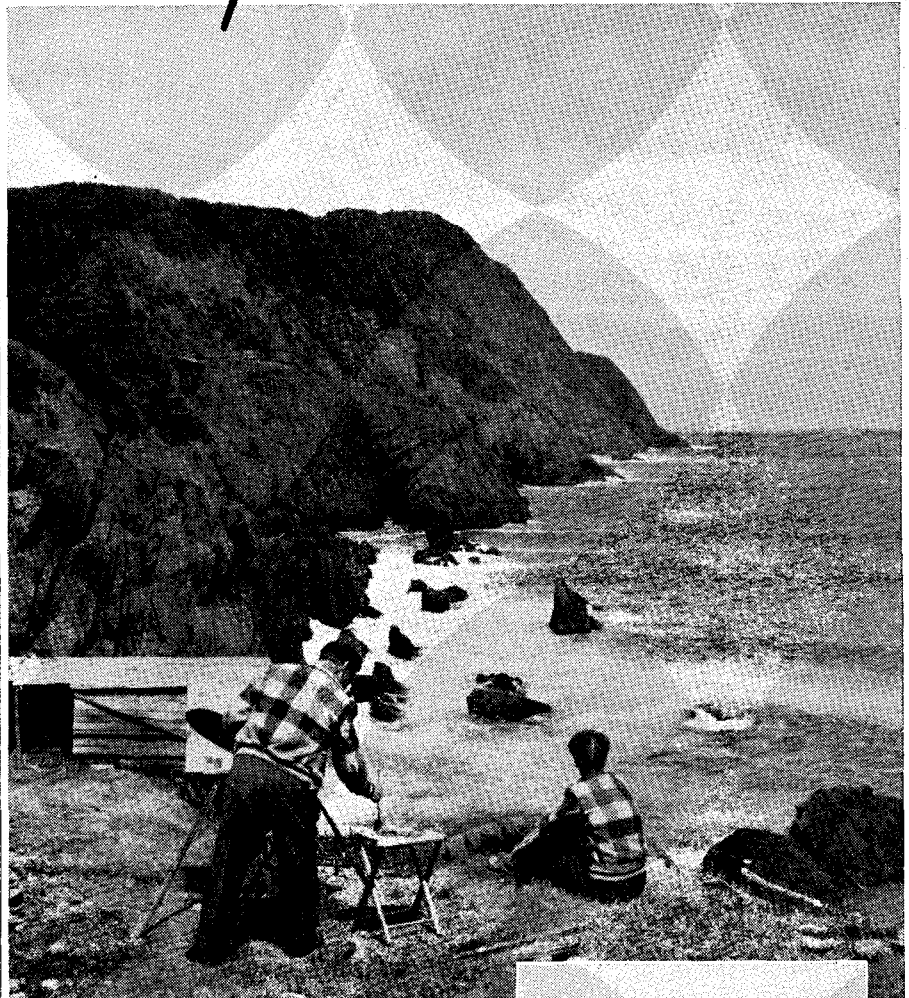
The Communist success was all the more significant because the party was banned in both Hyderabad and Travancore-Cochin. In other parts of India it was not banned, but many leading Communists were in jail, convicted of acts of violence and terrorism. Many had gone underground, and hundreds more were held in custody under the Preventive Detention Act. Before the elections, however, in order to create an atmosphere of freedom, the different states released many *détenus* on parole, and thus enabled them to contest and win many seats.

In the two states where the party could not function freely, a combination of sympathetic Leftist parties under Communist leadership came into existence with new labels — the United Front of Leftists in Travancore-Cochin, the People's Democratic Front in Hyderabad. Communists were also put up as Independents.

Nevertheless, post-election efforts to gather in enough supporters to form non-Congress coalition governments in those states where Congress failed to obtain an over-all majority have not succeeded. A strong central government will not allow disorder or separatist tendencies to endanger India's hard-won freedom. The Congress Party itself is to be reorganized and mass contact re-established. There is certain to be an administrative cleanup, and measures of relief to meet the distress of the people are to be speeded up. India, having won political freedom, is now preparing to fight out the war against poverty.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS

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Cuba

I DID it with captains and lieutenants," said General Fulgencio Batista, describing how he recently made himself dictator of Cuba in seventy-seven minutes. He was wrong. No doubt junior military officers proved helpful, but the success of his power grab was really due to the unpopularity of the Prio government and Batista's willingness to strip his countrymen of their constitutional rights and civil liberties.

Most North Americans who visit Cuba are tourists who spend a few days in Havana. Although the tourist bureaus and *Habaneros* are convinced of the contrary, Havana is not Cuba. There are five other provinces on this tropical island, easily reached by planes, trains, cars, and buses, and well worth a visit. *Habaneros* refer to them rather patronizingly as the Interior, and never go there themselves, although they think nothing of a little junket to New York, Paris, or Hollywood.

The Interior, however, is the heart and wealth of Cuba. In rich red soil — so fertile that fence posts burst into pink blossoms — grow millions of acres of pale-green sugar cane, darker green tobacco, spiky sisal, coffee, pineapples, bananas, and other tropical fruits, many of them exported to markets in our country. Tiny, thatch-roofed *bohios* hung with scarlet bougainvillea or pots of purple orchids dot the broad meadows, and magnificent royal palms rise to enormous heights, paralleling the tall chimneys of the big sugar mills. Here life is regulated by the crops. The people are easygoing, hospitable, independent, and intensely patriotic.

When word of Batista's *coup d'état* reached the towns and cities of the Interior, the people were outraged. In Matanzas, whose deep harbor often shelters our biggest flattops during naval maneuvers, as well as in the seaport of Santiago, military garrisons declared themselves loyal to constitutional government and stood ready to fight for it.

In the fruit and cattle center of Camagüey, famous for its pirate history and busy intercontinental airport, citizens sprang into action against the modern piracy of Batista. Led by the chief of police, they ransacked his political headquarters,

destroying pamphlets and photographs showing him as a candidate for the office of President. Later the chief of police resigned from his position rather than serve under the man who had tricked the people into believing he would accept the results of free elections, only to snatch the power and make himself dictator and chief of state.

Far from supporting the boy from Banes, soldiers and civilians all over the Oriente sent word to President Prio that they, their arms, and their mountains were at his disposal if he would come and lead the fight against Batista.

Good timing

General Batista timed his revolution very neatly. Excusing himself from a political meeting in Matanzas just after midnight on March 10, he drove back to Havana (sixty miles) and used the predawn quiet to advance quickly toward his goal. By the time tourists had returned to their hotels after watching the gay promenade of *comparsa* dancers, and *Habaneros* were abandoning the sidewalk cafés to continue ardent discussions of politics as they strolled homeward, the Republic of Cuba was no more.

From Army headquarters at Camp Columbia (delivered into his hands by cooperative junior officers, while their superiors remained loyal to the constitution) the General broadcast that he was now chief of state and that constitutional guarantees would be abolished for forty-five days. Simultaneously he took over all communications and command of the Army, Navy, and Air Corps, and withheld the news of what was happening from Cubans as well as from the outside world "to avoid alarm."

This well-executed attack must have been planned long in advance. Although Batista was a member of the Cuban Senate, elected *in absentia* while he was living across the Gulf of Mexico in Daytona Beach, he never attended a session. Granted a praetorian guard of twelve soldiers by President Prio (Batista lives in constant fear of being shot by the avengers of Cubans killed during his former dictatorship) he returned to Cuba and retired to "Kuquine," his fortresslike farm near Havana, rarely leaving it except to visit friends in near-by Camp Columbia.

It is possible that Batista was sincere when he announced his candidacy for President in the June elections, although it may have been a ruse to cover his real designs. Running against him were Carlos Hevia (backed by President Prio, who under Cuban law could not succeed himself) and Roberto Agramonte, leader of the Orthodox or People's Party. Soon it was being rumored among the domino players and coffee drinkers of the sidewalk cafés that both these candidates were rolling up more voting strength than Batista.

The chance of being defeated in a free election was bound to be distasteful to a man who had been both dictator and president of his country. Batista's avowed reasons for turning Cuba into a police state, where Congress was not allowed to convene and meetings of more than four people were proscribed, sounded suspiciously like the double talk of an impatient politician. He claimed that he feared Cuba was "heading toward a savage dictatorship" and that President Prio was planning a "phony revolution" to keep himself in power. By taking the dictatorial short cut to power

himself, however, the General ensured his return to the presidency.

The President locked out

Just why President Prio showed so little fighting spirit is not clear. Well aware that his own regime was becoming more unpopular (daily accusations of graft and political banditry filled the papers), he must yet have known that the Cubans could be roused to fight for their constitutional rights. Moreover, he could count on the support of senior Army officers, well-trained cadets at Managua, at least two frigates of the Navy, the majority of the Air Corps, and troops from the Interior.

News of Batista's coup reached him at his country home and he hurried back to Havana, arriving at the Presidential Palace about six o'clock in the morning. Here friends and a delegation of university students urged him to make a stand against Batista. Telling the students to go back to the campus, where he would soon join them with arms to organize the resistance, he went to the Capitol. Finding it surrounded by troops loyal to Batista, he hurried off to the garrison

of Matanzas, there to discover that his friend Colonel Helena was unable to help him, because he was already a prisoner of the younger officers.

Returning to Havana, President Prio sought sanctuary in the Mexican Embassy and apparently made no further attempts to rally the opposition before he and his family took off by plane for political exile in Mexico City.

Some Cubans were greatly cheered by Batista's return to power. Batista restored the Army to the position of importance it had enjoyed under his former regime and doubled the pay of the men. Political friends were given posts in the dictator's cabinet, and the association of big sugar planters (representing some \$600 million of capital from the United States plus that of Cuban investors) pledged their support to the new prime minister. "A firm hand is just what Cuba needs," some said.

The head of Cuban labor unions called a general strike in protest on the morning of March 10. But on the evening of the same day he quickly about-faced and visited Batista to offer the coöperation of his workers.

The Communists

Cuban Communists, formerly friends and supporters of Batista (their party acquired legal status during his earlier regime and supported him for President in 1940 and his candidate for President in 1944), seem to have played no part in his return to power.

The furor in April over customs inspection of the suspiciously heavy (150 pounds) luggage of two Russian couriers from the Russian Embassy in Mexico who landed at the Havana airport, the subsequent blast from Moscow, and the withdrawal of twenty-one Russian officials from Cuba may mean that Batista is no longer playing ball with his old friends. On the other hand, the Communist daily *Hoy*, openly critical of Batista, is still published, although printers and distributors of other anti-Batista literature have been imprisoned.

"Disciplined democracy"

Installed once more in the handsome Presidential Palace, General Batista immediately increased the guards from seventy to two hundred

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and fifty, thereby suggesting that he was not entirely at ease. Congressmen were assured of their pay but machine gunners prevented them from assembling. The elections scheduled for June were indefinitely postponed, and the police surrounded the University of Havana, allowing no students to enter the campus unless they presented identity cards. Members of the armed forces who had shown themselves loyal to the constitution were thrown into prison.

To those who remembered the "disciplined democracy" of his former dictatorship, Batista's official pronouncements brought little comfort. His promise that "the only blood that will be spilled will be that of those that oppose us" raised echoes of the days when he called himself a "man of peace" only to have his rugged treatment of opponents bring the retort, "peace — of the cemeteries."

His avowal that there would be "not a single measure against the press" was followed by an invitation to cooperate and assurances that there would be no censorship. This sounded familiar, and many writers recalled only too well his substitute for censorship. Any criticism of him or his tactics had been promptly punished with the dreaded Palmacristi treatment—the critic being forced at the point of a gun to swallow a quart of crude castor oil mixed with waste motor oil.

Cuba libre

Rallying around Roberto Agramonte, Cuba's People's Party has quietly begun to plan opposition to Batista. The first move was the refusal of People's Party Congressmen to accept their salaries until they are allowed to meet. Before the United States recognized the new regime, a strong appeal against Batista's usurpation of constitutional power was filed by the People's Party with the Cuban Supreme Court, the Organization of American States, and the United Nations.

Another traditionally strong force against high-handed dictators is the Federation of University Students (known as the FEU), who are uniting the anti-Batista Cubans into a National Civic Front. These are the students who went on strike, refusing to return to classes until constitutional privileges had been restored.

On April 6, two days after Batista's cabinet had met and adopted a new constitutional law — by which a Consultative Council was substituted for the elected Congress, and all political parties were dissolved and constitutional rights suspended — the university students staged a symbolic burying of the Cuban constitution at the Rincon Martiano, a plaza dedicated to José Martí, the Abraham Lincoln of Cuba.

Liberty-loving Cubans hoped that the United States would withhold immediate recognition of the Batista government, thereby encouraging the dictator to make good his word to his people. It was a natural thing to expect of us, for we have looked with approval on Cuba's uneven but gradual progress toward stable, democratic government.

But the United States is virtually bound by Resolution 35 of the Bogotá Charter (1948), which sets forth that "continuity of diplomatic relations is desirable" and that "establishment or maintenance of diplomatic relations does not imply any judgment on the domestic policy" of any American government. In view of long-standing Latin American suspicions that our past recognition policies had been used as a means of interfering in the internal politics of various republics, our acceptance of the Article 35 principle practically commits us to recognizing any de facto government.

When the United States, seeking to avoid future accusations of dollar diplomacy or Yankee imperialism, recommended to the Bogotá conference the recognition of all de facto governments, Cuba pointed out that this policy would give aid and comfort to existing dictatorships and might even encourage power-greedy politicians in other countries to overturn democratic governments. The Cuban delegates little realized how soon this would happen in their own republic.

If we had withheld recognition from Batista, our action would have gone counter to the precedents set in our recognition of the Venezuelan, Peruvian, Colombian, Bolivian, and Haitian regimes established by revolution since 1948. And in addition the old charge of "*Yanqui* intervention" would have been revived all through Latin America.

How to send a 7-year-old boy through Oxford

Holiday's editor recently had lunch with Joyce Cary, at the novelist's home in Oxford. The discussion turned toward contemporary standards at Oxford, whether or not today's students did as well as those of other days.

"Generally, yes," said Mr. Cary. "There probably are more failures today, not because the level of intelligence is down, but because the habit of reading was not established early in life. Where books have been in the home, available to the child at a fairly early age—where reading has been possible—the student acquires a power of understanding and expression which is vital to success in any study or profession. It is by reading that children learn the words for their own ideas."²

Exposure to good writing at an early age is a help through life as well as through Oxford. In the United States today, some of the best writing is appearing in magazines, some of the very best in Holiday. And Holiday, because it is a combination of prose and pictures, provides a particularly happy way of weaning youngsters from the dangerous mental undernourishment of the comic book, onto an invigorating diet of the English language, beautifully prepared and served.

A succulent sample is the June issue, now on the stands. In it you'll find such writers as Ludwig Bemelmans, S. J. Perelman, Philip Van Doren Stern, Phil Stong and Joe McCarthy.



How The Atlantic Has Grown

In 1945, the last year of the war, the circulation of the March *Atlantic* stood at 118,148. This year the March issue went out to 212,476 subscribers and newsstand readers, a gain of eighty per cent. It was the first time in the *Atlantic's* ninety-four years that its circulation crossed the 200,000 mark. We hope *Atlantic* readers will share our satisfaction in the following figures:

CIRCULATION — MARCH ISSUE

<u>March Issue</u>	<u>Subscribers</u>	<u>Newssale</u>	<u>Total Circulation</u>
1933	78,695	22,555	101,250
1940	93,096	18,656	111,752
1945	113,852	4,296*	118,148
1951	152,173	36,414	188,587
1952	174,962	37,513	212,476

Ronald B. Snyder

Publisher
The Atlantic Monthly

*Print order reduced to 5,000 due to wartime paper shortages



An Atlantic *Public Interest* Advertisement

The function of the middleman in the American system has been under a crossfire of criticism from many sources and for many years. In order to discuss the subject objectively a broad understanding of the whole field of industrial and commercial economics is required. From his long experience as head of a company which is the world's largest manufacturer of hand files and rasps, PAUL C. NICHOLSON here undertakes to show ATLANTIC readers why the wholesaler has withstood the onslaughts of time.

“PARASITE” or “KEY MAN”?

The Place of the Wholesaler in a Free Economy

By PAUL C. NICHOLSON

Chairman of the Board, NICHOLSON FILE COMPANY

One day years ago a startling discovery was made in our Sophomore Economics class. We were discussing the high cost of living and its causes.

“Gentlemen,” said the college professor with a voice of authority, “the root of the matter is the middleman. He is an economic anachronism—a parasite that has saddled itself upon our complex system of marketing. Get rid of the wholesaler and you reduce the cost of goods to the public.”

To all of us but one this seemed perfectly reasonable. The exception was an unhappy youth whose father happened to be a dry goods jobber.

Even in those days outcries against the wholesaler were not new. And they still continue. They have echoed through college halls and government corridors for generations. One of the oldest controversies among economic theorists concerns the distribution of goods in our capitalistic system.

Whenever attempts are made to shorten the distance and reduce the cost spread between producer and consumer, attention is inevitably focused on the wholesale distributor. From the academic viewpoint he looks like a sitting duck—a prime target for planned reform. Why, then, is he still a firmly established link in our distribution chain?

The answer lies in the basic operation of economic law. A free economy, no matter how complex, tends to *purge* itself. Useless excrescences disappear, and inefficiency carries its own death warrant. No part of the system will survive for long unless it fulfills an essential function and *does it at a lower cost or more efficiently* than any substitute. If it meets those standards it cannot be successfully eliminated. The

wholesaler remains with us because he performs a vitally necessary service.

The chances are you have never been inside a wholesale establishment. Comparatively few people have had that experience.

Your first impression is likely to be one of unusual sights, sounds, even smells. You'll be conscious of a lot of space, crowded almost to bursting with bales and boxes, bins and shelves. You'll hear the rumble of floor trucks and conveyors. In some of the larger wholesale houses, there'll be the staccato rattle of roller skates as people move swiftly along the narrow aisles, picking up orders, checking off items on shipping lists. And in the office, telephones, typewriters and billing machines will all be busy.

At first glance, the whole operation may appear chaotic. But when you look at a day's results you will gain respect for the way it works. Whether he is handling groceries, dry goods, drugs or hardware, the wholesaler's business is to collect, store and distribute merchandise with the least possible waste of time, space and manpower.

What Economic Service Does the Wholesaler Render?

The wholesaler's function must be viewed from two opposite directions. Quite literally he is a “middle” man. On one hand he serves the retail dealer; on the other, the manufacturer.

Let's look at him from the retailer's standpoint first. Successful storekeeping requires relatively small inventories and rapid turnover of goods. The wholesaler makes it unnecessary for the retailer to maintain



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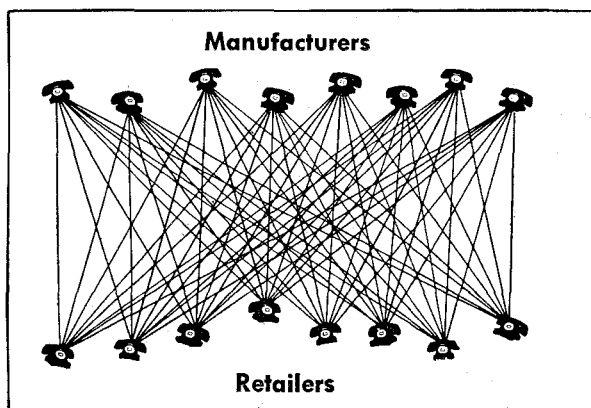
large, slow-moving stocks. He takes care of the warehousing. He delivers goods as needed, enabling the retailer to order monthly or even oftener, turning over his capital several times a year, working on a lower profit margin, and thus holding down the price to the consumer. In addition he provides sales training and display material for the dealer's salespeople.

Even in fields where retail chains are on the increase, the *functions* of the wholesaler must still be performed. Problems of storage, shipping and billing are unavoidable. They may be handled by a parent company, or a consolidated group of stores, but their cost and efficiency remain factors in distribution.

Now let's examine the other side of the coin. How does the wholesaler serve the producer?

The goods turned out by any one manufacturer must find their way to hundreds of thousands of retail outlets where they are within easy reach of the consuming public. They must be offered for sale simultaneously in Eastport, Maine, and Thomasville, Georgia, in Ventura, California, and Hibbing, Minnesota. Otherwise large volume is impossible and the economies of mass production are lost. To maintain the necessary direct contact with all these retailers would, in most cases, entail an enormous selling and shipping cost, far out of balance with the cost of manufacturing.

Here is a simple analogy. If your telephone were directly connected with all the other telephones in town, the maze of wires would hide the sky and the cost of communication would be prohibitive. In very early days this problem threatened to strangle the telephone in its infancy. The obvious solution was the central office switchboard. Through it each telephone can be connected with any other telephone quickly and economically.



The wholesaler acts in the capacity of a switchboard. Through his establishment are funneled the products of many manufacturers. His salesmen call on the local trade with hundreds of different items, and his deliveries are made over short distances, combining many small orders in one of more efficient size. Billing procedures are vastly simplified.

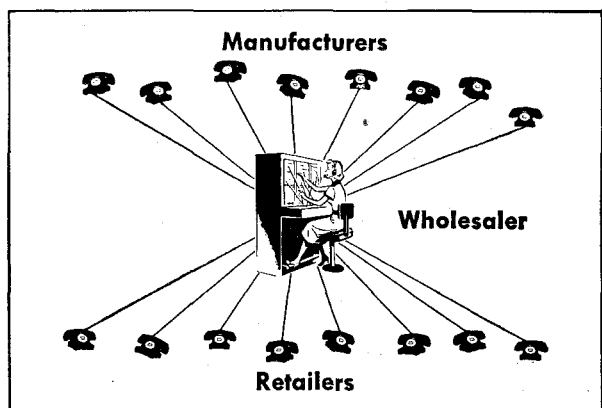
Our own business offers a fair example. Nicholson files are a standard item, reaching the ultimate user through some 25,000 hardware stores. The average annual purchase by each of these outlets amounts to only a few hundred dollars, but even a small retail stock must include a variety of files, reordered at fairly frequent intervals. For Nicholson to make its own monthly sales calls with all these stores would require 300,000 calls a year. This, in turn, would demand a sales force of perhaps 250 men, at an annual salary and travel cost of more than \$3,000,000!

In addition it must be remembered that files are made of steel, heavy in proportion to their price. Shipping countless small orders thousands of miles would add more millions of dollars to distribution costs.

By distributing through a relatively small number of hardware wholesalers we can operate with a sales force of under 30 men at less than one-tenth the cost and ship more economically in large lots.

Industry, Too, Needs a Distributor

In the field I know best—the small tool field—a large part of our output is handled by another group of middlemen, performing what is an equally important function. These are the industrial distributors. They form a vital link between the makers of tools and factory supplies and the whole manufacturing industry. Their business is to help industry produce more goods, faster, at lower cost.





An Atlantic Public Interest Advertisement

Production is and always has been the key to America's high economic standards. And in these times of defense activity it looms still larger in importance.

At the beginning of World War II there was a brief period when the importance of the distributor to war production was not fully realized. As a result, distributors were unable to secure adequate priorities for shelf stocks, and for replacement of short items shipped to war industries from their stocks. Had this situation not been corrected, vital arteries would have been cut. Production would have faltered in many plants. Fortunately the trouble was quickly corrected, and arrangements were made by which the industrial distributors were given the priorities they needed. They did a brilliant job of expediting throughout the war.

The point of interest here is that there is literally no way to get rid of the middleman's function. Any attempt to eliminate it would result in disastrous confusion and inefficiency.

Charles E. Wilson, recently director of the Office of Defense Mobilization, has made this statement:

"The defense program requires the time-saving services and skills which distributors traditionally provide. They can do their part to help industry meet its goals by insuring a steady flow of essential production tools and supplies."

Himself a practical industrialist, Mr. Wilson recognizes the industrial supply house as an indispensable factor in smooth-running production for defense.

Who Are the Defense Producers?

There is a natural tendency on the part of the uninformed public to regard the huge volume of defense production as being in the hands of a few big companies. This is true to the extent that the great bulk of government orders goes to the firms best qualified to assemble and deliver the finished product. Billions of dollars of such orders have been placed with the major aircraft manufacturers, engine makers, shipyards, automobile and truck builders and electric companies.

Less generally understood is the fact that the chain of production doesn't stop there. A very large percentage of the manufacturing on these orders is subcontracted to smaller plants, scattered all over the land. In the building of one medium jet bomber, for example, several thousand plants are directly or indirectly involved. Some of them may have only a

score of employees and be located a long distance from the final assembly line. But the parts they make for this infinitely complex airplane are as necessary as its wings and engines.

Now it is obvious that while a big corporation can stock most of the tools and machine parts it requires, there will still be many occasions when unusual needs call for a quick outside source of supply. Meanwhile the small contractor is in a still more dependent position. He hasn't the capital, the floor space or the manpower to maintain large stocks. And in the little town where he operates he is isolated by distance from the manufacturer of the tools he requires.

For this man and many thousands like him, the industrial distributor provides a dependable source of supply and of sound technical advice. If a dozen special files are needed tomorrow morning for a finishing job on aluminum parts, the distributor will get them there.

And if a lathe or a drill press, a nut or a lock washer is giving trouble—if perplexing problems arise in plant maintenance or manufacturing—the distributor taps his broad experience and product know-how and usually comes up with a solution. When the problem is too complex or demands specialized knowledge, he has a factory service man or engineer on the scene in no time. Such teamwork plays an important part in our nation's manufacturing effectiveness.

Service of this kind is by no means confined to the area of small business. America's two thousand industrial distributors are strategically located to meet the needs of 270,000 plants of all sizes, big and little. As might be expected, the industrial supply houses are more thickly concentrated in industrial regions. But there is hardly a factory anywhere in the country which cannot be served on a one-day shipping basis.

Doctor of "Down-time"

Loss of time through machine breakdowns is an ever present threat to production. And here again the industrial distributor enters the picture. First aid in plant emergencies is almost as much a part of his business as selling.

I know of one case where an industrial distributor's salesman saved an entire plant from a temporary shutdown. While making his regular call on the purchasing agent at the factory, he heard a shop



An Atlantic Public Interest Advertisement

foreman telling the plant superintendent about trouble in one of the gear boxes. A lubrication engineer had been sent for to study the problem but the date of his arrival was indefinite. Meanwhile half a dozen machines were tied up and production was coming to a standstill all along the line.

"We can't get grease to stay in the gear box," the foreman was saying. "And when it does it won't lubricate right. Runs so hot it smokes. None of our mechanics can fix it."

The salesman asked permission to tackle the problem, with the help of tool samples he had in his car. Industrial salesmen's cars are virtually supply houses on wheels because they sell by actual demonstration of their products. Within half an hour he had diagnosed the trouble. By applying a new type of grease gun, designed for grease of the heavier viscosity he recommended, he cured the lubrication difficulty. That afternoon the machines were running again.

In another instance, a small machine shop had accepted a subcontract for drilling holes in 5000 pieces of steel plate. Suddenly the order was jumped to 20,000—but at a lower price for volume production. With the equipment he had, the shop operator couldn't do the job at a profit. He appealed to his industrial distributor and got help at once. The salesman suggested putting a multi-drill head on his press, permitting him to drill eight holes simultaneously. The new equipment was delivered that day, out of the distributor's stock, and it enabled the shop to handle the increased order on time and make money on it.

Cases of this sort are far from exceptional. They occur every day in our own business. We make many different shapes and cuts of files for special purposes. Using the wrong file, or using the right file in the wrong way can slow up production and cause costly mistakes. Many times the salesmen of our industrial distributors have taken the time to teach proper filing techniques in the plants they serve.

The industrial distributor is a centralized source of diverse product experience and knowledge, who keeps current with all new improvements and special uses of his lines. He knows more about more tools for industry than any manufacturer can know, because this is his job.

What Does It Cost?

This is indeed an extraordinarily helpful service, you may be inclined to say. Its advantages hardly

seem to need comment. But on a cold dollars-and-cents basis, isn't it pretty expensive? Doesn't it add an unnecessary increment to the final sum I pay for finished products?

As noted earlier in these pages, no segment of a free economy is sacred. If the same end result can be achieved more economically and efficiently by any other means, the change will take place. In a competitive system all prices seek the lowest level that will produce a profit.

It must be evident at this point that the stocking of mill supplies, tools and parts is a necessary cost of manufacture. Somebody has to do it and be paid for it. A recent study by the magazine "Industrial Distribution" revealed that the manufacturer's assumption of just this one distributor function adds 10.55% annually (for space, insurance, taxes, depreciation, interest on investment, etc.) to the purchase price of industrial supplies carried at the plant. In other words, each \$1000 worth of supplies stocked has actually cost more than \$1100 at the end of the year.

In addition, it must be borne in mind that the manufacturer of tools, parts and mill supplies would have to get a considerably higher price for goods sold direct to industry than he now charges the distributor. Increased costs of selling, shipping and bookkeeping would make price rises inevitable.

That is why manufacturers leave this function in the capable hands of industrial supply houses, which can do the job at lower cost than they can themselves. On each dollar of sales, the average profit of the industrial distributor is less than three cents.

The broader field of general wholesaling presents much the same pattern. Saving distribution costs for the manufacturer—saving capital investment and speeding turnover for the retailer—the result of the wholesaler's activities is to hold down prices to the consuming public.

In 1951, the total business done by America's wholesale establishments amounted to nearly \$33,000,000,000. And the average inventory carried in wholesale warehouses at any one time was over \$10,000,000,000.

The wholesaler stays in business and increases his business for the simple reason that he does his job better and at lower cost than anybody else can do it. The wholesaler might be eliminated, but his function can never be eliminated. This is an integral part of our distribution system.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Supreme Court

SIR:

The April *Atlantic* carried an article by Professor Fowler Harper of the Yale Law School — “Decision by Silence.” The article is a heated criticism of the Supreme Court of the United States for its handling of requests for the review of decisions of other courts in what is technically known as “certiorari proceedings.” As a practicing lawyer I have had occasion to be familiar with such proceedings (not infrequently to my disappointment) and I differ from Professor Harper’s conclusions. The subject is of such importance to laymen as well as to lawyers that I offer the following further discussion of his argument.

Professor Harper directs his criticism to the frequent rejection by the Court of requests for review of decisions of other courts often presenting important questions, and to its making such rejections without opinion by the Court giving the reasons for such rejection.

The article does bring out that under the Act of Congress of 1925 the Supreme Court in the main decides for itself what decisions it shall review, and that under the rules of the Court the tribunal grants review of any decisions which it is duly asked to review if as many as four out of the nine justices vote for review. Professor Harper does not refer to the fact that the statute of 1925 was adopted by Congress after careful debate in order to relieve the Court of a burden so great that the Court was years behind in its hearing of cases.

It is clear that the rendering of

opinions on requests for review would add much to the labors of the justices, for not only would they have to write more opinions but they would also have to strive, perhaps by further conferences, to reach common ground for their action, as they need not do now on certiorari requests. In any case, opinions in certiorari cases, individual as they might be, would probably increase the tendency toward what may be termed judicial atomization which the practicing lawyer now finds puzzling.

Furthermore, if the Court were to attempt to give the weight of final determinations to its action on the granting of review, it would be logical for the Court either to permit oral argument of requests for review, as it does on cases taken up for review, or else, in the cases it does take up for review, to give up the oral argument — a proceeding hitherto deemed to be helpful.

Professor Harper does not suggest just how the statute worked out by Congress on the procedure of the Court could be improved. He does not recognize possible difficulties about getting lawyers to accept places on the Court if its already severe labors were to be increased.

The Supreme Court does not sit to decide “policies of government” as Professor Harper seems to think, but rather to put an end to the litigation of cases, and any policy making by the Court is incidental to its function. Fundamental policy should be made by Congress, and it is to Congress that Professor Harper’s case should go.

ARTHUR A. BALLANTINE
New York City

SIR:

The impact of Fowler Harper’s blows upon my own beliefs was considerably softened by one inaccuracy. He located the Glen Taylor incident in Atlanta, and criticizes an Atlanta city ordinance and the Georgia courts. Actually, all this occurred in Birmingham, Alabama. Now I wonder how many other “facts” Mr. Harper has wrong.

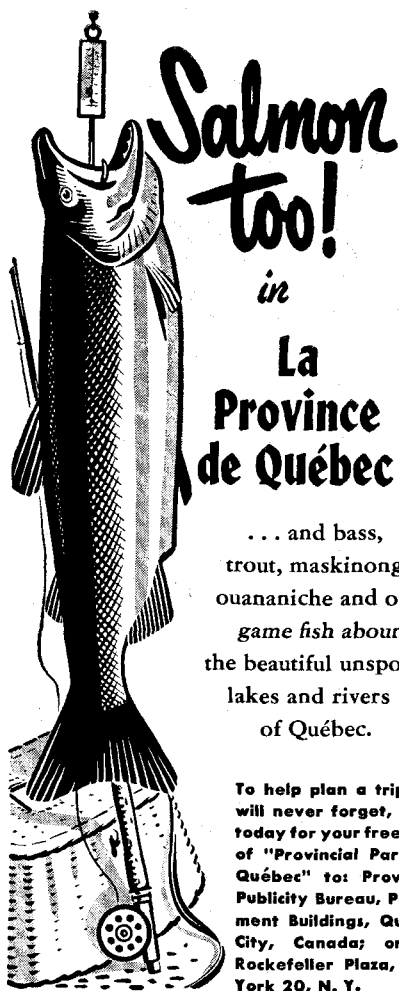
ARTHUR K. AKERS
Forest Hills, N.Y.

The Released-time Program

SIR:

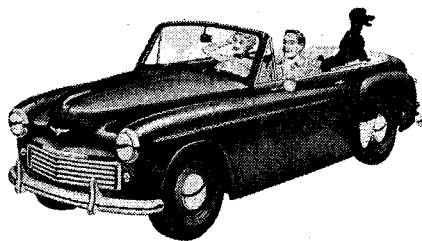
I read Agnes E. Meyer’s fine article, “The Clerical Challenge to the Schools” (March *Atlantic*), with great enthusiasm. It is a clear and cogent statement of the case in a matter which should be a grave concern for every thoughtful American. She has brought together in a short space about all the unfortunate errors the situation contains. I completely agree with her devastating refutation of the misguided Protestant efforts for sectarian invasion of the domain of education — this without taking back anything I said about religion and education in my book *Cult and Culture*. Incidentally, I am much comforted by her allusion to the antipathy to democracy inherent in the Catholic position — having been somewhat abused for a similar notation. We are not yet done with the manifold bedevilments involved in the Catholic vis-à-vis Protestant struggle — nor yet with those involved in the persistent authoritarianism of Protestant bodies.

V. OGDEN VOGT
Vero Beach, Fla.



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SIR:

I cannot help feeling that Agnes E. Meyer has protested overmuch in overdark colors the attempt on the part of a great many of us to try to bring about a solution to what we feel is one of the major problems of our day in our land: namely, that our civilization will not remain Christian too much longer unless Christians are better informed on the matters of their religion than are the members of the present generation.

There are many who are dubious of the wisdom of released time, but all of us who know anything about the future of the Church realize that the present pitifully inadequate Sunday School is going to have to be augmented one way or another. Many of the most serious thinkers are contemplating parochial schools as the only answer if our religion is to be preserved. Many others of us feel the absolute necessity of keeping our public school system as the one great democratic institution, but feel also that somehow or other a place must be found in the lives of our children to know something about their religion. It is important that we not call each other names, for we are all terrifically concerned not about institutions, but about our children and their faith and their knowledge of all things true and beautiful and good.

CHAUNCEY V. FARRELL, *Minister*
First Presbyterian Church
Texarkana, Ark.

SIR:

For the first time, I have seen someone boldly state that the Protestants and Catholics are together in the mistaken promotion of religious education for children on school time. In logic the Catholics have all the better

of it. They at least are entirely consistent in their reasoning. It so happens that I think that their position is unsound, for it seems to me that the position taken by the Supreme Court in the McCollum case was not a "novel" interpretation of the Constitution, not a "shibboleth of doctrinaire secularism," but was exactly in line with the Constitution and the intended complete separation of Church and State. But the Protestants contradict themselves. And they have taken the lead, as Mrs. Meyer shows, in breaking down the wall between Church and State. It was a kind of Protestantism, no doubt, which erected this wall; and largely thanks to it we have had our freedoms of thought, speech, press, and religion itself. Surely Protestants of all sects should help maintain this separation.

Religious sectarian influences are bound to be divisive. The moral health of our public schools therefore requires secularization, at least freedom from sectarian indoctrination by those who speak with assumed indisputable authority. We are passing through a time, as Mrs. Meyer also points out, when we are seriously threatened with some form of authoritarianism. This makes it all the more essential that secularized education not be impaired.

W. P. CLARK
Missoula, Mont.

SIR:

I think Mrs. Meyer did a splendid job in pointing out the fact that released time and similar endeavors do constitute a fundamental breach of the principle of the separation of Church and State.

I feel, however, that the article gives an erroneous impression, since

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climb

stairs?

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it would appear that Protestants are equally at fault along with the Roman Catholic hierarchy in breaching the wall that does separate Church and State. In the particular instance, this may be true. In the large, it is not true. The Protestant Churches of the nation are standing as a major bulwark against the attack of those who would destroy the principle of the separation of Church and State. This attack is coming from the hierarchy and is a carefully planned movement that begins with an attempt to discredit the First Amendment or to so reinterpret it as to make it meaningless. There is the attempt to breach the principle all down the line.

G. BROMLEY OXNAM
Bishop of the Methodist Church
New York City

Letters to the Editor

SIR:

This is a letter to the editor about "letters to the editor," especially the violent reactions to certain published viewpoints on highly controversial issues. I suppose threats to cherished ideals, whether they be religious or political, bring forth the same alarm reaction in many people. Unfortunately these outraged readers deprive themselves of one source of information after another in an effort to ward off all ideas which disturb their equilibrium. Often the indignant reader completely ignores the main issues of the article he is criticizing and brings up a debatable minor point. Verbosity is the rule with most of the angry letters and seems to be in direct proportion to the straightforwardness with which the poor author under fire has handled his discussion. Right now I'm thinking of the barrage directed at Paul Blanchard in reference to his recent article in the *Atlantic*.

I'm thankful I'm living in a country where I can read anything. I know I'm exposed to distortions and half-truths in my reading, but I consider it a privilege to be thus exposed as long as I am presented with a diversity of opinion. It might be appropriate in these days to suggest that the only thing we have to fear is false security — engendered by the lack of flexibility in our thinking. I hope that your magazine will continue to be a challenge instead of a lullaby.

LT. (JG) A. P. GELPI (MC) USNR
Camp Joseph H. Pendleton
Oceanside, Calif.



WHY DOES CHRISTINA'S MOTHER CRY?



Christina is a lively, pretty little youngster almost three years old. She has black hair and blue eyes and likes to look at picture books. She has an older brother and a baby sister and a devoted father. Why should Christina's mother cry?

The answer is stark and simple. In the short span of her three years, Christina has experienced more of human misery than most of us see in a lifetime. Her problems are basic and uncomplicated. *She is hungry, and she is cold.* She has never known anything else. This is the world to which she was born and — without help — this is the world in which she will die. Catherine, Christina's mother, cries because she knows this and can see no hope.

Because he is too sick to work, Christina's father earns \$10 a month as a bootblack in Greece, a country where even bare necessities are prohibitively high. On this, he tries to support a family of five in a house with no furniture or facilities. Against the bitter Greek winter, they have but a few rags for covers, and only the clothes on their backs.

Other children of school age who are unable to go to school because they have no shoes or clothing, lose even that chance for a better life.

HOW YOU CAN HELP

You can help Christina or another needy child by the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For \$96 a year, just \$8 a month, SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes and supplementary food — delivered in your name.

You will receive a case history, like the story of Christina, and if possible, a photograph. You can write your child or the parents, and be their friend. You will know how much your generosity means to them.

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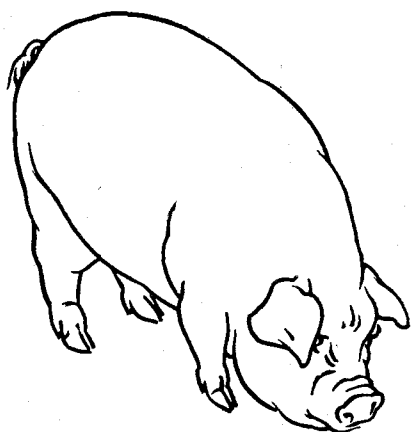
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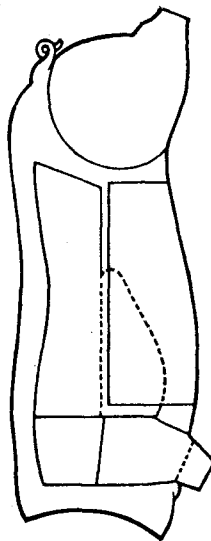
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Pigs are not all Pork Chops



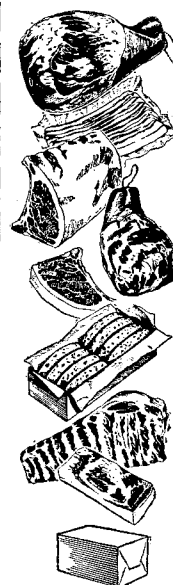
240 lbs.

Live Hog



= 180 lbs. =

Wholesale Weight



CUTS	POUNDS
HAM	29
BACON	27
PORK ROAST	18
PICNICS & smoked shoulder butts	11
CENTER CUT PORK CHOPS	10
PORK SAUSAGE	8
MISC. CUTS	5
SALT PORK	7
LARD	<u>35</u>

= 150 lbs.

Retail Cuts

The price of pork chops is one item in the "cost of living" that almost any woman—or economist—can quote off hand.

Although this figure has become almost symbolic of the level of meat prices, *only about 5% of a pig is center cut pork chops!*

A 240-pound porker, when dressed by the meat packer, comes down to 180 pounds of wholesale weight—unprocessed fresh meat cuts and fat for lard. Some of these cuts lose more weight when they are boned, cured, smoked or otherwise prepared. This leaves

only about 150 pounds of pork products for the retailer to sell. And only 10 pounds are center cut *pork chops*.

That's why you pay more for pork chops than for most other cuts of pork. For, from sausage to pork chops, the price of each cut is determined largely by how much there is of it and how much people like it.

Economists call this the law of supply and demand. Women call it "shopping." They compare, pick, choose. In a free market, their choice sets the values.

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The saltiest and best-loved authority on horses in the Southwest, J. FRANK DOBIE has ridden the range which he writes about in his books. He has edited some twenty volumes for the Texas Folklore Society and is the author of ten books of his own, including The Longhorns, Coronado's Children, and The Voice of the Coyote. The University of Texas has long benefited from his teaching and friendly presence; and when, in 1943, he was called to Cambridge University to the chair of American History, he recorded his experiences abroad in his book A Texan in England. Now he tells us of his beloved mustang, Buck.

MY HORSE BUCK

by J. FRANK DOBIE

ALL the old-time range men of validity whom I have known remember horses with affection and respect as a part of the best of themselves. After their knees have begun to stiffen, most men realize that they have been disappointed in themselves, in other men, in achievement, in love, in most of whatever they expected out of life; but a man who has had a good horse in his life — a horse beyond the play world — will remember him as a certitude, like a calm mother, a lovely lake, or a gracious tree, amid all the flickering vanishments.

I remember Buck. He was raised on our ranch and was about half Spanish. He was a bright bay with a blaze in his face and stockings on his forefeet. He could hardly have weighed when fat over 850 pounds and was about 14 hands high. A Mexican broke him when he was three years old. From then on, nobody but me rode him, even after I left for college. He had a fine barrel and chest and was very fast for short distances but did not have the endurance of some other horses, straight Spaniards, in our remuda. What he lacked in toughness, he made up in intelligence, especially cow sense, loyalty, understanding, and generosity.

As a colt he had been bitten by a rattlesnake on the right ankle just above the hoof; a hard, hairless scab marked the place as long as he lived. He traveled through the world listening for the warning

rattle. A kind of weed in the Southwest bears seeds that when ripe rattle in their pods a good deal like the sound made by a rattlesnake. Many a time when my spur or stirrup set these seeds a-rattling, Buck's suddenness in jumping all but left me seated in the air. I don't recall his smelling rattlesnakes, but he could smell afar off the rotten flesh of a yearling or any other cow brute afflicted with screw-worms. He understood that I was hunting these animals in order to drive them to a pen and doctor them. In hot weather they take refuge in high weeds and thick brush. When he smelled one, he would point to it with his ears and turn towards it. A dog trained for hunting out wormy cases could not have been more helpful.

Once a sullen cow that had been roped raked him in the breast with the tip of a horn. After that experience, he was wariness personified around anything roped, but he never, like some horses that have been hooked, shied away from an animal he was after. He knew and loved his business too well for that. He did not love it when, at the rate of less than a mile an hour, he was driving the thirsty, hot, tired, slobbering drag end of a herd, animals stopping behind every bush or without any bush, turning aside the moment they were free of a driver. When sufficiently exasperated, Buck would go for a halting cow with mouth open and grab her just forward of the tail bone if she did not move on.

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Work like this may be humiliating to a gallant young cowboy and an eager cow horse; it is never pictured as a part of the romance of the range, but it is very necessary. It helps a cowboy to graduate into a cowman. A too high-strung horse without cow sense, which includes cow patience, will go to pieces at it just as he will go to pieces in running or cutting cattle.

Buck had the rein to make the proverbial "turn on a two-bit piece and give back fifteen cents in change." One hot summer while we were gathering steers on leased grass about twelve miles from home, I galled his side with a tight cinch. I hated to keep on riding him with the galled side, but was obliged to on account of a shortage of horses. As I saddled up in camp one day after dinner, I left the cinch so loose that a hand might have been laid between it and Buck's belly. We had to ride about a mile before going through a wire gap into the pasture where some snaky steers ran. As we rode along, a vaquero called my attention to the loose cinch.

"I will tighten it when we get to the gap," I said.

"*Cuidado* (have care) and don't forget," he said.

At the gap, which he got down to open, I saw him look at me. I decided to wait until we struck something before tightening the girth. Two minutes later my father yelled and we saw a little bunch of steers high-tailing it through scattered mesquites for a thicket along a creek beyond. I forgot all about the cinch. Buck was easily the fastest horse ridden by the four or five men in our "cow crowd." He left like a cry of joy to get around the steers.

As we headed them, they turned to the left at an acute angle, and Buck turned at an angle considerably more acute. Sometimes he turned so quickly that the *tapadera* (toe-fender) of my stirrup raked the ground on the inside of the turn. This time when he doubled back, running full speed, the loose saddle naturally turned on him. As my left hip hit the ground, I saw stars. One foot was still in a stirrup and the saddle was under Buck's belly. I suppose that I instinctively pulled on the reins, but I believe that Buck would have stopped had he not been bridled. His stop was instantaneous; he did not drag me on the ground at all. He had provocation to go on, too, for in coming over his side and back, the spur on my right foot had raked him. He never needed spurs. I wore them on him just to be in fashion.

Sometimes in running through brush, Buck seemed to read my mind — or maybe I was reading his. He was better in the brush than I was. In brush work, man and horse must dodge, turn, go over bushes and under limbs, absolutely in accord, rider yielding to the instinct and judgment of the horse as much as horse yields to his.

Buck did not have to be staked. If I left a drag-rope on him, he would stay close to camp, at noon

or through the night. He was no paragon. Many men have ridden and remembered harder horses. He was not proud, but carried himself in a very trim manner. He did the best he could, willingly and generously, and he had a good heart. His chemistry mixed with mine. He was good company. I loved to hear him drink water, he was so hearty in swallowing, and then, after he was full, to watch him lip the water's surface and drip big drops back into it.

Sometimes after we had watered and, passing on, had come to good grass near shade, I'd unsaddle and turn him loose to graze. Then I'd lie down on the saddle and, while the blanket dried, listen to his energetic cropping and watch the buzzards sail and the Gulf clouds float. Buck would blow out his breath once in a while, presumably to clear his nostrils but also, it seemed to me, to express contentment.

He never asked me to stop, unless it was to stale, and never, like some gentle saddle horses, interrupted his step to grab a mouthful of grass; but if I stopped with slackened rein to watch cattle, or maybe just to gaze over the flow of hills to the horizon, he'd reach down and begin cutting grass. He knew that was all right with me, though a person's seat on a grazing horse is not nearly so comfortable as on one with upright head. Occasionally I washed the sweat off his back and favored him in other ways, but nobody in our part of the country pampered cow horses with sugar or other delicacy.

While riding Buck in boyhood and early youth, I fell in love with four or five girls but told only one. She was right in considering the matter a joke and thereby did me one of the biggest favors of my life. All those rose-lipped maidens and all the light-foot lads with whom I ran in those days have little meaning for me now. They never had much in comparison with numerous people I have known since. Buck, however, always in association with the plot of earth over which I rode him, increases in meaning. To remember him is a joy and a tonic.

2

OWING to endless iteration of the cowboy myth and to exhibition riding, the popular conception of cow horses is a distortion of reality. The cow horse was — and remains — a work horse. In times when most cow horses were Spanish and cowboys lived and worked with them in complete isolation — and in entire ignorance of the ideal subsequently enjoined by film and pulp paper — comparatively few maintained the habit of pitching. They were valued for reliability and intelligence as much as for energy and endurance. The young pitchers, which generally settled down in maturity, bore slight resemblance to the jug-headed, Percheron-shaped outlaws of modern rodeos.

Pitching seems to be unknown to horses in Ara-

bia; I have met with no account of pitching among Barbs or among horses in Spain. Occasional European horses have from time immemorial been vicious or have buck-jumped and reared, but the bronco with "belly full of bedsprings," pawing for the moon, breaking in two halfway up, sun-fishing on the way down, and then hitting the earth hard enough to crack open his rider's liver, was a development of the Western Hemisphere. Spain had no word to express something unknown in horse conduct. To denote the act of pitching, Mexico gave the verb *reparar* a new meaning. In Spain a *potro* is a colt; in Mexico and the Southwest, *potro* came to mean an unbroken horse with a disposition to down his head and try to jump out of his skin. The Spaniards came to the Americas riding Moorish style — "English style," as it is called in the West — with short stirrups. As their horses grew wild and pitched when mounted, riders found that short stirrups prevented their getting a quick seat and claspng legs against a complexly squirming horse. They lengthened their stirrups to make range riding more effective, also more comfortable. Indians frequently used no stirrups at all.

Nobody says just when descendants of the original Spanish horses acquired their disposition for "promptitude," but from the pampas of Patagonia to the plains of Alberta, range men came to believe that they got it from practice in pitching off panthers. Transmission of acquired characteristics is contrary to biological law. The old-time range way of allowing horses to run untouched by human hands, except when they were castrated and branded, for three or four years before gentling was undertaken, no doubt contributed to the pitching habit. The brutal process of breaking — the word *gentling* being foreign to the vocabulary of the open range — must have been another contributor. Perhaps, also, some substance in grass or water affected equine temperament. Anyhow, a range horse "without a little life in him" came to be distrusted. One Texan is supposed to have said, "Any mustang that outgrows a hankering to elevate is guilty of treason to the grand old State of Texas."

The head of many a big bucking horse seen in modern rodeos indicates lack of intelligence, but the most intelligent *potro* can be turned into an outlaw. An old stove-up cowhand named Cole whom I encountered in Austin in 1922 told me this story.

"One day the man I was working for got in two new horses to break. I roped out one; he was a big sorrel. A Negro he roped the other, a barrel-built dun. When we saddled up, my sorrel didn't do a thing but stand as if he had been saddled every day for a year. The dun he pitched all over the pen with the saddle. The Negro was afraid to ride him and so we swapped. Well, sir, that sorrel horse nearly killed the Negro, and the dun never even humped his back after I got on him. A horse that pitches with the saddle is often that way.

"I rode the dun for two months or so on cow work. He was plumb gentle and had lots of cow sense. He was getting to be the best kind of cow horse. Then one day while I was on herd, resting easy in the saddle under a shade tree, the boss and a couple of hands rode up to talk. Just to be fooling, the boss gave my horse a light lick with his quirt across the back. That dun struck out pitching right through the middle of the herd. He pitched for half a mile right and left, backwards and forwards. There was no getting his motion. He pitched till we were both broke down and I was bleeding at nose, mouth, and ears. I never saw such pitching in all my born days.

"After that it was the same thing every time the dun was saddled. Nobody but me could ride him and before long I wouldn't ride him. He got to be a regular outlaw. He went plumb crazy from that quirt lick across his back, and it was a crazy thing for the boss to make it. Finally he was traded off, and the last I heard of him he was just running free, nobody ever even roping him."

3

MEN who night-herded over wide ranges and up the trails picked the most trustworthy horses for night horses. They valued them above the cutting horses, about which so much has been said. Often the night horse had to do the cowboy's seeing and hearing; on dark and stormy nights he kept his rider from getting lost. No matter if a herd drifted or ran miles from camp, a good night horse, given his head, would travel straight back for the chuck wagon. He knew, as well as a plow mule knows when noon comes, the hour at which the guard should change. On a ranch of the lower Texas plains was a brown Spanish horse branded CID and called Sid. He was used only as a night horse, and having Sid in his string marked a cowboy as favored. When the time came to change guard, Sid might by main strength and awkwardness be persuaded to make two or three more rounds of the herd. He would concede that much to the possibility of error in his estimation of time. Then he would take the bit in his teeth and head for the chuck wagon.

Soon after the Civil War ended, Uel Livingston of Hamilton County, Texas, went up the trail with a herd of longhorns. One night while he was on guard the cattle were so quiet and he was so sleepy that he decided to take a nap. He rode a little to one side, dismounted, and was immediately dead asleep. A rumble and vibrations of the earth against his ear awakened him to a stampede. As he started to rise he saw that his horse was standing over him, front feet on one side of his body and hind feet on the other. He always believed that his night horse stood there to protect him from running cattle.

If the boss of an outfit had a good heart and considered a green hand capable of learning, he might mount him on a wise old horse for teacher. A Texas boss put a tenderfoot hired in Kansas on Old Trusty for night work. The tenderfoot staked him, saddled but unbridled, as other cowboys in camp staked their night horses, near his pallet. One night he heard the cattle break and jumped up to find Old Trusty as close to him as the stake rope would allow. He had never been in a stampede. He did not take time to bridle the horse, just untied the rope and jumped into the saddle. Old Trusty took him alongside the lead runners and veered them into a mill—a circle—which soon wound up. After the run was over, Old Trusty stopped, heaved a long breath, and began grabbing mouthfuls of grass, well satisfied with the job he had done.

"As smart as a cutting horse," one of the old sayings of the range goes, and many a tall tale has come down about cutting horses that could read brands, classify cattle as to age or sex, and cut them accordingly, without bridle or guidance by man. A good cutting horse does learn quickly to recognize what his master, riding in a herd, is looking for, and as soon as his master indicates an animal, he begins working it out. He is eager but restrained, never exciting the cattle. I suppose that on some ranches there are just as good cutting horses now as ever existed, but I am concerned with Spanish horses.

Many Spanish cutting horses were used for other work, and nearly any top cow horse would after a little practice be efficient at cutting. Some of the best ones looked sleepy when off duty. They had to hold energy in reserve in order to endure and in order not to excite the herd. Reserve and restraint are a part of cow sense. When Old Sleepy, resting on three legs, head down and lower lip drooping, as he waited there in a thicket, heard brush pop, horn click, or hoof thud, he became a changed being. His heart would go to thumping against his rider's legs, and if that rider could stay with him he would tear a hole through the brush getting to the wild runners.

"Catch me Pelicano," Manuel Hinojosa, the cow boss, would say. The herd was ready to be worked. Pelicano was a widish brown with many white hairs in his tail. He always looked satisfied with himself, but more in the manner of a burgher drinking beer than of a grandee on parade. As Manuel rode him into the herd he was all energy, and one could see that he was holding himself in as easily as he was holding a cow and calf together while he helped cut them out. Most people who do anything well beyond the mechanical enjoy doing it; it is the same with horses. A cowman of the old ways down in the brush told me that one time right after a rain he saw by tracks that a roping and cutting horse he had turned out to recover from lameness had run a cow and knocked her

down. He had merely wanted to do what he enjoyed doing.

There is one word to apply to Spanish cow ponies. That is *gamy*. One not 14 hands high, weighing maybe 800 pounds, carrying a man and saddle weighing close to 200 pounds, would run up alongside an aged outlaw steer weighing 1200 pounds. After his rider had cast the loop and it had gone true, but not a moment before, he would squat to take the jerk on the saddle horn. If the animal was thrown, he would keep the rope tight while the rider sped to tie it down. He never saved himself from thorns, and in the brush country most of his kind had bunged-up knees. He hardly knew the taste of corn or oats, but he could mow the grass when he got a chance and assimilate it as soon as it was swallowed. Often he had a setfast on his back. He was *gamy*.

When A. Phimister Proctor was commissioned in 1939 to make a bronze statue of a group of authentic mustangs, the only Spanish horses in Texas available for models, so far as I and other men concerned knew, were owned by Tom T. East on his San Antonio Viejo ranch in the brushy border country. He had nearly 250 head of dun and grullo horses, all line-backed. They were descendants of a dun mustang stallion caught when about ten years old on the Rancho Randado. In 1920 Tom East got a grullo stallion, son of the dun, and began breeding him to a few mares that were *puro Español*. In the course of years he found that no matter what the color of a stallion bred to dun mares, 90 per cent of the colts were dun. He tried raising Arabian horses also. "They have the bottom," he said. "You can run one all day, but they don't have cow sense."

The Randado horse ranch, established late in the eighteenth century, used to raise about the best Spanish horses in Texas. During years of range expansion following the Civil War, Randado horses were celebrated thousands of miles away. They were incredibly tough. On the big works in the Randado country, before it was fenced, vaqueros rode a circle of over one hundred miles bringing in the *caballadas* without changing mounts. From dawn till dark, day following day, they rode mostly in a gallop, staked their mounts at night, and were never afoot.

It was fitting that A. Phimister Proctor's mustangs, plunging forever in bronze, should, while representing all Spanish horses, have been modeled upon coyote duns out of the Rancho Randado. Of that ranch nothing is left now but a decayed house, a watering tank made long ago by carrying dirt for the dam on cow hides pulled from the saddle horn—and a name. Tom East of the San Antonio Viejo is dead, and other blood is mixing into the last stud of duns and grullos in all the Spanish country of the Southwest.



A Texan and a geologist who has been President of Standard Oil (New Jersey) since 1944, EUGENE HOLMAN refutes the charge that we have dangerously depleted our resources. In the article which follows he has drawn up an inventory of our potential resources, and stresses his belief in our capacity to renew them. Mr. Holman began his scouting as a geologist after taking his M.A. at the University of Texas in 1917; and he soon had a working knowledge of Cuba, Mexico, and our own Southwest. The survey which resulted in this article was prepared for the annual meeting of the American Association of Petroleum Geologists.

OUR INEXHAUSTIBLE RESOURCES

by EUGENE HOLMAN

I

ALL of us who are in any way connected with natural resource industries — geologists, engineers, executives, investors — are even more concerned than most people about how fast we are using up our natural resources. These materials have a vitally important place in the pattern of human existence, and people frequently fear that we are going to run out of one or another of them. We worry about “wasting” our resources or “exhausting” them. But I suggest that the viewpoint expressed in those terms “wasting” and “exhausting” is a partial viewpoint. I think that under certain circumstances we can forget our fears and entertain the notion of inexhaustible resources.

Let's look at the record. It shows that from earliest times men have used minerals drawn from the earth. And we see that the availability of larger numbers of minerals, in greater quantities, has progressed by a kind of steplike process.

Archaeologists have shown us that prehistoric men used axes, drills, and other implements made of flint and other hard stone. With these tools they were able to create simple societies, which in turn made possible the accumulation of knowledge about the natural world.

The Stone age developed both the instruments and the knowledge which enabled men to use certain of the softer metals, especially copper and tin. Humanity then stepped up to the Bronze age. Now man had more tools and more serviceable ones. He could fell trees faster and thus have more buildings for shelter and more vehicles for transport. He could dig deeper and fracture rock more readily. He could move more widely than before over the earth.

As the men equipped with bronze tools learned more and more about the world, humanity stepped up again — this time to an age of Iron. Now man

began fashioning a really formidable array of tools. He had new power to cut, grind, hammer, and otherwise work materials. He could handle masses of material with stronger levers, wedges, pulleys, gears, hooks, eyes, and pincers.

In modern times the age of Iron has given way to the Steel age. And within our own lifetimes there has been superimposed on the Steel age what we may call the age of lightweight metals, plastics, and atomic fission.

From the Stone age to the present so great a wealth of scientific information has been amassed — most of it in the past hundred years — that we now have tools and instruments of a power and precision beyond all previous imagination. We have the means to compound, cast, and grind lenses and mirrors that permit us to peer farther than ever before into matter and into space. We command the strength of engines whose ratio of power to weight is constantly being increased. We have machines to produce millions of glass tubes whose miraculous contents harness a stream of electrons to our service.

A notable feature of the steplike pattern of material progress is that it has proceeded at a geometric rate. Each successive age has been shorter than the one before it. The Stone age lasted several hundred thousand years; the Bronze age, 4000 years; the Iron age, 2500 years. Steel was first made in commercial quantities 95 years ago; and the past 20 years have seen material developments that are almost incredible. It is as though the stairway of advancement were composed of steps with progressively higher risers and narrower treads.

Another outstanding feature in the history of material progress is that each step has been dependent on the one before it. The use of the materials

available in one period — and I emphasize that word “use” — has supported societies in which men could accumulate knowledge. Such knowledge then made new quantities and new kinds of material available.

I emphasize the fact that people used the materials available in any period so that a fallacy one sometimes finds in connection with the conservation of natural resources will be crystal-clear. This fallacy is the concept of conservation as nonuse. I am convinced that nonuse results only in hobbling progress. It will not result in more natural resources for men to use but less, because it retards the march of scientific knowledge.

Now it goes without saying that I do not advocate reckless squandering of natural resources. What I do advocate is true conservation — which is not hoarding but efficient and intelligent use.

2

INCREASING knowledge operates in a number of ways to expand the natural resources available to us. It helps us to discover new sources of materials which we are already using and in the raw form that is currently useful to us. For example, new techniques like the use of the airborne magnetometer help us to locate oil fields. New knowledge also enables us to extract a material we are already using from raw forms which we were previously unable to process, such as iron from taconite. It also extends supplies of the familiar materials by developing more efficient methods of use. Improved heating units, turbines, and internal-combustion engines are cases in point here. More knowledge helps us work out means of using materials which have been known but not usable — as, for example, titanium. And it discovers or makes entirely new materials that do not exist in nature, such as plastics.

I'd like to enlarge a bit on these examples and their significance. Take petroleum.

A great many new sources of oil have been discovered in just the past several years. To mention only a few; there are the Williston basin in North Dakota, the Uinta basin in Utah, and the Alberta fields in Canada, the Scurry and Spraberry fields in Texas, in addition to fields in central Sumatra, southern Iraq, and the Cretaceous fields of western Venezuela. In some of these areas, geologic explorations had gone on for years without any oil ever having been found before. In others, oil had been produced before, production had subsequently fallen off, then new horizons were tapped.

By producing and using oil we have built a dynamic oil industry and have developed the means, both financial and technical, to find more oil. We have invented methods for locating and mapping structures with greater speed and accuracy. We can select where to drill a structure with better odds of success. We can reach deeper

strata. As a result, in the United States alone, there has been produced since 1938 as much oil as was known to exist in the country at that time. And despite that great withdrawal, the domestic industry's proved reserves are at an all-time high level. It's as though we started out with a tank of oil, used it all up, and had a bigger tankful left. The wisdom of optimistic men in our profession, like Wallace Pratt, is becoming daily more evident.

Besides learning more about finding underground reservoirs of crude, oilmen are also learning how to get more of the oil out of the reservoir after it has been located. We are discovering how to get maximum yield from large, highly porous reservoirs of the Middle East type, where the water table is important, as we are also learning how to get maximum yield from tricky, tight reservoirs. Repressuring, waterflooding, and other techniques of secondary recovery are also adding greatly to the quantities of oil available for people's use. The supply of usable oil is increased also by improved practices in its transport and handling, which cut down losses.

New developments in the science of refining make possible better products. This fact, coupled with improvements in consuming devices, means that we can get more work from a barrel of oil today than we could previously. And I think we've only begun to use the energy potential in a barrel of oil.

Not only are we finding new sources of liquid hydrocarbons in the familiar raw form of crude petroleum; we will be able, when and if it ever becomes necessary, to derive liquid hydrocarbons from oil shales, tar sands, coal, and other sources not used at present.

Finally, our present use of oil and coal supports an industrial and scientific structure in which men are already learning how to apply atomic power to constructive work and may learn how to harness solar energy. Such developments, of course, would probably displace the fossil fuels in some applications, thus making them available for other use. The over-all effect would be to increase still more the total amount of energy available to humanity.

Incidentally, in connection with atomic energy, two news items which I recently noticed have a bearing on our subject.

Only a few months ago it appeared that the future use of atomic energy for industrial purposes might be doubtful because of the problem of the radioactive wastes. Yet only a few weeks ago, a government official reported that the solution is in sight. What he called “atomic garbage” is apparently on the verge of being employed in such a way as to be not just harmless but actually useful.

The second story was about a new atomic plant, called a “breeder reactor,” now in operation. As I understand it, the object of the process is to use uranium 235, which is rare and costly, to convert nonfissionable materials, which are abundant and cheap, into fissionable material at a faster rate

than the uranium 235 itself is consumed. One of these nonfissionable materials is thorium, which previously was used chiefly in the manufacture of mantles for gaslights.

3

I HAVE been considering mineral energy resources. Now let us look at the picture for metals. There are 45 metallic elements and some 8000 alloys of those metals now in commercial use.

The world in general, and the United States in particular, is using metals at a rate never seen before. Two world wars in a quarter century and the present unhappy need to build great quantities of arms have used vast amounts of iron and copper — to name but two metals in demand. Our steel expansion program now under way calls for annual production of 120 million tons — 15 million tons more than we turned out last year. And, to meet our new needs, we plan to step up our domestic production of copper (which last year was about 1.2 million tons) by 225,000 tons, and aluminum by 700,000 tons.

Can we say that what has proved true of fuels will prove true of metals? We have seen that increased knowledge has led to the discovery of new sources of energy which are seemingly unlimited. Does a comparable outcome seem likely with respect to metals?

The metals we use most today — iron and aluminum — are second only to the elements of oxygen and silicon in their abundance on our planet. It has been estimated that there is at least 5000 times as much iron ore, bauxite, and alunite in the earth's crust as the world now uses annually. Furthermore, unlike fossil fuels, most metals can be reclaimed after use and used again. In the meantime, the discovery of new sources of metal supplies and the development of techniques for making them economically available go on at a rapid pace.

It wasn't so long ago that people were worrying about imminent depletion of the 50 per cent iron-ore deposits of the Mesabi range. Today a number of steel companies are planning or building facilities, estimated to cost over three quarters of a billion dollars, for processing taconite. Taconite deposits in Minnesota occur in a hundred-mile strip, several miles broad, and are believed to amount to 5 billion tons. The reducing plants will turn out about 1 ton of 60 per cent iron from every 4 tons of taconite.

Rich deposits of iron ore have been found in a number of countries outside the United States and are now being developed, in many cases by American capital. Labrador, Venezuela, and Brazil, for example, are the scenes of some truly epic engineering projects. A 358-mile railroad is being cut through wilderness and wasteland to haul ore from the Ungava area in Labrador to water. At Steep

Rock Lake, Ontario, 70 million tons of a lake bed are being removed in a four-year dredging operation to get at an iron deposit underneath. In El Pao, Venezuela, one of two projects in that country has been completed after fourteen years of work. Ore has to be shipped by a railroad built through jungles, and by barge to the sea on a river whose water level at the loading point fluctuates 43 feet at different seasons.

We take aluminum for granted these days. It costs currently about 18 cents a pound. Yet when the Civil War started, it sold for \$545 a pound. United States production now amounts to about 800,000 tons per year, and plants under construction will almost double that figure. If it becomes necessary to find substitutes for bauxite or alunite ores, chemists seem confident they will be able to produce aluminum oxide from aluminum-bearing clays.

The first plant to extract magnesium from sea water went into operation only eleven years ago with a capacity of 9000 tons a year. Magnesium production in the United States for 1952 is expected to exceed 100,000 tons. As for the future — there's a lot of water in the sea.

Titanium is one of our most abundant metals and has long been known. What we have not known is how to extract it from the earth's crust at a cost which would make it economic for large-scale use. Up to five years ago, titanium was used chiefly as an ingredient in paint. But it is lighter than steel, stronger than aluminum, and highly heat-resistant — hence potentially very useful. Present extraction processes are still expensive, but I have heard that a more economical method is being developed.

With almost every metal the story is repeated — of widening use, of the discovery of new sources and better methods of extraction. Here, as in other fields, research and ingenuity have been great multipliers of our natural resources.

Our supply of metals is being supplemented by other rigid materials — both old ones put to new uses and newly discovered ones. Glass, for example, is an ancient product that has been improved in recent years to the point where it can take the place of many other substances. And it is made of materials whose supply is practically unlimited.

As for plastics — mere infants in comparison with Granddaddy Glass — there seems no limit to the possibilities of synthesizing organic compounds. A hint of some of the things to come may have been contained in a story I read only a month ago of an automobile body made of plastic and layers of glass fiber. It was claimed the body is dentproof, rustproof, and, for its weight, stronger than steel. When you consider the large fraction of our steel output that goes into auto bodies you can perhaps imagine what a successful plastic body would mean in terms of metal supply. That's especially impressive when you consider further that plastics can be made from

corncocks, oat hulls, the spent fibers of sugar cane, and other materials we used to regard as waste.

These benefits are available to us as they become economically feasible, in that orderly natural development characteristic of all true technical progress. We discovered long ago that the real usefulness of any new product or process begins only when its economy in use surpasses the economy of that which it is supposed to replace. We could, for example, grow bananas at the North Pole, but the usefulness of such a project is clouded by considerable doubt.

For many years, I believe, people have tended to think of natural resources as so many stacks of raw material piled up in a storehouse. A person with this sort of picture in his mind logically assumes that the more you use of any natural resource, the sooner you get to the bottom of the pile. Now I think we are beginning to discover that the idea of a storehouse — or, at least, a single-room storehouse — does not correspond with reality. Instead, the fact seems to be that the first storehouse in which man found himself was only one of a series. As he used up what was piled in that first room, he found he could fashion a key to open a door into a much larger room. And as he used the contents of this larger room, he discovered there was another room beyond, larger still. The room in which we stand at the middle of the twentieth century is so vast that its walls are beyond sight. Yet it is probably still quite near the beginning of the whole series of storehouses. It is not inconceivable that the entire globe — earth, ocean, and air — represents raw material for mankind to utilize with more and more ingenuity and skill.

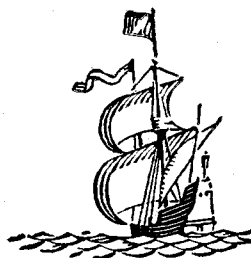
This conception of limitless raw material is not new. It is held by a number of persons. But it is an idea certainly not familiar to people at large. I notice, though, that Dr. Leahy's recent American Petroleum Institute report is receiving wide publication. It's the one that shows that for every barrel of crude oil or cubic foot of natural gas withdrawn from the ground in 1951, two new barrels of oil or cubic feet of gas were found or developed. Perhaps the idea is getting around.

I should like to point out a corollary to this thesis. It is that the concept of unlimited raw materials does not mean that progress is simple and that Utopia is at hand. On the contrary, raw materials, no matter how vast in amount, do not become available resources until human thought and effort are applied to them. In a very real sense raw materials do not exist, they are created. We know, for example, that in a region of great mineral wealth, people can grind out their lives in poverty and misery if they do not realize the wealth exists or if they do not know how to get at it. It is use that makes it valuable. Even when the wealth is made available through technical means, the accelerating growth of populations and the enormous wastage of war are additional complications to consider.

So the march up the steps of material progress, or from storehouse to storehouse — according to which figure of speech you prefer — depends not alone on the continued expansion of scientific knowledge and on industrial daring and managerial skill, but also on political and social conditions. Those conditions in many parts of the world today are not conducive to progress. In fact, extreme nationalism, government controls and monopolies, currency restrictions, abnormal tariffs, threats of expropriation, wars and revolutions, have sealed the doors to many storehouses of useful raw materials.

The basic requirement for progress is freedom — freedom to inquire, to think, to communicate, to venture. Without these conditions, the human mind and spirit will be so shackled that the availability of natural resources will be limited and we may exhaust the known sources of some needed material and find nothing to replace it. To the free man, all things are possible. Opportunity is the wand which can change the useless into the useful, waste into raw materials of great value, exhaustible resources into inexhaustible resources. It is the key that unlocks the greatest energy source of all — the infinite power of the human individual.

The longer I live, the more convinced I am that material progress is not only valueless without spiritual progress: it is, in the long term, impossible.





Few writers in the English-speaking world can match, in versatility, the accomplishments of REBECCA WEST. A successful novelist, she is also a distinguished authority on international affairs. Atlantic readers will recall her Black Lamb and Grey Falcon, which was serialized in this magazine and which is indispensable to any understanding of the Balkans. Many journalists in this country and in Britain regard her more recent writings, such as The Meaning of Treason, as the best reporting produced in the post-war period. She now considers the personality of Whittaker Chambers as revealed in Witness, just published by Random House.

WHITTAKER CHAMBERS

by REBECCA WEST

I

IT is worth while taking some trouble to recognize the historical significance of the part played by Whittaker Chambers in the Hiss trial before reading *Witness*. For his own interpretation of it is often mistaken, owing to the defects of his qualities, and the explosive impact of the Hiss case on the spectators has given an illusory impression of uniqueness. But it could hardly have had such power to distress us had it been an isolated event. It was the most recent manifestation of a recurrent threat to society, which recurs because it is the work of mischievous human tendencies which appear to be ineradicable. It was yet another dervish trial.

There could be nothing more inappropriate to a court of law than the presence of a mob of dancing dervishes. But in they rush, and the examination of witnesses can hardly be carried on because of the commotion caused by the invaders, twirling and turning all over the courtroom, and the lawyers' speeches are not to be heard because of their holy howlings. Finally they take over the control of the proceedings. All attempts at deciding the accused person's guilt according to the facts of the case and the principles of law are abandoned. Whether his life is preserved or forfeited depends on which party line triumphs in the tumult. More and more people join the dervishes in their spinning and their screaming, and by the time they have frothed at the mouth and fallen to the ground the courtroom is wrecked. It may well happen that at the end of one of these dervish trials the whole of civilization will be wrecked.

These deplorable events occur only when there is a certain conjunction of circumstances. First of all, there must be a series of events which arouse the suspicion that a crime has been committed, and at the same time are so tangled that it is hard

to verify or disprove that suspicion. The alleged crime must be of a certain magnitude and offensiveness, and it must be committed in a community split across by an ideological division. The people who in the first instance allege that the crime took place, and those who deny it, must be facing each other across that gulf. What happens after that, as Whittaker Chambers shows, depends on the character of the protagonists and the power of the community to resist moral infection.

Victorian England showed us artless but ominous specimens of the process. In the seventies Arthur Orton came from Australia and claimed to be Sir Roger Tichborne, who had disappeared twelve years before. During the long series of legal actions which followed, the urban industrialist population campaigned for the claimant, for the reason that the position of the landowners as the governing class seemed to them so arbitrary that they could easily imagine a great family suiting its own convenience by fraudulently disowning an eccentric head. In the eighties the politician Sir Charles Dilke was cited as correspondent by a fellow member of Parliament whose young wife had confessed to committing adultery with him throughout her married life. The confession was comically incredible, but nevertheless was believed, because at that time it was a reasonable supposition that no woman would tell such a story unless it were true, as she would be condemning herself to complete social death. But since Sir Charles was a republican and a champion of labor unions, breakers of political prejudice washed over the case and drowned the man who might have been the greatest statesman of his time.

During the nineties the dervish trial which was to surpass all others in frenzy took place in France. Captain Alfred Dreyfus was accused of espionage

in the interests of Germany, and his guilt was asserted and denied by opponents more rancorous than those who had wrangled over Arthur Orton and Sir Charles Dilke, because the ideological issues involved were far graver. By this time the English urban populations which had supported the Tichborne claimant had seen their industrial masters wrest a share in political power from the old landowning classes, and were themselves preparing to demand a further partition for their own benefit. Of Dilke's two causes, republicanism was dead and labor unionism was on the way to triumph. But Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards faced each other across an ideological gulf which still yawns deep and wide.

On one side, there was anti-Semitism, which is treason against the very constitution of man. In refusing to judge Jewish individuals according to their merits, and in condemning the whole race, it rejects the empirical basis on which art and science are founded. It refuses to allow the exquisite machinery of our nerves to perform their miraculous task of collecting information about what is not ourselves. Against the anti-Semites were ranged the men who would not betray their humanity.

That was the disposition of the contending forces when the trial began. But the dervishes yelled and gyrated, and all was confusion. An abscess of hatred burst on the brain of France. Anti-Semitism was met by anti-Catholicism not less gross, and the whole French Army was condemned because certain French officers had been liars and forgers. Sane people ran about screaming insane propositions. It was even argued seriously that to protect the honor of the French Army it was necessary to pretend that the officers who had lied and forged had not done so, and that Dreyfus, who had committed no act of espionage, had done so, thus leaving the liars and forgers inside the Army and kicking the innocent man out.

There was rioting in French streets and rioting in the French mind. Most serious consequence of all was the common conviction that justice had not been done. Dreyfus was never acquitted by due process of any court of law. He was pardoned by the President of the French Republic in 1900 and six years later was acquitted by the Court of Appeal, which was thereby acting illegally, for it had power to order a retrial, which it refrained from doing because of the inflamed state of public opinion, but had no power to acquit the prisoner. So this result was unsatisfactory to Dreyfusards and anti-Dreyfusards alike, with a deep dissatisfaction. For Western man now needs the assurance that he lives under just laws justly administered, as much as he needs food and drink and shelter. This appetite has been slowly bred in our kind by Judaism and the Roman Empire, the Christian Church and secular culture, and it has now the force of an instinct.

As the Dreyfus case came to an end in France there began in Germany the case of Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg. There the accuser was a Jew, the journalist Maximilian Harden, and he acted as the agent of German liberalism in bringing charges of homosexuality against a Prussian Junker who was an intimate friend of the Kaiser and a supporter of his absolutist tendencies. Here again the matter was not settled by due process of a court of law. The prosecution of Prince Philipp was abandoned and a wave of cynical distrust passed over Germany, affecting even the conservative element, which shifted its allegiance to the General Staff of the German Army, since it had always been hostile to Prince Philipp. Thus the First World War was brought a stage nearer.

When it had come and gone, France had to be rebuilt by men and women who had been children during the Dreyfus case, and had grown up in an atmosphere which made them feel distrust of their own community. That distrust has kept them in a state of political chaos ever since, and led to the fall of France in 1940. The Dreyfusards and the anti-Dreyfusards had said many things against each other which were far too brilliant to be forgotten; and at the back of the public mind was a hoarding scrawled with phrases which together composed an indictment against the whole of France, and a sensitive people depressed itself perpetually with self-satire. The Germans are not such lords of language as the French, and the scandal of Prince Philipp left few memorable passages of wit or rhetoric to haunt posterity; and the very existence of the Weimar Republic demonstrated that the struggle between the Hohenzollerns and liberalism had been settled. One might have thought that nobody remembered the trial. But as soon as the Nazis came to power their actions showed that somebody had remembered it and was going to develop the dervish trial deliberately as a political weapon.

The Nazis burned down the Reichstag, which was in any case offensive to them as a symbol of representative government. They charged some innocent men with the crime, and did not trouble to make a watertight case against them. That way they could not lose. Their tougher supporters would affect to believe the accused guilty. Their simpler supporters would really believe it. Their simpler opponents would be induced by the trial to believe that Hitler had really been telling the truth when he claimed that there were dangerous revolutionaries about and that he alone could rout them. As for their shrewder opponents, they would see that the accused were innocent, and they would know what to think when van der Lubbe was hanged. They would realize that this government of professional revolutionaries which had seized power against the will of the people meant to use the courts not for the purpose of dispensing justice

but for keeping its power. The man would be superhuman who did not move more cautiously after he had learned that piece of news.

The Reichstag trial was a novelty. All other dervish trials had started spontaneously, but this was artificially engendered as a means of making the population abandon resistance to an anti-democratic government. It worked so well that Stalin took it as a model for the purges by which he rooted out all actual and potential opposition, in preparation for the time when he would pursue an unpopular policy of amity with Hitler. This seemed the last metamorphosis of the dervish trial possible in our time, until the Hiss case revealed itself in all its monstrous fantasy.

This was something new and complicated. For it began spontaneously in one country and then was artificially developed on the same site but according to the desires of another country. Even to those of us who were old-fashioned enough to reserve judgment on Hiss and Chambers until the courts had brought in their verdict, it was apparent that the case was being exploited for the benefit of the Soviet Union and to the detriment of the United States. By the side of the many upright men and women who sincerely believed in the innocence of Alger Hiss and said so for the highest motives, there was ranged another army uninterested in any sort of innocence. Whether Hiss was guilty or not, an extremely able general was fighting a campaign on the terrain of this case, with a double purpose. First, the public was to be persuaded that it was an inherently absurd notion that anybody could be a Soviet spy, that there was a Communist underground, that Soviet Russia had a secret service, that a person reporting a case of Soviet espionage was thereby proving himself a lunatic or an impostor. Second, there was to be created in the United States precisely the same distrust of the law, the contempt for national institutions, the sense of pervading insecurity, which the Dreyfus case created in France. The dervishes who took over this trial howled and gyrated with the precision of Rockettes; but the amateurs who joined them frothed at the mouth in the old way. It is doubtful whether it can yet be estimated how much damage has been done to the courtroom.

2

It is strange how often *Witness* makes the Hiss case recede into the background and draws the attention to more important matters: to Grandfather Chambers, for example.

That old sinner was a brilliant newspaperman, a blusterer and a drunkard. He used to take his little grandsons on a tour of the Long Island saloons, in every one of them swilling grandly, as if he were the imperial hog from which the imperial hogshead took its name, weaving and careening

on his way home so that the boys had to help him across the road and onto the trolley. But no harm came to the children from these gross outings, no scar was left even on their exceptionally sensitive minds, for he had charity. A stream of warm and unqualified love flowed from him to them, and nothing he could do could harm them. This was not fair. His blustering was not merely violence, it was cruelty. It had withered up his wife and his son, the children's father. But towards the children he felt authentic love, and in his relationship with them he enjoyed the authentic immunity from sin of the saints.

He is only one of the people who were alive when Whittaker Chambers was a child, and now are dead, and are now raised by him from their graves, to walk through his book, in their living flesh, but stamped now with their immortal meaning. This is perhaps the greatest of all the surprises disclosed by the Hiss case: that Whittaker Chambers should be capable of writing an autobiography so just and so massive in its resuscitation of the past that it often recalls the name of the master of all autobiographers, Aksakov. The value of the book does not depend simply on its painfully exceptional material, nor on the sincerity of the author. Whittaker Chambers writes as writers by vocation try to write, and he makes the further discoveries about reality, pushing another half-inch below the surface, which writers hope to make when they write.

He records his unique experience in its uniqueness, without recourse to used and general phrases. His prose rises again to the task of describing the intricate and ambitious misery of the home where he was brought up. It was the scene of a succession of inverted miracles: the empty cup was always filled by an unseen hand with a poisonous draught. The Chamberses were one of those middle-class families which drift into isolation as if they were criminals, though they have nothing so potentially profitable as a crime to their name, and who, since they are isolated, depress themselves still further by believing their fate to be unique. They had so little command over their surroundings that they were scarcely able to live in a house. The plumbing, the unpainted walls, the leaking roof, the dangling shutters, seemed to be given life by their owners' incompetence, and perpetually threatened to get the better of them. The situation was made worse, not better, when Chambers's spirited but plaintive mother determined to make counter-attacks on the hostile masonry and sanitation, and indulged in constructional flights of fancy which Chambers describes in passages suggesting visual forms as acutely illustrative of distress as Piranesi's *Carceri*.

Many of us who, like Chambers, endured rough weather in our childhood can match the instances he gives of adults who found themselves undeterred

by any scruple from taunting a child with the poverty of its parents; and we have learned how unwelcome such reminiscences are, and how likely to be greeted with impatient suggestions that they are exaggerated or are the figments of self-pity. But Chambers makes his point, and goes further in offending against the contemporary convention that, though all generations are made of the same stuff, the most recent generation is always in the right in its relations to the preceding one. He states candidly that his parents failed their children again and again, but he admits that they too had been failed by their parents. The mainspring of his father's nature had been broken by *his* father's bullying; and his mother had been left with a broken wing and an excessive disposition to soaring flight by the feckless romantics who had brought her into the world. Moreover, he and his brother had failed their parents. He confesses that they held it against their tormented mother that, because their father would not fulfill the duties of a father, "she was trying to be both father and mother." And by an anecdote concerning the cutting down of a clematis, which is both beautiful and horrible, he proves that his father was a starved man whose need should have pricked his family into finding some way of feeding him.

The double character of that anecdote reveals where Chambers's resistance to fashion leads him. He admits the hideousness of life, writing of the madness of his grandmother and the despair and suicide of his brother as the calamities that they were. "I used to wish that the house would burn down with all its horrors." But he also admits the beauty of life. That means that he can write tragedy. For he can give an account of a man who is visited by misfortune and include in it the reason why he felt his misfortunes to be a breach of a firm promise made him by the universe. The particular manifestation of beauty which he took as a *promise emerges during the book* as a finely drawn character: as, indeed, the third protagonist in the Hiss case. It is a character which has appeared in other books, most notably, perhaps, in *Huckleberry Finn*. It is the American countryside.

The forty-year-old cherry trees on the Merrick Road, the aseptic white village houses, the black pyramidal old cypresses standing alone, the green columnar young cypresses growing in groves, the streams slipping over sandy bottoms through the birch and swamp-maple woods, the special stream where all the robins bathed at dawn, the other special stream where the cardinal flower could be found, the fleets of clouds riding over the Long Island salt marshes, the silent invasion of the tides through the cattails, the surf pounding on the beaches—the boy saw in that landscape a fertile tranquillity that accused the profitless convulsions of his home life and consoled him for them. We see through his eyes the miraculous quality

of the American landscape which touches and astounds all European visitors. The opaque hills and plains give the same sense of purity as the transparent waters of a spring. Henry James, returning after many years of expatriation, recognized this appearance and attributed it to the lack of the stains left by that soiled fabric, history. The land has still that innocent look, save where it is actually covered by buildings. Some corrupting process, at work in all the older continents, seems here to have been suspended.

To Whittaker Chambers the American countryside was not merely earth that had a look of purity. It was a person that made claims that offered help. When he and Alger Hiss visited the derelict farmhouse in Maryland, the two men were not alone. For as the features of a face, as the limbs of a body, were the wisteria that smothered the porch and pushed through the shingles of the roof, the two cedars tall beside the barn, the apple and sour cherry trees in the orchard, the wind that blew along the valley through the unscythed grass. Later when Chambers was about to leave the Party and break with Hiss, he went back to see that farm. The neighborhood retained him. He now owns and works a large and productive farm in those parts, and his account of the sacrifices that he and his family have made to acquire that farm, and the joy they find in working it, reveals that he belongs to a certain well-recognized order of man. He believes that nature is an aspect of God, and that to grow crops and tend herds is a means of establishing communication with God. He believes that he communicates with God and that God communicates with him. He is, in fact, a Christian mystic of the pantheist school, a spiritual descendant of Eckhart and Boehme and Angelus Silesius.

It is one of the great jokes of history that the dragnet of a Washington committee should have fetched up this man of all men to take part in a dervish trial. For the Moslem dervish is a priest, and so too is the Western dervish of the sort that promotes trials. He is a priest who desires to preserve some institution: to guard the integrity of parliamentary government by extending its basis or restricting it; to retain the monarchy or convert the constitution into a republic; to save the honor of the Army or of the Freemasons; to maintain the unbreached power of Nazi or Bolshevik totalitarianism; to rout all who cast aspersions on the American administrative class; to rout all who impede the operations of the Communist Party. But a mystic distrusts all institutions. No matter whether they are religious or secular, he fears lest the thickness of their walls shall prevent man from hearing when God speaks to him. For that reason he is apt to fall out with the defenders of the most respectable institutions; so he is bound to feel an exalted repugnance when he sees dervishes

at work on a trial openly profaning the truth and casting away the divine gift of reason in order to serve institutional interests. He can make no compromise when he is involved in such a trial. He cannot even make the necessary adjustments. He goes forward on the path dictated by his private revelation, no matter what road the institutionalists engaged in the trial may be following. The resultant collision is bound to be on a sidereal scale, drawing sparks bright as comets.

3

Witness demonstrates the strength of the mystic and his use to society. Though he may be decomposed by the howling and gyrating of the dervishes, he leans on his understanding with God. But the book also demonstrates the weakness of the mystic, and explains why the Church has always feared negative dissenters, who fall away from lack of faith, far less than the positive dissenters, who question authority because fullness of faith persuades them that they receive direct instruction from God.

To reach the state of intense perception which makes a mystic, a man must be unselfish but egotistical. He must be supremely interested in finding out the truth concerning the universe, and not at all interested in securing his own well-being in it. But he must cultivate inattention to what others tell him and concentrate on his own experience. This gives his relationships a peculiar character. It is as if he were a telephone subscriber on terms which enabled him to make outgoing calls but prevented him from receiving incoming calls. Whittaker Chambers obviously feels deep love for his wife and his mother. His pantheist turn of mind makes us see them in terms of the countryside: his wife a sheltering hillside which keeps the wind off the pastures, his mother a winding valley where running water and wild woods make one picturesque surprise after another. But few could read of these women without wanting to hurry to them with hot milk and aspirins. Obviously, he has given them great happiness, but they must be very, very tired. There was at work in him something at once less and greater than human nature when he prepared an ingeniously didactic suicide, as morally unassailable as a suicide may be, and yet forgot the burden he would thereby have laid on his family.

Again, he expresses gratitude to the men who stood by him during his ordeal, the newspapermen and the lawyers and the politicians and the friends. But he also describes how he pursued a tortuous policy in his testimony, disclosing this piece of evidence and withholding that, with the intention of keeping true the moral balance of his relationship with Hiss. He felt under an obligation to supply the authorities with information which

would enable them to convince a court of law that Hiss had been a Communist, but he also felt under an obligation to shield Hiss from suffering, as far as was possible, so he supplied the authorities with just the amount of information which he thought would be sufficient to convince a court of law, reserving the rest and parting with it only gradually as it became evident that his calculations had been faulty. He obviously has no sense of guilt regarding the unnecessary trouble to which he put his supporters by leaving holes in his case, to say nothing of the jeopardy in which he placed the anti-Communist cause, and the encouragement he gave his non-Communist opponents to believe that he was a liar.

There is also support in *Witness* for a still more serious charge against the mystic: that because of his visions he speaks with authority, and that those who listen to him may be misled when he deals with subjects other than those on which he has received divine instruction. Whittaker Chambers compels our respect by his account of his experiences, many of which have been determined by his membership in the Communist Party. It is therefore natural that we should listen to him when he analyzes Communism. But a large part of his analysis is demonstrably untrue and, indeed, dangerous in its implications.

When he appeared before the grand jury, one of the jurors asked him what it meant to be a Communist, and he told three anecdotes to illustrate typical Communist behavior. He described how Djerjinsky, when he was a young man in a Tsarist prison in Warsaw, insisted on being given the task of cleaning the latrines, holding that it was the duty of the most developed member of any community to take upon himself the lowliest tasks. He described how Eugene Leviné, the leader of the unsuccessful Bolshevik uprising of 1919, was told by the court-martial which tried him that he was under sentence of death, and answered, "We Communists are always under sentence of death." And he described how Sazonov, a prisoner in a Siberian camp, protested against the flogging of his fellow prisoners by drenching himself with kerosene and setting himself on fire and running about till he was burned to death. These men illustrate the view which Whittaker Chambers still takes of the Communist Party: that it is a self-sacrificing and courageous body of idealists who fail only because they hold a materialist philosophy and thus reject God and separate man from Him.

Not one of these anecdotes has the slightest relevance to the realities of Communism. As for Djerjinsky, the act of cleaning latrines cannot be held up as an exceptional example of self-sacrifice, for, as members of the armed forces are well aware, there are millions of latrines in the world and nearly all of them get cleaned by someone. But in any case the anecdote overlooks a cardinal point in

Communist policy, for Communists are strictly forbidden to do anything to alleviate the material conditions of any person, no matter how unfortunate, except when they can thereby gain credit for the Party and attract recruits. In all other circumstances their duty is to prevent the improvement of material conditions, so that the proletariat will grow in discontent and be more susceptible to revolutionary propaganda.

As for Leviné, when he said, "We Communists are always under sentence of death," he uttered words which are inapplicable to the Communist Party in any part of the globe, and ludicrously inapplicable to Communist Parties in the English-speaking world, unless reference be made to the very real danger that comrades run of being killed by other comrades. If the Rosenbergs go to the electric chair they will be the first Communists in the English-speaking world to suffer the death penalty. Very few Communists have been sent to jail on either side of the Atlantic, except for short sentences. But the victims of Communism number millions, and there are vast areas of the world where the majority of the population can say, "We anti-Communists are always under sentence of death."

As for Sazonov, this is a horrible story, but a very silly one. Even those who in their childhood knew and revered Russian revolutionaries must think it a silly story. It is frivolous in its disregard of the strength of evil. Supposing that a prisoner in a modern totalitarian camp decided to protest against the maltreatment of his fellow prisoners by setting himself on fire, it is probable that the officers of the camp, blunted by contemplation of countless hordes of the starving and suffering, would feel nothing but impatience.

Chambers's generalizations about Communism are not less odd than these particular instances. He asserts that "the widespread notion that men become Communists for material gain" is unfounded, and points to Fuchs as an example of a man to whom the Communist Party could not possibly offer anything that could balance the demands it might make upon him. Many refugees exemplify the working of the Welfare State within a state which the Communist Party organizes in every country for the benefit of its members. When Hitler came to power the machinery for bringing his victims out of Germany very soon fell under Communist control, and it was arranged that as far as possible Communist Germans should be brought to safety while Liberals and Social Democrats and Catholics were left to be destroyed by the Nazis. Stories of such removals are tediously familiar in Europe, where the Communists enjoy an immense advantage for the very reason that, both in the countries they have seized and in the countries they have infiltrated, they offer ambitious men and women bribes, in the form of employment

and special privileges and accelerated promotion, which no democratic party could or should offer to its members.

But Chambers not only guarantees that the Communists are not moved by material considerations: he makes on their behalf a staggering claim to priority as idealists. "Communists," he asserts, "are that part of mankind which has recovered its power to live or die — to bear witness — for its faith." Now, the Communist Party certainly uses a little idealistic propaganda for recruiting purposes, a few soft words about poverty and peace. But there is nothing inherently idealistic in Bolshevik Communism, which came into being as a hard-boiled attempt to fill the power vacuum slowly but surely created by the industrial revolution, for the benefit of a middle-class group which saw that their class was in danger of losing its privileges. They proposed to sign a contract with the proletariat, guaranteeing it the monopoly of economic profit in exchange for a monopoly of political power. At the time the idealistic Socialist movements of all Europe opposed the program tooth and nail just because they foresaw that it might inspire a course of action quite incompatible with idealism; and we Europeans of today feel that we have received sufficient proof that they were right. The British people showed themselves willing to live or die for their faith under the blitz and during the early summer of 1940, when German invasion seemed inevitable. But our Communists were not with us. The Stalin-Hitler Pact still held, and so they were busily working on the side of the Germans and doing what they could to sabotage our defenses; and many of them were visibly relieved to think that if the Germans came they could claim to be their friends. In Berlin, too, a population has been bright with defiance: defiance of a Communist blockade.

Why does Chambers pay these undeserved tributes to a faith he regards as evil? The answer lies in his account of the crucial point in his conversion to that faith. He became, as he puts it, an "irreconcilable" Communist as he stood beside the snow-covered grave of his brother at midnight on New Year's Eve, while the sirens wailed and the fire bells rang, and the crowds in the roadhouses sang and shouted, and a bottle thrown from an automobile crashed on the graveyard wall. He then took a vow to purge the world of the baseness which he conceived to have killed his brother. The purity of Party discipline seemed to him a solvent which would wash away the filth which had choked the boy; and dedication to the single purpose of Communism promised relief from the perils that came of living with no purpose at all. It is to be noted that the three anecdotes he related to the grand jury show men practicing a forgetfulness of self and indifference to pain which is not characteristic of Communist behavior but is part

of the technique recommended by all the classic religions to those who wish to develop their consciousness of God.

That moment by the graveside is sacred to Whittaker Chambers because it was the point of departure for a journey which he has found satisfying; and therefore it has never occurred to him that the argument which he was then conducting with himself at that moment was based on false premises. We see why the institution has so often throughout history cried out, in accusation against the mystic: "This man is telling the truth concerning eternity, but he is in error concerning time, and it is in time that we have to do our present duty." There is much in this complaint. But the mystic has often been able to answer: "Because I have sought the truth in eternity I alone have had the strength to tell the truth in time."

4

THE dispute between the institution and the mystic will go on until the end of the world. But we have one institution which tries to step out of its category and aims at arbitrating in all disputes between opposed individuals and groups: the law. It would be interesting to learn how far the tumult of the Hiss case was due to the lack of laws which might prevent the conversion of normal trials into dervish trials, and how far to the failure to apply such of these laws as exist. Obviously it was unjust to both Hiss and Chambers that the case should have been tried in the press and on the radio and on the platform long before it came into court. This would have been impossible in Britain, because of our strict laws regarding contempt of court which forbid any comment on a case before it is tried and while it is being tried. All responsible British journalists are united in approving these laws. They protect us from advertently or inadvertently prejudicing the course of justice and from being charged with corruption; and their usefulness to the community was proved recently when they prevented the conversion of a trial under the Official Secrets Act into a dervish trial. There is abundant evidence that a number of people were anxious to whitewash a Communist by pretending that he was an independent scientist who wished to hand over information to Soviet Russia because of his admiration for its feats in the war and because he believed that scientific knowledge should be the property of all peoples. Had these people been

able to conduct their campaign before the trial, they might have been able to persuade the public that a verdict of guilty must be unjust; but though they have put forward their inaccurate version since the trial, it has been difficult for them to make much headway, since the facts had already been established in court by the prosecution and accepted by the defense.

Mr. Chambers has perhaps the most slender sense of legality that a highly intelligent man could possess. He seems hardly aware of the need to respect the attempts made by the community to reconcile the conflicting rights of its members. He seems, for one thing, to have a blind eye for the idea of contract. This can be seen, oddly enough, in his allusions to his religious affiliations. He says explicitly more than once that he does not accept the Quaker doctrine of nonresistance, yet he is an adherent of the Society of Friends because it is a center of mysticism.

This has its bearing on what is perhaps the strangest incident in the Hiss case: Whittaker Chambers's perjury before the grand jury. Its amazing quality does not warrant the fantastic use of it made by Hiss's supporters, who can hardly be candid when they suggest that Hiss should be considered innocent because the chief witness against him stated on oath that he was innocent and then admitted that he was not telling the truth. But it is truly amazing that a man should consent to play a part in the investigation of Hiss's conduct by the law, and then, in order to fulfill what he conceived to be his moral duty towards Hiss, should disregard the understanding on which every trial is founded: that witnesses regard the oath they take as binding. This is an act which is explicable only by reference to the egotism of the mystic. In the light of that clue it is quite comprehensible. Without that clue, it is troubling and enigmatic. Perhaps the best way of understanding Whittaker Chambers would be to turn back to the records of the Dreyfus case, and try to imagine what it would have been like had the witness who exposed the Army conspiracy been not the straightforward soldier, Colonel Picquart, but Charles Péguy, the Christian poet and philosopher who was Dreyfus's greatest literary defender, and whose relationship with the Roman Catholic Church showed the same inconsistency as Whittaker Chambers's relationship to the Society of Friends. The spectators would often have been greatly perplexed.



POEMS

by ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

THE OLD MEN IN THE LEAF SMOKE

THE old men rake the yards for winter
Burning the autumn-fallen leaves.
They have no lives, the one or the other.
The leaves are dead, the old men live
Only a little, light as a leaf,
Left to themselves of all their loves:
Light in the head most often too.

Raking the leaves, raking the lives,
Raking life and leaf together,
The old men smell of burning leaves,
But which is which they wonder — whether
Anyone tells the leaves and lives —
Anyone left, that is, who loves.

WHERE THE HAYFIELDS WERE

COMING down the mountain in the twilight —
April it was and quiet in the air —
I saw an old man and his little daughter
Burning the meadows where the hayfields were.

Forksful of flame he scattered in the meadows.
Sparkles of fire in the quiet air
Burned in their circles and the silver flowers
Danced like candles where the hayfields were, —

Danced as she did in enchanted circles,
Courtseyed and danced along the quiet air:
Slightly she danced in the stillness, in the twilight,
Dancing in the meadows where the hayfields were.

WHAT THE OLD WOMEN SAY

OUT there in the fighting
Each day is doubt,
Each night is dread,
Dawn is disaster.

Even at home in the house
If the lock creeps in the socket
The roots of our sleep wake.
We lie listening.

Like flood in a field it comes —
No sound but suddenly
One more stone has vanished
A dyke drowned.

Never again in our lifetime,
Never will fear end
Or the old ease return to us:
Childhood remembered.

Never again will we wait
Content in the dark till our daughters
Off in the evening somewhere,
Laughing, come home.

THE PATRIOTS

WHEN liberty is headlong girl
And runs her roads and wends her ways
Liberty will shriek and whirl
Her showery torch to see it blaze.

When liberty is wedded wife
And keeps the barn and counts the byre
Liberty amends her life.
She drowns her torch for fear of fire.

THE BED

MY bed grows narrower as I grow old.
The hurt must on my heart lie, right or wrong.
It has no place but this to turn and toss
That once could sleep beside me the night long.

THEY COME NO MORE, THOSE WORDS, THOSE FINCHES

O WHEN you're young
And the words to your tongue
Like the birds to Saint Francis
With darting, with dances —
Wait! you say, Wait!
There's still time! It's not late!

And the next day you're old
And the words all as cold
As the birds in October
Sing over, sing over,
Sing Late! Late!

And Wait! you say, Wait!



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



Educated in the New York high schools and at Harvard, where he took his B.A. in American History and Literature in 1949, GEORGE BLUESTONE is now studying for his Ph.D. at the University of Iowa. "And a good deal of my time," he writes, "has been spent in our basement apartment pounding the typewriter. The 'work in progress' is a novel based on experiences I had as a waiter in Catskill Mountain hotels for six summers."

A NEEDLE AND A THIMBLE

by GEORGE BLUESTONE

SOPHY was floating on her back, feeling the pool water cold around her and washing softly over her knees and neck and arms, looking up at the green mountain that rose against the sun over the Bellayre Hotel. She was thinking with pride about how she had set up her station before the others that afternoon, had gotten out early for a change, even though she was the only waitress on a crew of fourteen and older than any of the men. The thought gave her a good feeling, and she rolled over, letting the water break strongly against her face. Then she bobbed a little, kicking herself up to a standing position. She liked the feeling of buoyancy the pool gave, and she kept taking little hops, moving forward with the weight of her momentum. She thought it was funny the way the water made her legs look like sheets of bent tin, as if they weren't hers. She was glad she didn't have the ugly blue and purple veins she saw so much around the pool. In fact, she told herself, her ankles weren't so bad for a woman her age. With her gray hair bound tightly in a red handkerchief, she wondered if she looked any younger.

She felt younger. With the Fourth of July weekend already behind her, and the crowd slackened off, there was more free time in the afternoons after lunch, and even though she knew that in two weeks she would be sleeping every spare hour she got, it was good to bathe and get out in the sun while she could. Some of the bus boys were diving and swimming, their lean, brown bodies moving cleanly through the water. Outside the pool gate, she could see the young governess supervising the children, who were playing some kind of game with a big red ball. She smiled when she saw the con-

trolled desperation on the governess's face, the same expression she had seen on the face of every governess she had ever known. Suddenly she thought of Weiner, who had called from Ellenville, asking her to come down. Just like a schoolboy asking for a date. One of the bus boys asking the governess to go out would not have stuttered so.

Someone was splashing her, and before she could turn, the chlorine was going the wrong way, making her choke and cough. She saw big Arty through jets of water, heard him shouting "How's the water, Sophila?"

Turning away her face, and closing her eyes, she held up her hands and squealed, "Stop, already, so sto-o-o-p!" And when Arty wouldn't stop, she commanded, "Bum, stop! I'll drown!" When he stopped, she waded to the ladder at the edge of the pool, wiping her eyes. "Go find a young girl to play games." When she got out, Arty had already gone off, and was leaning on the fence, talking to the governess, his swim suit dripping water, his big shock of wet black hair matting his forehead.

Sophy walked over to the bench where her towel was and began wiping herself. Guests were sitting at the green tables around the pool under fringed, multicolored umbrellas, staring at her from behind dark glasses. She wondered if she had looked silly, then told herself she didn't care. She'd known too many guests to care, had heard too many stories about what they did in private. Besides, the crew would go crazy in the kitchen if they didn't have breaks like this. She looked around at the guests. One was lying on the grass turf next to the pool, tilting a sun reflector under his chin; an-

other had tape on her nose and was looking up at the sky; a blonde with a lacquered upsweep was rubbing suntan oil on her skin in long, serious strokes. What did they care what she did?

Carefully she spread the faded blue bedspread she had taken from her room, and settled herself on it, stomach down. Like big Arty, she thought, captain of the waiters, a boy, but no longer a boy. Six summers he had been coming to The Mountains and still he had smiles for everyone. She liked him, liked the way he listened to her singing while she cleaned up her station, liked the way he answered as if he meant what he was saying, and the way he talked up for his crew to Joe Fine, the headwaiter, to fat Esther Rosen, the owner, and her son Bernie who was always sticking his nose in the kitchen trying to tell them what to do. In the two summers she'd worked with him at Bellayre, she couldn't remember him really angry. His disposition was like honey to the girls, and he seemed always to be drawn to the center of a group, dominating innocent faces with smiles and a story. In a way he reminded her of her son, except he didn't have Seymour's round jaw, and Seymour was shorter. Watching Arty smiling over the fence, she wondered if he would ever have to give up looking, the way she had, so that now she could be amused at Weiner, feel sorry for him at most, see him coldly, clearly outside herself, like a movie.

"So come down," he had said; "we'll talk, that's all, just talk." And there had been behind his voice the buzz from the lobby of his hotel — Grand Haven on Briggs Highway — and she had pictured the way it had been two years before when she had worked there for Weiner, the old setting for the words she remembered now, almost the very words Ruby Gold had spoken to her that night at Cavanaugh's thirty years before.

The sun poured down, melting over her back, and she stirred in her sleep. . . .

2

It was hot, very hot, on Ruby Gold's thirtieth birthday, the day he threw a party for the girls in his dress shop. "For my thirty years of celibacy," he told them. He was a dark man, with a full mustache and deep chestnut skin. The girls used to joke because he was a bachelor, but Sophy knew they all dreamed about what it would be like to be Mrs. Ruby Gold. None of them ever said this out loud, at least not seriously, because always they were facing the invisible line: Ruby Gold was the owner, and they worked for the owner, they couldn't forget that. Many times Sophy would see them looking up from their sewing machines, watching him, and she could tell from their faces they had forgotten the thing they knew.

The day of the party Ruby Gold rushed around a lot, laughing more than usual, the way he did

when he wasn't busy (when he was working, he could be awful). They had pushed two cutting tables together, spread paper tablecloths, plates, and colored napkins done up to look like wings. They were all having a good time as they watched the Italian girl cut the cake which Ruby Gold had ordered from his uncle's bakery in the Bronx. They plunged their forks in and out of their slices, giggling and searching frantically for the tiny trinkets which would tell their fortunes. One by one, they held up the lead miniatures, shouting, "My fortune, Tina, quick, tell my fortune." And the Italian girl would solemnly read the prophecies from an orange paper, scolding the others if they didn't keep still. One girl found a tiny pair of shoes; another a key; the Polish girl held up a wedding band; another a baby's bow. Sophy took her piece back to the sewing machine, where the others wouldn't see, and dug out a tiny thimble. She brought it back to the Italian girl and said, "Try your silly game on this." The Italian girl ran her fingernail down the orange sheet. "You," she read, "you are fated to work hard for the happiness you get. Love will come soon but nothing will be easy. Beware of handsome men."

"A silly game," Sophy said. The girls stopped laughing.

"Aw, cheer up, honey," said the big copper-haired girl from Brooklyn. "You said yourself it was a silly game. Look, there's another piece left. Take it and try again." The copper-haired girl winked at the Italian, who passed the cake to Sophy. The girls all watched until she found the trinket, a little white packet which she quickly tore open. A needle fell out and rolled to the table. The Italian girl laughed and said, "A needle — let's see — a needle is used for housework? Babies' clothes? A handsome man's socks?"

"The paper!" squealed the girls. "Read the paper." The Italian girl scanned the orange sheet, reading to herself. Sophy saw the smile slowly drain away, and when the Italian girl said, "Wait, let me read again," Sophy burst into tears and went crying into the toilet. Twenty minutes later she came out, eyes red, and returned to her machine. The party was over. Toward the end of the afternoon, she began to smile a little at the girls' jokes, and soon she was singing. Suddenly she was conscious that the girls had stopped talking; someone was standing behind her.

"You sing nice," said Ruby Gold. Sophy looked up, embarrassed. "I should have known. You could have sung at the party maybe. Ever take lessons?" Sophy shook her head.

"Well you should. A shame to waste such a voice. A real shame, I'm telling you." He asked if she could come to his office after work so they could talk. Sophy turned red when he walked away. All the girls were watching.

After work, in the office, Ruby Gold looked up

from a batch of tissue patterns on his desk. "Oh yes — Sophy, come in," he said, rising from his swivel chair. He offered her a seat, and let his eyes race over her body just once and very quickly.

"Have you ever sung in public?" he asked.

"No. Only for friends and parties, things like that."

Studying the cryptic handle of a letter opener, Ruby Gold made his offer. He had a friend downtown who gave voice lessons. If Sophy wanted, they could go see him the following Saturday.

Sophy felt the distress on her face. "If it's the money you're worried about," Ruby Gold said, "stop worrying. I'll take care of the lessons."

She asked him why he was doing this and he said quietly, "Because beautiful things I don't like to see wasted."

The following Saturday they went to the apartment-studio of Ruby Gold's friend on West Twelfth Street. A bakelite sign in the window read, "Benjamin Schreier, Voice Instructor." Mr. Schreier smiled up at them through gold-rimmed glasses and a stained yellow beard. Then he played a few chords on the piano and asked Sophy to repeat them. Sophy listened carefully, then sang the notes as she heard them. She saw the old music teacher smile and nod at Ruby Gold, and she sang louder until she felt the sound humming all through her.

The day Ruby Gold married the daughter of his father's former partner, the girls kept coming over to pat Sophy on the back, saying things like "Too bad" and "How long could it last?" At first she couldn't understand, but when she knew what they meant she said coldly, "There's nothing between me and Mr. Gold." The girls laughed and Sophy became angry. "Okay, okay," they said, "so there's nothing between you. Honest to Pete!"

Three months after the wedding, Ruby Gold began going with her to the Saturday lessons again, but not as often as before. On the days he went along, he would sometimes read a paper or go for a walk while Schreier went over the exercises with Sophy, but most of the time he would just sit and watch, sometimes by the hour. Afterwards when he talked sadly about little things, he seemed to have aged ten years. One day, after the lesson, he took her to dinner at Cavanaugh's where the snow-linen, soft lights, and starched waiters made dreaming easy. They drank white wine and Ruby Gold began to talk, his hands nervous around the stem of his glass, and he talked until he touched the bitter heart of his loneliness.

"She nags, nags, nothing but nags. How long is it we've been married? Six months? Already it feels like six years." Sophy watched his full sensitive lips hardening, saw the wisps of gray hair above the temples. She felt sorry for him.

When he asked her, "Are you still living alone?" leaning forward across the table, and she had answered yes, he said slowly, "People shouldn't live

alone, not without parents or anyone to look after them." His glass trembled and he said something about her being alone in America and how terrible that was, but she was watching his mustache twitching and didn't hear it all. She remembered he kept saying, "A person shouldn't be alone."

"When I meet the man I love —" Sophy began.

"Let me come to you," Ruby Gold broke in hoarsely. "Let me come to you sometimes. I need you. It's hell this way."

Looking down, she said no.

"Why? Why?"

"I don't love you," she said as simply as she could. Her voice shook, then held, and that was the end for then.

He kept going to the lessons with her whenever he could, and for three months he didn't bring it up again. They would walk, talking about everything under the sun except themselves. Sometimes he would put his arm around her and she would let him because he had been kind, and that was the least she could do. Then he began mentioning the same thing again and she resisted, saying, "Before, it might have been different. Now it's too late." Once he got very angry, "I pay for the lessons and what do I get for it in return? Sympathy?" but later he was sorry. The next week Sophy learned something she never forgot, that lonely men (maybe because they had to) would always ask a price for being generous. He pleaded so earnestly, so innocently one afternoon "to talk, just talk," that she let him go back with her. After the first ten minutes, Ruby Gold was sobbing out his need for her, and she went to get him a glass of cold water, realizing her mistake.

The next morning she decided to leave the shop before something really happened. At the Saturday lesson she said to him, "I'm nervous, and it's hot. Please go away and come back for me in an hour?" and he left with a pained expression on his face. Then Sophy asked Mr. Schreier for the names of some people she could contact about a job. He said he was surprised she wanted to sing for money already. "You shouldn't do it. In a year, two maybe, you could be a fine artist."

"I can't wait a couple of years," she said.

"Listen," he said, "if you can't, you can't. Okay, I'll get you some names." He rummaged through an old rollback desk, dug out a stained address book and copied down several names.

"Here," he said, "but you shouldn't do it yet." Before she left, he said, "Maybe you'll still come for lessons?"

"No — I don't know." She made him promise not to tell Gold. "About the lessons, we'll see."

The first place she had gone to, a Russian restaurant and night club on the East Side, her heart beat something terrible, but the manager told her to come back the next day for an audition. At the audition the manager, and another man who

smoked through a long cigarette holder, sat out front. She thought she would faint. When she got the job, she couldn't control herself; she started laughing and had to sit down. That night she wrote Ruby Gold a little note explaining things as best she could, and carefully avoided mentioning the night club. She was afraid for a long time that he would come to see her at her flat, but he never did.

Sophy felt the toe tickling her side. Looking up she saw Arty grinning over her. "Hey, lady, time to get up. Almost five o'clock." She sat up, and knew from the taste in her mouth she'd been sleeping a long time. Folding the bedspread, she saw the faint red on her arms. It didn't burn, but she knew it would after she took a hot shower. Walking slowly back to her room, she thought, I must remember to put on some Noxzema.

3

AL GROSS, the social director, was motioning to her from the platform, but Sophy held back. When she'd told Al that afternoon that she would do a number, she hadn't expected to be so scared. Every Tuesday night was amateur night at the Bellayre, and every Tuesday afternoon Al Gross would circulate around the dining room signing up guests to participate. When he was short of talent, he went to the staff because he could always count on finding at least one performer among them. The summer before, he had asked Sophy to participate because he had heard rumors about her singing. But she had refused and Al hadn't asked her again until he heard her sing "Vuszhe Vils tu" all the way through that morning because she hadn't known he was there. "If you can sing like that tonight, you'll be all right," he had told her.

If she walked up at all, it was only because she had promised. She saw Al smiling at her, the tiny creases in his face, the heart-shaped tongue, the yellow teeth. The next thing she knew, the band was playing an eight-bar introduction and she was coming in with the opening words of "Beltz." At first the sinking feeling was still there, but after the first few bars, the faces blurred and she was no longer scared. Like the old days. She remembered she had been singing "Beltz" the first time she saw Sheldon. . . .

Except for her shyness at the beginning, the night-club job was exciting. She sang with a chorus of four other girls who wore peasant skirts and velvet, hand-embroidered bodices, and who accompanied the star baritone. The baritone was always dressed in silk peasant blouses with brightly colored braid cords around his waist.

Sophy had known many of the songs before she took the job. Those she didn't know she learned.

And she learned quickly because she wanted to. The routine of costumes, rehearsals, score sheets, two shows nightly, became something she could accept, and what shyness there was disappeared in the smells of peppered meat, of fresh black bread, and the laughter of people sipping wine over candles. With experience, her contralto voice became deeper and more powerful, the tone richer and more controlled. People began telling her she could be heard distinctly over the others. And she loved it. The Russian songs of festival and work and courtship never seemed to dull with repetition. Her ideas grew with the intensity she poured in month after month. Finally she came to feel as strongly about her music as the balding man who danced and played the balalaika.

How many men she met during those years she couldn't remember. There must have been dozens who came and listened and tried to get close to her, not to mention others she met at parties. But none of them was able to fire her the way her music did. That was why it was so hard to tell about Sheldon Maltz. The manager had introduced her one night after her second show, and he'd acted like anyone else, maybe a little more polite and interested. It could have been his expression, looking as if he would cry if he saw a bird run over, or the way he held his hand against his side when he talked, rubbing his thumb against his second and third fingers, or his eyes, deep brown and alive under the heavy lids. Or maybe his gentleness, or maybe all of these — she didn't know. All she did know was that she fell in love with a suddenness and completeness she was never fully to understand. She didn't know exactly when it happened either. The second night he had said, "You sing beautifully," and she had said thank you, holding her hand to her throat because she thought he would hear the beating there if she let go. She supposed it was then.

In less than a month they were married, and Sheldon closed his little agency on 49th Street where he booked acts for the B hotels in the Catskills to take her to a small place in Spring Valley for their honeymoon. She must have had a smile the whole time she was there because later she remembered the feeling she had when she saw the high double bed with the brass posts, and caught the bellhops winking at each other, and found out that after the second day the waiter never set their place for breakfast. She remembered lying in the newly cut grass under a perfect moon, smelling the sweetness, dreaming of the things they would do together. It was then Sheldon had first asked her to stop singing, so that they could have their nights together and "keep a real home." If she questioned it at all, it was only because she thought they might need the money, but when Sheldon bent over her and said, "I'd rather have you than the money," she put her fingertips up, barely touching his lips, and said, "Then you'll have me."

When they came back, they moved into an apartment on West 24th Street. Sheldon returned to the agency and Sophy began furnishing the apartment. She bought drapes, fitted upholstery, debated pictures and vases, unpacked crockery and silverware, picked out utensils and linen. Sheldon helped whenever he could. Looking back, Sophy thought these months had been the happiest.

The trouble might never have started if Sheldon had not brought his rich cousin Duhlie home for dinner. Duhlie had first made his money from a race track on Long Island, using a system of betting favorites to place, and had set himself up for life by investing in a series of small high-class airports on the outskirts of several big cities — Paterson, Albany, Miami, Providence. He used to tell Sheldon that no matter what happened, there was always a handful of the very rich who were never hurt, who always had enough money to fly. At thirty-nine he was free to do as he pleased. Sheldon wouldn't have driven at such a clip in Duhlie's place, but he envied Duhlie his freedom with money, his clothes, his New Rochelle ideas of life. One weekend Duhlie took Sheldon and Sophy to a party in Kew Gardens and Sophy hadn't liked it because, she said, "They hold their noses so high it's a wonder they don't bleed." Particularly she took it out on a woman who was wearing a green satin dress and kept saying, "Darling, do tell us about the theater." The next time Sheldon went, she stayed home.

A few weekends with Duhlie affected Sheldon like a drug. He became bored with his home, began craving the world of chromium and blue-mirror bars. The arrangement worked well. Duhlie had a side-kick and Sheldon had someone to foot the bills. The weekends grew into weeks and Sophy stayed home to fill in the nights as best she could.

One night the balalaika player dropped in with his wife to invite her to their house for a card party. Sheldon had been away three days. Before he left he had said, "I don't know when I'll be home exactly." She thought about the invitation, but in the end she was so lonely she went. Afterwards, whenever Sheldon took off with Duhlie, she got herself invited to play cards. As long as her friends didn't ask questions, she could laugh and hold away the pain.

The night she found Sheldon waiting up for her, she had been drinking a little. Before he even said hello he asked, "Where've you been?" She remembered vaguely he'd been away five days.

"Playing cards with some friends." She giggled but couldn't help it.

"A man comes home and finds his wife out playing cards. Nice, very nice."

"At least *you* know where *I've* been." They argued for half an hour, snapping at each other, saying things they didn't mean. She spit her words at him until she wanted to cry.

"A wife's place is home," he hissed.

She felt her eyes glistening, her mouth tightening in anger. "Is that right?" she said. "Well, let me tell you something, mister. You want me to stop playing cards? It's very simple. You just start being a husband again and I'll stop playing cards. This is your house, too. You be the man of it. Time bein' don't talk to me about staying home." And she had thrown her coat over her arm and marched into the bedroom, where she began to undress.

For three months Sheldon didn't see Duhlie. He brought home candy, dresses, flowers which he sometimes arranged on the coffee table in a green enamel vase. He took her to the theater to see Maurice Schwartz, and they celebrated their second anniversary at the Russian club. The house became a home again.

She remembered being frightened the day Duhlie popped in unannounced, grinning like a party crasher. "Sheldon, you old married man!" he roared. "I thought you fell into a hole or something. Why didn't you call me?" Sheldon said he'd decided to sit around in his armchair awhile. "It's comfortable."

"Sophy," Duhlie said, turning to her, "you'll just have to do something about your man. Look at him. He's simply wasting away."

"We like it here," she said. He said okay, he'd just come in to say he was flying his two-seater to Pasadena in two days and thought Sheldon might like to come along for the ride. Sheldon said, "I don't think so. Thanks," but he didn't look at Duhlie.

"If you change your mind," Duhlie said, "I'll be at the hotel."

That night in bed Sheldon's muscles were wood, and he didn't touch her. The next morning he was gone. She could hardly read the note for her tears. A week later he had not come back, and she escaped to the nights of cards, pale smoke, colored chips, and the hard laughter.

What happened from the time Sheldon left until the time she began working again was still confused in her mind. She remembered the letter from her old manager asking her to come down to meet a friend of his, a movie agent of some kind. The agent's company was doing a series of musical short subjects, and they needed a Russian singer with a big repertoire. She remembered making the appointment, putting on her coat that day with the full intention of going, even starting out for the agent's office, and then winding up somehow at the house of the balalaika player. "Luck like that," she told her son years later, "I didn't believe I had. It was the big chance, but I just didn't care."

She couldn't remember how long after that she passed out at the party, but she remembered the long ride to the hospital, the fits of consciousness, the gray borders of sleep. She remembered that the

doctor who told her she was pregnant had a mustache and silver-rimmed glasses. For a while the news gave her new energy, and she tried desperately to get in touch with Sheldon; at Duhlie's hotel they suggested a club in Pasadena where he sometimes stayed. There she finally got it clear through a long-distance call that Sheldon and Duhlie had been there, but the plane had left a week before, for no one knew where. The call had cost \$7.20.

The days and weeks that followed blurred in her mind like one dreary hour, they were so much alike. Gradually she stopped hoping Sheldon would come back. She didn't go out, and when friends came, or clerks from the agency, she sent them away. Then, as the child came alive in her, she felt her strength draining off, the dead weight of weariness taking its place. A month before the child was due, she went into the streets, the loneliness holding her like claws, and walked until she found herself in front of Bellevue. "I'm sick, very sick," she told the nurse at the desk, "please take me in." The following week a baby boy was born, but her eyes felt so sick and hot and the baby looked so raw she didn't want to see it. The days in the hospital became like the days of her pregnancy, blurred and run together. All she remembered later was sipping spoon after spoon of hot soup, and doctors communing in white whispers. They told her afterwards she had been there three months. When she was strong enough she took her baby, wrapped it in blankets smelling of hospital, and went back home. She found the room a tangle of Sheldon's clothes but no Sheldon. There were cigarette stubs, cuff links, a tie she'd never seen, a handkerchief with lipstick. She couldn't stand it. Gathering her things, she went to the door, threw a final look at the rooms, and walked out.

The balalaika player and his wife had only to hear that Sophy needed a place to stay to go with her to the house of Katya, a girl who used to sing in the chorus with Sophy. It was agreed that Sophy would stay with Katya until she could find a place of her own, could find a job again. After everything had been arranged, the balalaika player took Sophy aside and told her Sheldon had been looking for her but no one had told him anything. They didn't try to question her, but she could see it in their eyes. She said simply, "It's all over, I couldn't go back."

While Katya was away at work, Sophy kept up the house, sewing, cooking, cleaning, laying plans for getting a job. She tried practicing at home, but at first she couldn't do it. The melodies would make her remember and then she couldn't go on. But Katya was patient and helped her, making her talk about it when she began choking up. Gradually she began getting back the old tone and resonance. She liked to lull her baby to sleep sing-

ing "Eli, Eli," feeling again the power of the old songs. Finally she and Katya agreed she was ready to go back to see the manager.

"Hello, you bad girl," he said. "What do you mean by standing up my friends?" She remembered the movie agent.

"I had some trouble."

"Yes, I heard," he said quickly. "And now I suppose you want to come back. Okay." Then he lifted his chin for business, told her he was opening a club in Newark and needed a feature singer. "Think you can handle it?"

She bit her lip. "I can try." The next night she drove out with him to look the place over; after that it was easy. Deliberately, her opening number the first show was the one she had sung the night she met Sheldon, "Beltz, *mein shtatileh*, Beltz. . . ."

The applause broke through and faces appeared again behind the lights. Al Gross was running around shouting "How about that, folks, how about that!" Sophy bowed slightly and walked from the stage. The applause sounded good. It kept up until she reached her seat, where she heard people saying, "Terrific, Sophy," "Say, were you a professional or somethin'?" Al Gross asked her to do another number but she shook her head. Then Arty was next to her saying, "Sophila, who taught *you!*" He was talking too fast for her to catch everything, but she knew he was complimenting her, and she smiled sadly, "Fifteen years ago you should have heard me." Suddenly she remembered she had promised Weiner she would go to Ellenville Thursday night.

4

Sophy didn't have much trouble making the deal with Arty. Whenever he finished setting up before she did, he would come and help her, but only if he wanted to, only with the understanding that she would pay him. The reason she gave was she was getting old, wasn't as healthy as she used to be, and if she wanted to keep her station as clean as she liked and still get out of the dining hall sometime, she needed help. She didn't tell Arty her real reason: she liked talking to him and liked the way he talked to her. She had him wiping goblets or folding napkins, talking while she cleaned the silverware or set up. Many times she was afraid to tell him things because she didn't want to sound like an old woman feeling sorry for herself. She didn't have much trouble talking about Weiner because Weiner belonged to the present and didn't hold any hurt for her. She told Arty how she had worked at Grand Haven two summers before, how he had seen to it she got the best guests in the house and a good salary. She had gone back early the next season, and he'd told her he would have to

cut her wages because the war was over and money wasn't pouring in any more. "Now he says he had nothing to do with cutting the wages. His son forced him, he says. All of a sudden his son can force him." When she told Arty she was going to see Weiner that night (Thursday), he asked her if she was going back to work for him. "You've got a good case," she told him. "I'll go there for a night maybe, but that's all. He wanted to save a few dollars on my salary? Let him eat his heart out."

"Why so fast? You said he'd treat you like a queen," Arty said.

"A queen? The man's desperate, don't you see? He says things. It's too late to be a queen." Not that she could blame Weiner for being desperate. She had been around Mrs. Weiner for a summer, and she told Arty, "Such a wife he's got. How any man can stand her —" Arty interrupted, laughing.

"Well, I mean it," she said with sudden compassion, "he's a lonely man. I can't help it, I feel sorry for him."

"So you'll go back."

"Tonight, I'll go. But please, not to work. Let him see how I can get along without him. Tonight I'll go and then we'll see. At my age, what have I got to lose?" She stopped talking because she was feeling bad again. That was the way it always was — talking gave her relief up to a point; then, if it went any further, there would be a new layer of pain. She didn't tell Arty how there had always been a constant fear under the skin of theater life. She didn't know how to tell it. She remembered the way she used to watch the dim white faces out front, the faces of the men who tried to look indifferent behind the red tips of cigarettes. How could she talk about looking deep into the eyes of her partner the time she won the waltz contest, and the face of the man who carried home for her the prize, a gold-embazoned dresser set which she still had? She could tell him about the time the younger girl, trained by a teacher in a high-class Carnegie Hall studio, beat her out for a part, and how she knew then that her days in the theater were coming to an end. But how could she tell anyone that it took years of broken dishes, dirty sinks, complaints, to make her believe that a second love would never come? It was easier to talk about the good times.

Arty listened, trying to imagine it. He felt strange, as if the story weren't real somehow. He remembered how, when he was little, he used to listen to his father and his father's friends talking over tea, their empty *kugel* plates black with squashed cigarettes. He used to try to picture the strange names and places they talked about, and it always felt a little like dreaming. He felt that way now listening to Sophy, seeing her eyes moisten whenever she came too close to the center.

She was saying, "Not that there weren't lots of men. There were plenty, gigolos, mashers, millionaires. But I don't know — when I didn't care for them, I couldn't pay their price."

Arty wondered about her son, but didn't say anything. When she said, "My son? My son . . ." he felt she was reading his mind. "I wanted Seymour to go to college and become somebody. But he didn't like school. After high school, he wanted to run to work. So I let him have his way. At first it was okay. He was making a nice living selling. But then he met a girl, you know, a real *fency schmency*. He had to keep her in style, so he began using my money. I was saving it for him in case he ever wanted to go into business. You know what he said when I tried to reason with him? He said, 'It's my life.' How do you like that? It's his life. One time he got mad and went to stay with *her* for a week. What did it get me? Before he met her, he used to treat me like a queen. But now?"

She used that helpless little shrug of hers, and said something about things getting in your blood. "So what is it? Work, work, and more work. The lousy needle and thimble were right. But it's okay. Whenever things pile up so bad I think I'm going to bust, I tell myself, 'Never mind complaining, Sophy. You had your chance and missed it. Now pay for it. Work, work, and pay for it.'" Growling the words, she gritted her teeth and made a ball of her fist. Then she laughed bitterly. "And tonight I'm supposed to see Weiner."

It was past nine when Arty entered the main lobby.

"Hey!" someone called out from the card room that adjoined the lobby opposite the dining room. Looking in, he could see the blond furniture, the smoke, the games, the blue light. Then he saw Sophy smiling up at him from one of the tables. He remembered she was supposed to leave for Ellenville at eight-thirty.

"Come in here and bring me luck." She was playing with some of her guests, who greeted Arty vaguely. Her face was coquettish as a fourteen-year-old, and she smelled of powder.

Arty leaned over her shoulder, smiling. "Why didn't you go?"

"Sonny, when you're my age you'll find out." Arty watched two more deals, then excused himself, "I'm going to find myself a nice young girl."

He walked out the front entrance, under the portico and across the lawn. A full moon was coming up behind the mountain and he knew that in an hour white light would be flooding the surface of the lake. Up ahead the casino waited, quivering with mist and dark figures moving in long, nervous strokes across the windows.



WHY I BELIEVE IN EISENHOWER

by SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

The Atlantic invited SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR., campaign manager for Dwight D. Eisenhower, to sum up the reasons why he has pledged his allegiance to the General. This is what he wrote.

I BELIEVE in Eisenhower because of the kind of man he is. By this I mean his nature, personality, and character. He is warm, human, and friendly. He is a man of humility who, in the words of St. Paul, "is not puffed up." Although he has a mind which can cut through complexities and solve tangled problems, he is a genius in getting different elements together and he is, in his relationships with other people, essentially a simple man.

2. I believe in Eisenhower because of his philosophy of government, which affirms that we can and must make progress in the future without destroying the good things that have been accomplished in the past. This philosophy denies the demagoguery which has come from both extremes of the political spectrum and which shouts that we must either do nothing and pretend that there is no problem, or else embark on so-called solutions which are foolish or ruinous or both. He opposes socialism because it leads to a kind of government so strong as to endanger our liberties. He favors using government as a servant to fill in the chinks which free enterprise may not reach and thus maintain faith in the free system.

3. I believe in Eisenhower because I am sure he can win the election; and we need a change of Administration in the best interest of everyone in the nation — Democrats, Independents, and Republicans alike.

4. I believe in Eisenhower because of his demonstrated administrative ability in positions involving literally millions of men and billions of dollars. He is a proved leader who knows how to move men ahead in spite of their differences. His life is not marked by intraparty disputes and factions.

5. I believe in Eisenhower because he will clean out corruption, remove those from government service who should not be there, and thus restore the moral tone and public confidence in government, notably the State Department.

6. I believe in Eisenhower because he will eliminate waste and take all steps whereby his able and inspired leadership can rally diverse elements in America as it has in the world, and thus control inflation, maintain the soundness of the dollar, and preserve the living standards of the people. With

him in the White House we will have *economic strength*.

7. I believe in Eisenhower because he will develop the *military strength* which, through carelessness, ignorance, neglect, miscalculation, and timidity, we lost after World War II and which we must have in order to regain the diplomatic initiative and organize peace. With Eisenhower in the White House we will really develop the industrial production of which we are capable and will no longer, for example, be outproduced by the Communists in jet planes.

8. I believe in Eisenhower because he not only knows the value of economic strength and military strength but also understands the critical importance of the *strength which comes from having allies who are really effective*. He knows more about developing such allies than anybody else.

9. I believe in Eisenhower because he feels deeply the overriding importance of the *spiritual strength* to be derived from the ideal of the equality and dignity of man on which our country is founded — an ideal which can inspire people all over the world and which gives man his highest meaning and value.

10. Finally, I believe in Eisenhower because the combination of these personal qualities means that with him in the White House we can do our utmost to organize a durable and lasting peace. This is the greatest single issue of our time because it underlies all others. If a durable peace were organized, we could reduce rearmament expenses, reduce taxes, reduce inflation, reduce concentration of power in government, reduce the casualty lists in Korea and stop the threat of further casualties which now causes anxiety in every home where there is a man of military effectiveness. We know more about where Eisenhower stands on this issue than we know about the stand of any other candidate. The overwhelming confidence which is felt in Eisenhower among people of all ages, parties, regions, occupations — and nations — is not basically due to his personal magnetism, or to his philosophy of government, or to his administrative ability, but to the overwhelming fact that he, more than any other man, can most nearly solve the great central problem of our time.



In the article which follows, W. REED WEST, Professor of Political Science at the George Washington University, takes up the cudgels for Senator Taft, whose foreign policy and voting record were brought under attack by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., in his article, "The New Isolationism," in the May Atlantic. Upon seeing the proofs, Senator Taft expressed appreciation to the Atlantic for bringing the following statement before its readers.

SENATOR TAFT'S FOREIGN POLICY

by W. REED WEST

1

ONE of the most controversial figures of our times is Senator Robert A. Taft. As the chief proponent of a moderate, conservative internal policy he has been subjected for years to attack from a number of quarters.

It is a tribute to Taft that the criticism on the grounds of internal policy has diminished greatly. Even the labor leaders know that the Taft-Hartley Act is not a "slave labor" law.

The criticism now centers on foreign policy. It is charged that Taft has a blind spot in regard to foreign relations. As one who believes that Taft has suffered both from the misconstructions of some of his friends and the distortions of his enemies, I suggest that the record shows that he has a well-defined foreign policy—a positive program within a global philosophy.

The attack upon Taft usually follows the line that he is an isolationist. When confronted with evidence that the program he supports is not isolationist in character, his opponents reply that he is only a recent convert to international coöperation, or that his past actions belie the program he sets forth.

What is this current program as outlined in his recently published book?

1. The creation of powerful American armed forces.
2. Economic aid to countries where such aid will enable anti-Communist countries to resist the growth of Communism from within.
3. Arms aid to countries where such aid will enable anti-Communist governments to resist aggression from without or armed Communist forces within.
4. Warnings to Soviet Russia or its satellites that armed aggression beyond certain lines or against certain countries will be regarded by the United States as a cause for our going to war.
5. The sending of American troops to a country threatened by attack from Russia or its satellites

(European army) or where the attack has already occurred (Korea).

6. An ideological war against Communism in the minds of men.

7. An underground war of infiltration in Iron Curtain countries.

If his opponents call this isolationism, one may ask just what in the way of internationalism or interventionism they have up their sleeves.

But what of the implementation of this program, particularly with reference to American military assistance in Europe?

Those who believe that we should send a large army to the Continent argue that it is necessary to encourage faltering peoples who fear that in the event of attack they will be left to bear the brunt of the blow. Taft would answer this by sending American troops in sufficient numbers to demonstrate our intentions, but he would not substitute American troops for those that the countries involved could themselves supply.

His proposal in respect to foreign support starts with the premise that, despite the abundance of American materials and our great productive capacity, there are limits to what we can do. The question is how our capacity can be used most effectively. Taft believes that we should be prepared for war with Soviet Russia and proposes that we follow a policy rather parallel to that adopted by Britain in its long struggle with Napoleon. That policy was to control the seas, bottle Napoleon up on the Continent, commit only limited numbers of British troops to the land warfare, coöperate with such friends as Britain could find in Europe, and keep its main body of troops as a mobile reserve to be used in strategic spots.

Taft would control the sea and the air. He would commit a minimum of American troops to the European continent. He would coöperate with such friends as we may have, particularly the

British, with whom our help would be especially effective. Other peoples he would aid to the extent of our ability, especially in supplying their troops with the materials of war. But he would not pour supplies, and especially men, into a country that is lukewarm in its opposition to Communism. He does not believe that an unwilling people can be coaxed into opposition to Communism or that we should gamble our own safety on that hope. He would not substitute American troops for those of another country that is able, but not willing, to supply them for its own protection.

He would follow in the East the same policy he proposes for Europe — giving aid to our friends, especially to those on islands, such as Japan and Formosa, where our naval and air power could be used most effectively. Meantime, he would build an American army for our own defense and for a mobile reserve in case of war.

This is a positive program, based on an estimate of our industrial and fiscal capacity and of the most effective way in which we can use that capacity in coöperation with our allies.

After having been belabored so long as an isolationist for insisting that the bulk of the ground troops for its own defense be supplied by Europe itself, Senator Taft recently has received new support. General Eisenhower, on April 2, made this statement: "Fundamentally, and on a long-term basis, each important geographical area must be defended primarily by the people of that region."

2

BUT even though his fundamental approach is accepted, there remains the question of Senator Taft's record on other matters. Certain principles emerge clearly from that record: —

1. One is his belief that our aim should be primarily to protect American freedom and interests, and only secondarily to aid the rest of the world.

2. Another is his hatred of war. He recognizes that even a successful war may bring ruin to the victor as well as to the vanquished.

3. Related to his hatred of war is his devotion to the idea of an association of nations based on law previously established. Throughout the Second World War, despite his opposition to the tyrannies of Hitler and Mussolini, he never lost sight of the evidence that Soviet Russia, although our ally, was equally tyrannous and hateful to free men.

Once a principle that Taft opposed has been established, he may join in its support by voting for appropriations to make it effective. Sometimes his idea of the amount of taxation that our economy can stand has differed from that of the Administration and he has advocated a reduction in the proposed appropriation, but not reductions that would starve the program. He would carry out our pledges faithfully once they are made.

Taft voted for repeal of the arms embargo. He voted against lend-lease, but he proposed a substitute in the form of a two-billion-dollar loan to Great Britain, Canada, and Greece, to accomplish the same general purpose. This was no paltry sum, and it was more than a year before the equivalent in goods was shipped under lend-lease. He opposed the repeal of neutrality because he believed that repeal would accomplish little good, as Great Britain and other countries had sufficient vessels to carry their own goods, while American entry into the transport of materials would provoke war. No one in this country was advocating war at that time. Of course, he voted for war after Pearl Harbor and supported the appropriations necessary for its prosecution.

In 1939, he supported a proposed increase of planes for war purposes to 6000 — of which few were ordered by the Administration and none had been delivered a year later when Hitler invaded France. He supported the National Defense Bill of 1939, in which Congress granted more for various matters than the President requested, and an act to increase the supply of strategic materials. He supported the measure of 1940 to establish a two-ocean navy, the act of 1940 to increase the size of the army to 375,000 while the President was recommending only 225,000, and other war measures. He opposed the Selective Service Act of 1940.

After the war, Taft worked earnestly for an association of nations based on laws agreed upon in advance. He objected strenuously to the failure to base the United Nations on an ascertainable law, and to the veto of the big powers. He believed the veto provisions rendered the organization helpless to prevent war except perhaps among little nations. He opposed NATO because he believed it inconsistent with the United Nations, because its terms were broader than a pledge to protect the signatory nations against Russia, and because he believed it committed us to the type of land warfare in Europe that he considers unwise. He opposed the Nuremberg trials. He has opposed any efforts to abandon Formosa to the Communists and sees no reason why we should have refused to use troops from Nationalist China to aid Americans fighting in Korea. He was dubious about the Marshall Plan while it included aid to Russia, but supported it after the Russian menace became clear and aid to the Soviet was eliminated.

He would supply aid to backward countries in emergencies and would encourage private American enterprise in taking part in sound economic projects in countries that are in need of capital, but he does not believe that we should pour money into countries that do not have the initiative or desire to help themselves.

Taft's record is vulnerable on three grounds, of which two are the inevitable consequence of his position in the Senate.

In the first place, as a Senator since 1939, he has had to take a position on the great issues of the day as they arose. Since most political actions are the result of compromise between different goals or between what is attainable and what is not, there will always be room for criticism of any legislator.

Second, as a member of the party not in control of the Administration, Taft has necessarily been in the position of a critic. His role as chairman of the policy committee of the Senate minority has been the difficult one of maintaining a balance between merely captious criticism on the one side and the surrender of independence of thought and action on the other. In the process he has opposed, completely or partly, various proposals of the Administration. The effect has been to emphasize the negative aspects of his policy and to obscure the fact that he has a positive program in which the United States is assigned a definite and active place in world affairs.

The third liability of Senator Taft is his belief that the public is entitled to know his mind. His frankness is a refreshing quality, but at times it leaves him open to attack.

A method of criticism not uncommonly applied to Taft is to pull some specific utterance out of its context, or even to single out a vote or other action that seems to be more moderate than that proposed by the Administration, and thereby tag him an "isolationist." An example is the frequent reference to a minor address of his, made in 1939, in which he is alleged to have said that we had nothing to fear from either Hitler or Stalin. The Roosevelt Administration had recognized the Communist government, but Taft could not have anticipated that Communist Russia would be built up by ourselves as it was at Yalta, Teheran, and Potsdam. In fact, we can give Taft credit for being one of the first to see the danger in the direction of Russia. At that time the two dictators seemed to balance each other. He suggested that we would do well to let the two wear themselves out on each other. In view of what all of us know now, the strategy seems to have had merit. At least it must be confessed that we made a mistake in aiding Stalin, after the war, to crush to earth a Germany that we are trying now frantically to rebuild. It should be added, too, that whatever Taft may have thought in 1939 of any immediate danger from Hitler or Stalin, it was in this same year that he was advocating a larger air force and voting for military funds that the Administration had not requested.

Another approach that is used to discredit Taft is to take his votes and actions out of their perspective. We applaud the desire to reduce taxes, but if Taft votes for a reduction of the appropriations asked for by the Administration for foreign purposes, he is said to be sabotaging the program.

Yet it is not argued that every vote for a reduction in internal expenditures is sabotaging the entire United States government. We may even applaud such reductions. Why should foreign aid be so sacrosanct?

In the May issue of the *Atlantic*, Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., follows a variation on this approach. After quoting Senator McMahon in evidence that Taft's record is not in accord with his expressed policies, he makes a distinction between the Old and New Isolationists which permits him to place George Norris, Hiram Johnson, and the two Robert La Follettes with the Old Isolationists and on the side of the angels, while Senator Taft and General MacArthur are with the devil. The evil nature of these New Isolationists is evidenced particularly by the fact that "McCarthyism is an indispensable part of the New Isolationism." Strangely, Harold Stassen is placed in the same company since he now "opposes association with any nation which declines to swear eternal loyalty to the capitalistic system." Thus, the New Isolationists are tainted with unilateralism, McCarthyism, and capitalism.

The central thought in Taft's conception of an effective international organization is that the nations concerned should start from laws previously agreed upon and enforced through recognized machinery. The unhappy history of the United Nations is witness to the ineffectiveness of a jurisdiction so loosely defined that the Great Powers must retain a veto on its decisions. Taft's suggestion of a less grandiose goal, but one that is within reach of actual attainment, may well offer more hope for a world that is tired of conflict.

Foreign policy cannot be divorced from internal policy. The two are interdependent. This is especially true at the present time, when American aid, based on American taxes, occupies such a large place in our polity. Taft's program starts with our internal economy and the amount of taxation it will stand, and from this proposes that we arm ourselves in the way that our resources, capacities, and geographic position can make most effective. The plan includes aid to our friends proportioned to the need and based on their desire to cooperate. In offering this aid, he also believes that the hope of democracy lies in keeping the American bastion strong against attack.

If the first sweep of a Communist attack from the east should not only destroy the defenses of Europe but carry before it the bulk of the effective American army, the last hope, not only of America, but of Europe, would be imperiled. To me, the proposal for American concentration on air and naval power and an American mobile reserve, while leaving to Europe the maintenance of the bulk of the European defense forces, appears not to be isolationism but internationalism translated into practical statesmanship.



A graduate of Smith whose two sons are at college and whose daughter is in boarding school, ANN LEIGHTON is fast approaching that period of unemployment which she feels is the destiny of the American matron. During the war when her husband was overseas she ran the household, did the gardening, tended the bank account—an experience which she has recorded in her book, While We Are Absent. At that time, the prospect of being fifty seemed one of sanctuary and peace. Then at last she would have leisure. Leisure for what?

ROUGHLY FIFTY

by ANN LEIGHTON

LET's see," said a gallant college contemporary, who might be expected to know exactly. "Let's see—how old are you now—roughly fifty?"

So that is it. At forty-nine, if one is female and American, one begins to be roughly fifty. And so one, presumably, remains until one breaks one's hip at ninety. An American woman's age is marked by no convenient milestones. At sixteen, she is sweet; at forty, fair and fat; and after that, roughly fifty, as it were, forever.

Not that she herself has ever been one to avoid milestones. The mere fact of attaining fifty has long been shimmering in her sight like the towers of Chartres Cathedral to pilgrims across the flat wheatlands. When I arrive at that haven, she has thought, there will be a reawakening. Early promises can be fulfilled. She will be allowed, and even expected, to pick up all the threads left dangling so invitingly in her youth, when she plunged suddenly into domesticity. Free at last in both time and spirit, eager—now her family is raised—to make her personal contribution to her country's way of life, what is not open to her?

When she first happily announced herself as "middle-aged" and found that it is the one thing American women never are, she began to discover the anomalies of her new existence. Even the word matron is denied her. It is a poison word now, like empire and cartel. Matrons rejoice with maids in happy hymns, but editors write, "Do we have to use that damn word? It's so stuffy." So, roughly fifty it is. But, even after these warnings, it comes as a shock to the average American college-bred woman—who has been anticipating her shift from the domestic squirrel wheel to what she still considers "real" life—to discover finally that, for her, roughly fifty equals zero.

Perhaps it all started with the complete disap-

pearance of grandmothers—those charming creatures who rustled softly, smelled sweet, wore little caps, and doled out peppermints. The next to begin to disappear was the full-blown, obviously middle-aged woman. Only buds, in various stages of tightness, were allowed. If they began to open out, remedies were found to close them up again, the way florists manage with wax at the base of petals to give even the oldest blooms a fresh, opening air. For the woman who insisted upon looking her age there was not even an appropriate costume—only styles affected by the very young. Forever dirndls—until she broke that hip and got a shawl, from the attic.

The phenomenon of American society discarding its educated middle-aged women as soon as they are free agents has been noted by anthropologists. Even the most casual observers realize that middle-aged women in America are, as such, somehow taboo. None of the great industries, which exist solely for and by the little woman who holds the purse strings, can see her for dust after she exceeds the age and mentality of a child bride. As in the dress trade, so in advertising, the American woman leaps straight from the exuberant young shopper to the jolly ancient at the garden gate. Cosmetic manufacturers have lowered their norms from schoolgirls to babies; their only attention to the frankly aging woman is a blue rinse. And on television and radio and in the illustrated magazines the middle-aged woman exists merely as a prop to be cried upon in soap operas by the ever young sufferers, or as a joke in cartoons of self-indulgent, egg-shaped clubwomen baffled by treasurer's reports, or as a menace, in serious articles where the middle-aged woman is always a Mom. A prop, a joke, a menace. Secretly many may sympathize with the Moms—at least they have discovered a mode of survival.

Everywhere outside America in the world today, the independent middle-aged woman, freed from family responsibilities, is reabsorbed by the national life. True, the Hindus used to burn widows, which was at least a frank admission of the problem. But the British put a stop to it. The British hate waste and have always found middle-aged women useful. And at best it was rather barbaric — so unlike the modern American custom of telling the average middle-aged woman just to go away and amuse herself at anything as long as it has nothing to do with what is really going on. The conception of a hobby as the thing to keep educated women from doing anything useful is entirely new and American.

Denied her bright and final future, the hobby-resister still resolves that she will not be caught struggling in a "plight." When that chloroform pad to stop all protests is produced, it is better just to lie back, breathe deeply, and give up, clasping one's hobby.

Though, of course, instead of a hobby, there are lots and lots of things for the middle-aged woman to do that everyone wants her to do. Nothing really paying, except in its own reward, but that is what she has been working for up to now anyway. Most of the things she is welcome to do are a continuation of all the things she has been doing, only now the field is wider. She can support more than one church, and any number of charities. She can baby-sit to eternity. She can listen all day to quiz programs and wait for her telephone to ring. Who complains that middle-aged women have no opportunities!

And, naturally, if she ever got started in anything "real" before marriage, she can try to get back into that again, and very likely she will be let in, on the fringes, sitting at a reception desk, or keeping files, or hiring others to do what she wants to do herself. It won't be what she might have had if she had combined a career with marriage, but it will be as good as the old soldiers in England dressed up as Beefeaters and set to guard the Crown Jewels behind bars in the Tower of London. It will feel rather like that, too.

But if, encouraged by a national crisis and manpower shortages, the middle-aged women who have made a success of their families and would now like to have a try at making a success of something else, actually think they have anything to offer their country beyond knitting, they *have* to be disabused. Statistically they may be the hardest, most intelligent and reliable group that could be drawn upon, with fewer personal commitments and a greater eagerness to be used, but actually the whole idea of using them at all is un-American. For them, Hobby is the only watchword.

And what a host of hobbies there are to choose from! There are those timeless ones of collecting things — all the things no one wants until, perhaps, they are ranged out, mile upon mile, on shelves. And there are the hobbies of making things — such unexpected things out of such unlikely materials that it is almost impossible to tell the Before from the After. And there are those purely original and creative hobbies when one does things one never dreamed one could — like children in a progressive school — sculpture and paintings executed in such innocence of design and technique as to look like those lovely things done by savages. And for the really scholarly, there are studies — Russian, for instance — not that they will ever be allowed to use it. The only stipulation about hobbies is that they, like middle-aged women, stay one remove from reality or usefulness. For instance, carving is recommended, but not building a house. Perhaps it is considered too constructive. American society protects its women.

Is that, then, the trouble? American middle-aged women do not want to be protected? Cannot feel that hobbies are more than thumb-twiddling? That is simply faulty adaptation and easily dealt with. The woman in such a state of mind can go to a summer school run by her Alma Mater for just such as she, and there she can learn, as they put it, "to come to terms with herself" as no one else seems to want to. And if she feels still at a loss, she can go to an analyst who will dig and delve and come up with something that attracted her as a very young girl and that will be suggested as the interest for the rest of her life. And if she still thinks she could make a contribution to the national life along a line for which she was trained in college — if she cannot realize the total destruction involved in raising a family — then she will have to go to one of those nice sanitariums where she can take up any number of quieting occupations in none of which she ever had any interest at all.

At least, she thinks, among her peers in the sanitarium, we *can* think. If the new educators of women reduce education to what will be immediately useful after graduation, the sanitariums will be quite dull when those girls reach middle age. At least now the ladies can discuss dear old Proust and Joyce and remember how they resolved to keep ahead of their children intellectually and never let themselves become a burden or a bore, and even distinguish themselves in some other than domestic ways after the children were grown.

How amusing to think one could be worth anything after devoting oneself to one's family!

Oblivion? Nonsense. Hobbyland!

Oh, do you like this pattern? I am *so* glad. I've made a thousand . . .



A graduate of Annapolis and a lifelong student of the Russian language and literature, VICE ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, USN (Ret.), was Naval Attaché to Moscow from the summer of 1947 to the end of 1949. While he was in Russia he talked with Russians in all walks of life and, subject to the usual difficulties, traveled to Central Siberia and Transcaucasia. To the May Atlantic he contributed his first article, on the Russian People. Now he discusses the Doctrine which the Kremlin has enforced.

THE RUSSIAN DOCTRINE

by VICE ADMIRAL LESLIE C. STEVENS, USN (Ret.)

1

GOSPODIN ADMIRAL, the Russian people do not want war. We have had enough of wars. But why is it that your leaders want war? What a fine thing it would be if America were communist like Russia. Your people would be freed from exploitation, and there would be an end to all this warmongering."

I have often heard such remarks, and in attempting to answer them I have come to realize that they are due to something deeper than propaganda.

The leaders of the Communist Party of Bolsheviks have made it very clear that their ultimate goal is one communist world, controlled by themselves or by their successors. Since those same leaders are simultaneously the leaders of the Soviet Union, and since the Soviet Union is a Great Power and a dictatorship, it is customary for us to assume that such a goal is the result of Russian nationalism, or of some sort of dynamic of dictatorships which forces them on to an endless expansion of power in order to preserve the regime from internal stresses. History has, however, shown stable dictatorships, including that of the Tsars, which gave no evidence of such a dynamic. The internal stresses which undoubtedly exist in the Soviet regime are well under control, and the ultimate goal of the Party was recognized and proclaimed as a necessity long before any power, let alone dictatorial power, came to its hands.

Like other dictatorships, the Soviet Union does not need to consult the wishes of its people; and like other Great Powers, it is influenced by considerations related to the geography and resources of the territory which it controls. But unlike other dictatorships and other Great Powers, it is also motivated and influenced by a special attempt to explain the world and all that is in it, and to use that explanation as a practical guide—in short, by a complete philosophy. If that philosophy is

correct, the ultimate goal of the Party and its major tactics follow as a logical necessity. All countries have their own ideals and viewpoints, more or less clearly expressed and to which they are more or less committed, but the Soviet Union is unique in history in that it is fully committed to the conception of itself as the first wholly rational and scientific state, the rationally and scientifically inevitable wave of the future.

Whether or not the Soviet leaders themselves believe in the ultimate truth of their philosophy, it has obviously been of great service to them throughout the world, and it is highly probable that it is absolutely necessary to their power, not for self-justification—many a dictatorship has been its own justification—but because of the nature of the Russian people on which their physical strength is founded.

We instinctively tend to appraise the Soviet Union in terms of the conventional Great Power, not fully realizing that she is more apt to act consistently with her ideology than with the manner in which Great Powers normally act, because she has commitments as well as capabilities—values—which differ from those of the conventional Great Power. It happens that the great base of the Communist Party is geographically identical with Tsarist Russia, and the illusion of a Great Power acting as such is strengthened by the applicability of many of the same strategic considerations to both. The frequent attempts to derive a pattern of national strategy based on this similarity are full of pitfalls. The ultimate objective of world control was never an aim of the Russian people or of the Tsars, nor has it arisen now merely because Russia has become suddenly strong and formidable.

The Soviet Union, if it were simply another Great Power, could from time to time be expected to reach some sort of agreement with us, as other

nations do, on a basis of mutual advantage. For a long time many people in the West have thought that if we could only understand her problems and her insecurities we should be able to determine what she really wants; and then, if we were smart enough diplomatically, we could negotiate some sort of settlement. As this line of thought continues to be frustrated, it leads to the conclusion that the Soviet Union is fired by unlimited imperialistic ambitions, and that when we become strong enough to convince her that she cannot fulfill them, she will be willing to reduce her demands to something less than world supremacy, something more in the nature of the classic ambitions of Tsarist Russia; whereupon the negotiations can proceed on a basis that is more favorable to us than now.

But when we consider that we are dealing with *communism* rather than with a Great Power, we reach a somewhat different conclusion. A knowledge of the internal history of communism makes it crystal-clear that the Party, and therefore the Soviet Union, is incapable of compromise. For forty years, any Party member who has seriously proposed any sort of deal with the bourgeoisie on a basis of mutual advantage, or for any purpose other than a temporary one which will eventually further the Party interests and hurt those of the bourgeoisie, has been branded as a deviationist, a capitulator, and an enemy of the people. He has either retracted, or been sent to Siberia, or been shot, and his family has been persecuted. It is not the fault of the West that we cannot deal with the Soviets. They are committed to their ideology on this point, as on many others, literally by the blood of many, many of their own people, shed over many, many years, and that fact is known by all Russians. Realization of the depth and strength of this commitment sheds a different light on Soviet intransigence in the United Nations or in a Foreign Ministers' conference.

The Party, instead of thinking and acting broadly along the same lines as we do, except for opposing interests, is guided by concepts and commitments which are completely foreign as well as hostile to us. It not only has a fantastic degree of discipline and control over a great many activities and relationships which are spontaneous in our civilization, but it embraces a system of ethics which permits and even demands deception on a grand scale. Lenin's famous statement on morality is known to every Russian. He said in effect: "We Bolsheviks have been accused of having no morals. That is not true. We have a morality that is much higher than that of the bourgeoisie. It does not come from the revelations of a nonexistent God, but from the realities of the class struggle. Everything that helps the Revolution is right, and everything that hinders it is wrong."

Many misconceptions of communist doctrine are current in the West. One of them is that, being

based on the writings of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, it is a dogma which is asserted on the authority of those writers as distinguished from something which is the result of one's own reasoning or experience. There are many Russians who quote those names as authority and who undoubtedly regard the doctrine as dogma in the strict sense of the word, but this tendency is steadfastly denounced by the doctrine itself. The Party makes a special point of insisting that the basic tenets of communism are not dogma but constitute a guide to action; that mastering the theory does not mean learning all its formulas and conclusions by heart and clinging to its letter, but requires first of all distinguishing between its letter and its substance and then learning to use the substance in practice.

In short, the doctrine presents itself for acceptance on the sole grounds that it is a completely rational science, in which the only authority adhering to Marx and Lenin, like that adhering to scientists in general, is that wherein they are demonstrably right in stating objective truths and their relationships.

The doctrine holds that since it is a science, it cannot stand still, but must develop and perfect itself, become enriched by new experience and new knowledge, and not hesitate to replace — in accordance with the substance and not the letter of the theory — such of its propositions and conclusions as have become antiquated, by new ones corresponding to new historical situations. Although this is a logical implication of the conception of the doctrine as a science, it permits much flexibility in detailed content.

This flexibility has much to do with another Western misconception, to the effect that the communist doctrine is all things to all people — so complex and voluminous that, like the Bible, practically anything can be proved thereby. This misconception is partly due to confusing the operating code with the doctrine from which that code is derived, the Party line with the Party principles, propaganda with the intent of propaganda. Actually, the basic doctrine, while retaining a wide field in which it can be flexible, has a high degree of consistency, and there are some areas where it cannot reverse itself without destroying its rational foundations.

2

It so happens that most of those who are versed in the doctrine are sympathetic to at least the socialist side of Marxism, and the misconceptions of both dogmatism and inconsistency have been fed by the efforts of such people to point out wherein Leninism or Stalinism is a perversion of Marx or a prostitution of Marxism to the aims of power. It is possible, in a way, to admit both of those charges and yet remain a good Bolshevik.

To most of us it is of little importance whether or not the doctrine of the Communist Party of Bolsheviks of today is good Marxism. It is much more important that we know what it really is, and particularly what are the commitments from which it cannot free itself. To do so, we do not have to thread our way through the wilderness of the voluminous works of Marx and Lenin, nor even those of Stalin himself. In September, 1939, the Party itself published its own conception of what Marx, Engels, and Lenin meant to it. That date coincided with the German attack on Poland. Although that coincidence accounts for the fact that the *Short Course in the Party History* was not more widely known at an earlier date, the date of publication is especially significant as marking the end of the Great Purge.

Many of us consider the purge of 1936-39 in terms of the spectacular Moscow trials as an internal struggle for power in the Party, and think of it as largely the liquidation of such senior Party members as Zinoviev, Kamenev, Bukharin, Rykov, and Trotsky, and of high-ranking military and naval officers. Actually, millions of Russians were imprisoned during this period — so many that the purge got out of hand. One reason for its getting out of hand was that few Russians knew what was heretical and what was not — they did not know the substance of the doctrine.

Since the publication of the *Short Course*, no Russian can be excused on grounds of ignorance or confusion in basic viewpoints, for that book is an orientation course in doctrine. It is not the Party line, but the principles from which the Party line is derived and by which it is justified. The Party line can be inconsistent and can reverse itself, but the consistency of the doctrine as set forth in the *Short Course* is evidenced by the fact that not one word or comma has been changed in the many editions which have been issued since its initial publication almost thirteen years ago. In fact, consistency is a touchstone by which the basic doctrine can often be distinguished from the propaganda line and its implementation. The dissolution of the Third Internationale and the not infrequent talk of capitalism and communism being able to live peacefully together are stamped as propaganda by the fact that there is never a mention of them in any edition of this basic handbook, which nevertheless continues to teach that on Lenin's death, Stalin swore his famous oath to remain true to the principles of the Third Internationale.

The title page of the Party history says that it was edited by "a Commission of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Bolsheviks." Stalin was widely supposed to have participated. Then it appeared in its entirety as a volume in the serial publication of the Works of Stalin. Finally, on the tenth anniversary of its publication, *Pravda*,

the Party newspaper, stated that Stalin was the writer, thus firmly establishing its authenticity.

The *Short Course* cannot be fully understood without the interpretations which are placed on it by the Party press, particularly on the anniversaries of its publication, when the Soviet newspapers are given over to its eulogy. It is *Pravda* and not the literal text of the *Short Course* which tells us that this book is not a guide for Russians alone, but for the common man of all countries.

In it, however, can be found the chain of logic which it offers in lieu of authority and by which millions of noncommunists as well as Party members are bound, for it is required reading for all Soviet citizens who hold responsible positions, and a basic educational requirement for all. This is the political indoctrination of which we hear so much. The depth of its impact can be appreciated when it is realized that it has been excellently translated by the Party into almost all the languages of the world, and that more copies of it have been published than of any other book in all history with the possible exception of the Bible. In 1948 a single Russian edition of 10 million copies was issued.

A knowledge of the nature of its message should destroy the illusion that communism is merely an all-embracing socialism, or that it regards this as a goal which can be achieved through the processes of reform or peaceful development. It holds that the common ownership of the means of production is the inevitable and highest aim of human development, and that the inevitable and only path thereto is revolution — not in any figurative sense such as the "industrial revolution" of the nineteenth century, but literally the forcible seizure of power.

3

THE chain of logic that leads to such conclusions is clear, and outside the area of flexibility. The first link in the chain is an acceptance of the philosophical proposition that the external physical world around us and all its laws are fully knowable and the internal world within us is only the reflection of this external world; that our knowledge of the laws of nature, tested by experiment and practice, is authentic knowledge having the validity of external truth; and that there are no things in the world which are unknowable — only things which are still not known, but which will be disclosed and made known by the efforts of science and practice.

The second link is an acceptance of the proposition that the universal process of change and development is one which passes from an accumulation of imperceptible and gradual quantitative changes by a rapid and abrupt leap to open, fundamental, qualitative changes. A parallel proposition which forms part of the second link is that the internal content of the transformation of quantita-

tive changes into qualitative changes is a struggle between internal contradictions which are inherent in all things and phenomena of nature — a struggle between positive and negative, past and future, the old and the new, that which is dying away and that which is being born, that which is disappearing and that which is developing.

Next, it follows from the first link that social life, the development of society, is fully knowable, and that the data of science regarding the laws of development of society are authentic data having the validity of final truths. The fundamental and developing relationship of society is the ownership of the means of production.

The conclusions form the closing link in the chain of logic. Since the passing of slow quantitative changes into rapid and abrupt qualitative changes is a law of nature, political revolutions made by oppressed classes to obtain ownership of the means of production are a natural and inevitable phenomenon. The transition from capitalism to socialism and the liberation of the working classes from the yoke of capitalism cannot be effected by slow changes, by reforms, but only by a qualitative change of the capitalist system, by revolution. Since development proceeds by way of collisions between opposite forces on the basis of internal contradictions, the class struggle of the proletariat is a natural and inevitable phenomenon, which one must not try to check, but must carry to its conclusions. One must not cover up the contradictions of the capitalist system, but disclose them; one must not follow a reformist policy of harmonizing the interests of the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, a compromiser's policy of "the growing of capitalism into socialism," but must exacerbate them and pursue an uncompromising proletarian class policy.

The Soviet Union has been remarkably consistent in acting in accordance with this reasoning, and an understanding of these springs of action makes her ultimate intent clear and many of her baffling tactics understandable. Her area of flexibility and maneuver lies in freedom to alter her conception of the detailed and varying nature of the contradictions of capitalism, and of the nature, progression, and timing of the various stages in both the posited decay of capitalism and the growth of ultimate communism. But the chain of logic, which claims to be science as a substitute for dogma, is another matter.

One of the most sensitive and understanding observers of Russia has pointed out that in their doctrine, with its basic altruism of purpose, the Bolsheviks "found the justification for their instinctive fear of the outside world, for the dictatorship without which they did not know how to rule, for the cruelties they did not dare not to inflict, for the sacrifices they felt bound to demand. In the name of Marxism they sacrificed every sin-

gle ethical value in their methods and tactics. Today they cannot afford to dispense with it. It is the fig leaf of their moral and intellectual responsibility." Stripped of it, the masters of the Soviet Union "would stand before history, at best, as only the last of that long succession of cruel and wasteful Russian rulers who have relentlessly forced the country to ever new heights of military power in order to guarantee the external security of their internally weak regimes."

I would add that stripped of this fig leaf of moral and intellectual responsibility they would stand thus revealed not only before history, but before the world and before their own people.

The links in the chain of logic which holds the fig leaf in place are crude, and their very crudeness gives an illusion of strength to their weakness. The naïve man-in-the-street materialism does not even face, let alone solve, the great riddles of time, space, and causality that constitute the essence of the problems of being and of knowledge. Scientists usually keep clear of these ultimate regions of philosophy as being beyond the field of science. Of those who do not, only a very few are unaware of the genuine intellectual problems that are involved, and the rest know that no viewpoint can be established there with scientific rigor as final. A variety of philosophic viewpoints is possible, and the single viewpoint of the communist doctrine is neither warranted nor scientific. Any scientist who accepts that viewpoint should logically take the same attitude as the Soviet regime toward the quantum theory, and should deny the possibility of the objective existence of any random quantity in nature.

It is not a scientific fact that qualitative changes, as distinct from quantitative ones, always occur abruptly and violently in nature. The transformation of water from ice and into steam is not analogous to the growth of a sapling from its seed, nor to the petrification of the mature log or its transformation into coal. Semantics can obscure the argument here, for many interpretations can be put on "qualitative" and "quantitative" change, and the meaning of "abruptness" can vary widely. Such ambiguities are completely foreign to science in the sense on which the communist claims to rationalism are based. The parallel proposition of universal struggle between contradictions is a non-scientific and irrational interplay between figures of speech and failures to pin down exactly what is meant by them.

Semantics again enters into the concept of the laws of development of society. The social sciences are of an order different from the physical sciences, and their "laws" do not have the same degree of exactness or universality. The overriding emphasis given to the ownership of the means of production cannot be underwritten by any true rational science.

In view of all this loose thinking, the inevitability of revolution and of the class struggle of the proletariat is not established, and the scientific and rational basis for the tendentiousness and the uncompromising intransigence of the Soviet Union, rising of necessity from social conflict that is soluble only by force, is a bogus claim.

4

IT WILL be noted that no mention has been made of spiritual or religious values. This is not because they are not pertinent, but because of the purely scientific conditions on which the Party has chosen to base its case.

It is not as easy as it seems to convince a well-indoctrinated individual that the communist doctrine is false. Party members have told me that since mind-stuff is only a reflection of the external world, the mind-stuff of one brought up in capitalist surroundings is different from that of a Soviet citizen, and that bourgeois logic is necessarily different from communist logic. They can spring this trap to their own satisfaction only in the areas where the doctrine has flexibility. No sincere communist — and there are many such, both in and out of Russia — means by this that unmasking one's class background will make two plus two equal anything but four.

The Bolshevik regime needs hundreds of thousands of loyal followers simply in order to administer its vast bulk, and there are some 200 million citizens who must be handled and controlled. No one knows what proportion of them are fanatical believers who cannot be shaken even by logic from their conviction that their belief is founded on logic, and who are capable of a genuine ultimate duality of thought which is compatible with one of the least understood facets of their national character. Even the regime does not know what proportion is at the other end of the spectrum in complete disillusionment and disaffection.

It is probable that the vast majority of the population partakes of all the shadings between these two extremes. A great many of them, regardless of all efforts at political indoctrination, are just not interested in doctrine. Perhaps they would be more interested if they knew that the doctrine was false. From any point of view, the interests of the West seem to coincide with those of objective truth in studying and testing the exact nature of whatever it is that holds the fig leaf in place. Truth is powerful, and the Iron Curtain is not perfect.

One reason there is so little agreement among Americans on the contribution the philosophy has made to the present difficult and dangerous situation is that most of us find it so easy to reject that philosophy that it is hard to believe that others do not think in like fashion. When I first

went to Russia I was not greatly disturbed about the enduring power of the communist ideology over the Russian mind, for I thought that the great increase in literacy alone could not fail to carry with it the questioning mental activity which would bring about a similar rejection. By the time I left Russia I was shaken in that hope, for I had seen such an accelerated process of thought control in action that I began to doubt whether the literate Russian mind would long have anything substantive on which to feed.

Russia is not seething with rebellion. Its people are unhappy because life is hard, but they do not necessarily attribute that fact to the regime. The massive daily distortion of facts leads to dark and subtle difficulties. Refugees tell us that it is very difficult to reason within the cultural vacuum which exists outside the accepted ideology and which is deliberately fostered by the Iron Curtain. A thoughtful critical literature in the West would seep through, and could be of priceless assistance in helping the recipients in their intellectual struggle.

Moreover, the communists and fellow travelers outside the Iron Curtain are very accessible to a living literature of criticism. We often hear that we have no quarrel with communism, but only with Stalinism. Insofar as there may be communists who do not accept the basic chain of logic as set forth by Stalinism and the Russian Communist Party, there may well be a grain of truth in this. It is a pity that these adherents continue to contribute to the semantic confusion by clinging to their terminology. Let them read the Party history. Such tactics seem to help only the Bolsheviks, who would themselves reject such people when they had outlived their usefulness. They would reject them as being, not communists, but only bourgeois socialists, and would place them very high on the list of public enemies. Let them not forget that in true Leninist tradition many factions, and even an entire national party, have been cast into outer darkness for lesser reasons.

Although the individual can sometimes be reached, even in Russia itself, the organization, whether it be called the Bolshevik Party or the Soviet Union, can be expected, as a matter of principle as well as of temperament, to continue on a world-wide scale to apply the advice given to Gogol's wonderful character of Chichikov: —

However bad things may get, let nothing embarrass you. If you see that things are approaching decision, don't try to justify and defend yourself. Just bring in extraneous factors so that others get involved as well as yourself. . . . Confuse the issues, mix things up by bringing in new elements. Mix things up, and mix them up again, that's all. . . . Why, you can muddy the waters so that no one will ever be able to make head or tail of them. And after all, only crayfish can be caught in muddy waters.



SALLY ISELIN and her husband Lewis, the sculptor, are now abroad, where he is supervising the setting of his war memorial and where she has been making a candid examination of the French and Italian shops and fashions. Having gone to Europe with a welter of things she did not need, she now writes to warn other American wives of what not to bring — and suggests what to look for.

WHAT NOT TO PACK

by SALLY ISELIN

I

WHAT to pack when going abroad? I spent a ridiculous amount of time and money on this problem. But now that I've been in Europe — France, Italy, Greece — for three months, I wonder why I brought all I did. Perhaps a subconscious fear of homesickness made me bring that old Brooks sweater, which may be quite suitable for the Adirondacks but hardly for the beach at Cannes or, for that matter, any other place on this elegant continent. I've worn it once to bed on a cold night in Greece. I'm still wondering why I was told that I must bring soap. There is more soap in Europe than at home. Granted it is not in hotels, but it is in the shops — nice, smelly soap which makes as many bubbles as a box of Lux (which is also here). And why did I saddle myself with all that Kleenex? I must seem like an extraordinary person to the customs officers when I say on the one hand that I will be in Italy for six weeks, and then show them enough Kleenex to last for years. And the Kleenex has become a pretty ragged mess by being picked over for contraband. I wish I'd left it at home.

If I had it to do over again, I'd bring enough clothes for the boat and one good suit to wear the first few days in Paris or Rome or wherever. By "good" I mean one that really fits. All suits in Europe, no matter what the age, wear and tear, fit well, much better than our most expensive readymades. Then I'd fill the empty space with new American books and magazines, which are high-priced and hard to get here. They make perfect bread-and-butter presents.

European women strive for an extreme effect with their clothes and hairdos, whether for the beach, the ballroom, or the street. The colors are brighter or subtler, as the case may be, than in America; the flounces flounce harder; the stand-up collars stand up higher. I brought over an American Jacques Fath (made for the U.S. market in the

U.S.A.), very chic and quite striking-looking in New York. Here, at best, it looks like any other black dress, with its main points "watered down"; and it doesn't really fit. Or so it seems to me now.

On the way over I worried a good deal about what I was going to do with my hair. The foggy rain on board the *Queen Mary* didn't help my new permanent. Through my French hairdresser in New York, I went to Yvonne Grand, 3 Avenue Matignon, in Paris. It was one flight up in a very grand apartment house. Very French in that there was much bustle and hustle and conversation. Everyone was distressed because of my tight, frizzy permanent. I told them of the "poodle clip" of this past winter. They replied that they had seen pictures of it; that I didn't look like a *caniche*, so why had I had it? Nobody around me had frizzy hair except the wire-haired fox terriers and the *caniches* who had accompanied their mistresses to the *coiffeuse*. So I agreed that it should be done away with. Some anti-friz was administered, and my hair was washed. I was asked whether I would like *boucles de soleil* — which turned out to be blond streaks strewn into the somber whole by means of aluminum foil. Some cutting and then it was *mise en plis* (waved).

I came out looking like a European movie star, and I certainly looked more in tune with my surroundings than I did before I went to the hairdresser. Also it was fun. Five people — a man for the *boucles*, another for the wave, a lady for the shampoo, another for the manicure, and a flying chiropodist who painted my toenails — were in excited attendance, deploring and praising in turn. The price for all this was between 3000 and 4000 francs, about \$10 or \$11. There are many other places. I haven't mentioned the well-known Antoine and the equally well-known Mr. Peter because most Americans know about them.

As for my face, I hate to think of the luggage space I devoted to it a year ago, and of how I later

made room for French *produits de beauté*. France has always been a fountainhead for this sort of thing and perfume. Every other store on the Rue de Rivoli sells all kinds of items to put on, and creams with which to take them off. It isn't exaggerating to say that mascara and eye shadow come in every color of the rainbow. The colors of the various products suit the climate and the light, two very important factors. I've found that lipstick made in America looks garish in Paris. French women have a white, porcelainized complexion, with what we might think was too much rouge. It looks fine indoors, which is where they spend a good deal of the time. The two shops that I especially like are Guerlain, the atmosphere of which is so thick with perfume that you can hardly breathe, and Pinaud, which has soap and cream mascara of every color, including a bright purple and green. Elizabeth Arden has an enormous salon, as she has in almost every city, but it is too much like home for me, even down to the vaguely English-accented ladies who do the work.

If you have time on your hands, you can visit a very famous beauty lady called Mme. Crès (Rue de Logelbach, 7, near the Parc Monceau). Mme. Crès herself looks almost frighteningly young with bright red hair. This last is her own secret, one she doesn't attempt to give to her clients, restricting herself to the skin proper. By way of some mysterious honey which she calls *miel* and which she sprays over your face, she makes you very beautiful. Prices vary according to age from \$5 to \$10 an hour. I was very much irritated to be rated as middle-aged, but it was explained that if I came more often, I would get "younger," and consequently cost less. Besides her personal services, she has all kinds of creams and lotions to sell which she prescribes by patting your face in a professional sort of way. I asked her why she didn't come to America, and she said she hadn't gone because she liked Paris. To make money in the States, she would have to "expand," and she likes doing the work herself.

Italian women look slightly more tanned, otherwise just as carefully "done" as the French. You can buy any amount of American cosmetics in any *drogheria* for about what we pay at home. Max Factor seems to be very popular, doubtless as a result of his movie fame. In Rome I saw more Helena Rubinstein than Elizabeth Arden, but that was chance, for they both have huge Paris salons and distribute all over Europe. Even in Greece you can buy their products. Expensive but plentiful. In Greece, cleansing cream costs 65,000 drachmas for 2 ounces (roughly \$4).

2

As for clothes, I'd try to arrange my trip so that I would land in Italy in February or September,

after the Italian dress designers have had their showings for the American buyers (January and July). I'd fill up my bags with Italian clothes, leaving space for no more than one dress from Paris. Why one? Because Italian clothes cost less than half as much, and have a simple, easily packable quality along with all the chic one could ask for. During the past year they have become as popular with American buyers as French clothes. It is amusing to hear the designers of the one country talk about those of the other. In Paris I was told that this year's Italian showing had been a frost, that all the buyers from *Amérique* had returned from Italy empty-handed. When I got to Italy I was told just the reverse. The Italian designers looked like cats who had swallowed a mighty fine canary and were barely able to digest it.

Besides their lower prices, the Italians have one other very important advantage, and that is speed. Anything from ball dress to bathing suit can be delivered in two days.

When I first arrived in Florence, I didn't know where to go or what to do, having never been there before. So I looked up an old friend, the Marchese di Bagno, a much sought-after man about town. He didn't pretend to know a great deal about clothes, but he did know Signor Giorgini, who put the Italian fashion world on the map a year or so ago with fashion shows to which he invited the American buyers. Giorgini gave me some general facts and a list of designers in Milan, Turin, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Perugia.

What else comes under the not-to-pack heading? Very trim slacks and ski pants are designed by Emilio in Florence and made to order for \$27. Ski pants and slacks fit almost like ballet dancers' tights, and come in a wide range of colors: turquoise, violet, coral — and in the event that you don't want to be conspicuous on slopes, or don't ski well, black. It is very *comme il faut*, almost obligatory, in Italy to have them tight.

Shorts are really short and made of silk. Silk shirts with maps of Capri and Zermatt on them, and of every conceivable color, cost about \$17; poplin ones much less. The over-all effect is quite formal — so much so that I can just see how undressed, perhaps workmanlike, my blue jeans would look alongside of them.

There are straw hats that are trim, formalized versions of those worn by the peasants in and around Florence which have a kind of Mary Poppins formality. These are to shield you from the sun, and are to be worn in the streets (not to the beach) of Capri to compensate for the shortness of the shorts. This is very Latin logic, but I assume it gets by with the local logic of decency.

As for underclothes, there is a whole galaxy of handmade silk creations, all pleats and lace — the type everybody knows about. As always, prices are lower than at home, but I've found that my pur-

chases become white elephants when I'm faced with laundries in New York. The real news is that nylon, produced in Italy, is used in all kinds of ways — appliqué, lace, and so forth. You can order your own specially, and get something "different," or take it as it comes. I saw coral-colored slippers with black lace, plain pink and blue, every possible combination. Prices for nylon are about the same as for top quality at home. The place to go in Florence is Vigliardi, 22 Via dei Servi; in Rome, "Nailon Style," which is on the Via Condotti. Needless to say, the same is true for stockings. Christian Dior mass-produces them in France, and you can buy them anywhere, including, I presume, his own house. Prices, again, are about the same as at home. I mention this because I brought over enough nylon in these forms to dress a boarding school, under the mistaken impression that nylon would be hard to find here. In both France and Italy there are silk stockings which will be a find for those who love silk.

Everyone told me that leather goods were the thing to buy in Italy. I did find that they were less expensive than in France or at home, but Hermès and his many imitators on the Rue Saint Honoré have it all over the Italians in quality and chic. In Florence the two leather goods stores I liked were Guccio Gucci, 47 Via Vigna Nuova, and L. Alessandri, Via Vacchereccia, 17. The first makes copies of some Hermès things for half the latter's price.

3

THE question of shoes, I haven't solved. I brought over three pairs of "sensible" shoes, one of which was a pair of pony boots lined with sheepskin. They were made for snow and ice, but they are just right for the cold wind which seems to rise off the marble floors of the Uffizi and the Pitti Palace. I also have a pair of very prosaic oxfords with rubber soles. And I'm glad I packed them. In my bag I keep a more becoming pair of "sensible" shoes which, to the guards' dismay, I don for lunch as I leave the museums. You can have shoes made for this and any other purpose, but made-to-order shoes are an acquired taste, and expensive. I have acquired it because I like superhigh heels and strange leathers. If shoes are made for you, the heels can be even higher.

In case any reader is so inclined, here are some tips. Florence is home port for the famous Ferragamo, who has been written to death, so I won't try. My Italian friends gave me some advice which I stupidly didn't take in dealing with him. I was warned not to order a pair of shoes made, but to trust to pot luck and buy only what fitted from the ready-mades. This is in direct contradiction to his own publicity. My friends proved to be

right. And I wish I had taken their advice. For the pot-luck pair were perfect, and fitted. Those I ordered do not. One shoe is shorter than the other and the heels are low. They've been back to the "shop" (quotes because shop is hardly the right word to describe this palazzo) three times with no apparent changes made. However, it must be possible to order successfully. As one of the concierges put it, "Mr. Ferragamo is known throughout Italy. So well known that a street address is unnecessary." His prices begin around \$35. Time, about four days.

I found another man in Rome who does all the fashion models — Signor Versace, Via Vigna Nuova, 71, telephone 470-256. He hasn't any shop but will come to your hotel, and charges slightly less than Ferragamo. My favorite shoe shop is in Paris, Castell-Saguer, 10 Rue de la Tremoille, around the corner from the George V Hotel. The shoes are something we don't see at home at all. Thin, tall heels, fancy leathers, perfect beauties.

Cigarettes are well worth packing, particularly if you like filtered tips. The regular brands are in plentiful supply but cost around 50 cents a pack at the legal rate. They've come to be almost as popular with Europeans as with us, and headwaiters tend to look down their noses at you when you put European cigarettes on the table. I've found that some European cigarettes are quite good — Memphis in Austria, Yasef and Nazionales in Italy.

I've "unpacked" a lot of things besides the Brooks sweater, and I haven't begun to do a complete job. Remember that you can find *copyistes* in Italy as well as France. You'll have to get their names from friends who live here and have a "little seamstress." This term is a polite word for *copyiste*. The least expensive course is to buy the materials and have the little lady make them up for you. This takes a lot of time, which is why I didn't go into it. It can be done quickly in Greece. If you go to Athens you can buy the materials at a shop on Churchill Street around the corner from the Grande Bretagne. It is run by an Englishwoman called Miss G. Stewart Richardson, who has been working with the Greeks for over twenty years on development of hand-loomed cottons and wool. Even the Italians (I say "even" because there is no love lost between the two) admit that they will last way beyond our lifetime. I bought a heavy striped cotton which cost \$2 the pik (two thirds of a yard). It is about a yard wide. There was also a heavy white wool which was a refined version of that worn by the shepherds. It cost \$3 the pik, about the same width. Miss Richardson will find a seamstress for you who will come to the hotel.

If I had only a day to shop, and I was in Paris, I'd have to wear American clothes, but I'd "chic them up a bit." Some good accessories can make the American woman in Paris look less dowdy.



An Ohioan, a novelist, and a leader of the New Agriculture, LOUIS BROMFIELD analyzes the reasons which prompted the Farm vote in 1948 and may prompt it again in November. Mr. Bromfield recently took thirty-five American farmers with him on a tour of five South American countries at the request of their governments, the Farm Journal, and the Braniff Airlines. Those who are curious to see what can be done with once deserted fields are strongly advised to visit Mr. Bromfield's Malabar Farm on the outskirts of Mansfield, Ohio.

HOW THE FARMER THINKS

by LOUIS BROMFIELD

I

FOR the first time in our history we are beginning to feel the economic rigors of a situation in which the increase in population is outrunning the capacity of the farmer and the livestock man to produce food. The average American is accustomed to a high-protein diet, and the fact is that there is actually not enough top-quality beef for all those who want it and can afford to buy it. The result is high prices.

Most of the rise in prices has come from the operation of the law of supply and demand. As millions of people are coming into maturity with high wages or salaries and high purchasing power during the artificial prosperity engendered by perpetual war or "war in peace" conditions, the available meat and many other foods are going to those who are best able and also willing to bid for them.

Since 1900 our population has more than doubled (from 75 millions to 153 millions), but we have less than half the number of dairy cows per capita we had in 1900, fewer beef animals per capita, and several million less sheep. The increase in per acre production of our land has by no means kept pace with the increase in population, and actually we have fewer acres under cultivation in row crops than we had a generation ago.

Our agriculture in the past has been an abominable and wasteful agriculture in terms of single crops, soil erosion, inadequate maintenance of fertility, overgrazing, and a hundred other things. Despite the common belief of the average citizen that we have the best farmers in the world, nearly 60 per cent of our farmers are still among the worst in the world. Approximately 10 per cent of our farmers and livestock raisers feed about 50 per cent of our population. Some 30 per cent are farmers who are fairly good, and these feed most of the other 50 per cent of the population. The remaining 60 per cent of our farmers, including the to-

bacco, cotton, and fiber growers, contribute little or nothing to the general food supply. Yet agricultural purchasing power is of necessity the very foundation of our economy.

Fifty per cent or more of our population derives its livelihood, salaries, wages, and purchasing power directly or indirectly from a base of agriculture. Such a figure includes, of course, most of our small towns and villages, and such cities as Omaha, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and Des Moines. It includes the employees of the great stockyards and packing houses and the food-processing industry, the whole of the huge agricultural machinery and fertilizer industries, and large sectors of the steel, gas and oil, and rubber industries. Our capital investment in agriculture is greater than our investment in industry.

All of this, plus the fact that food is fundamental to the economy and well-being of any nation, makes the purchasing power based upon agriculture the keystone of our economy and the most important single factor in maintaining a market for industrial commodities and a high level of well-paid employment. Largely speaking, all of our depressions since before the War Between the States have begun when the farmer could not go to town and buy a lantern, a set of harness, a gallon of gasoline, a cultivator, or a radio. When that happened, men began to lose their jobs in the great industrial centers. With the loss of jobs their purchasing power collapsed and in time they were on public relief.

If tomorrow we should pull out all food subsidies and price guarantees suddenly, the shock would be felt throughout our economy, perhaps with a thoroughly disastrous effect. The good farmer would not be seriously affected. In fact, the pretty good ones could survive. But the 60 per cent whose economic existence and purchasing power

virtually depend upon subsidies or price guarantees would largely go under and, along with the unemployed, could not buy any of the commodities produced by our industry.

These factors have a profound effect not only upon our economy but upon the character of the political maneuvering, manipulation, and propaganda which have colored the agricultural-political picture for the past generation or two and which have grown steadily more complex during the twenty years since the beginning of the New Deal.

At the root of the whole problem lie several political and economic factors. 1) No nation or government — including even Soviet Russia, which has made heroic efforts to do so — can ever really control the farmer or his production of food. 2) There are in the neighborhood of 20 million voters connected directly with agriculture in the U.S. 3) The good farmers and the pretty good farmers are extremely well organized and able to exert decided pressures. 4) The Congressmen from the agricultural and livestock areas have a great power in Congress arising from their numbers and their capacity to trade logrolling votes.

I can think of no segment of American life in which political issues and ideologies are so confused as in agriculture. The situation is confused by the wide range of economic status in agricultural life, from the efficient and rich farmer who vacations in Florida in his Cadillac, to the sharecropper of the Deep South who probably does not have a total of five dollars cash spending money a year. It is confused by the wide varieties of soil and climate and the possibilities for crop disasters from weather in so many areas. It is confused by the fact that in many areas farmers are today farming five acres or more to produce what they should be producing on one acre, and by the fact that in many Western grazing areas forty or fifty acres are required to pasture one animal in areas where four or five acres were once sufficient.

These factors in our wasteful agriculture all tend to make the price of food high because they make parity price supports and price guarantees necessary. Food that cannot be produced at a profit will not be produced at all. The farmer, like any other member of our society, will not continue indefinitely to produce commodities at a loss.

2

As a rule, farmers and livestock men, even the unprosperous ones, are extremely conservative. They can be persuaded to espouse a liberal or a radical cause only, as many politicians discovered during the past twenty years, by the promise of something for nothing; and even then the response comes largely from among those on the lowest economic level.

From time to time we have witnessed what ap-

peared to be spontaneous radical or liberal movements among the farmers. There was the Populist movement under Bryan, the Farmer-Labor development in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and the Dakotas, the Farmers' Union in our times, and there has been the rise of the coöperatives all the way from the huge and wealthy state Farm Bureaus, many of them today in a class with big business, down to the smallest village coöperative. All of these radical or liberal movements came out of times when prices were poor and the farmer was having difficulty, or out of the greed and oppression of railroads, processors, manufacturers of farm commodities, and middlemen. The sound developments, both political and economic, arising from these movements have become permanent. The crackpot projects have largely, under the stress of economic law, disintegrated and disappeared. It is important to remember that not one of these developments grew out of radical or liberal *theory*, but out of self-defense and grim necessity, economic more often than not.

It is extremely difficult to separate, and to designate as radical, liberal, or conservative, spontaneous farmers' movements or even the various types of farm legislation during the past twenty years. Paradoxically, the average farmer may be conservative as a character and in his practices, yet extremely liberal in his ideas. If we are to define what is liberal and what is radical in farm legislation and agricultural thinking and planning, it might be a good idea to determine what is liberal and what is radical in terms of ideologies.

The average farmer hates what he calls "socialist" ideas or legislation, although in hard times he has occasionally accepted the benefits of such legislation; and he has learned that, in accepting the benefits, he is forced to concede all sorts of liberties and personal decisions — a course he detests. He hates the intervention of the federal government and the domination of the dusty, inhuman wafflebottom bureaucrat in Washington. He prefers his state legislature and governor to any Washington administration and he likes self-determination and local government. The tragedy is that in bad times he is forced to compromise these beliefs in order to save his economic bacon, and it is then that the "socialist" planners step in and use every trick they can to take him over.

It is not alone the bureaucrats with radical ideas who have tried to take him over; organized labor has attempted it again and again and is still attempting it, without success. The whole infiltration of the Department of Agriculture by acknowledged Communist Lee Pressman and his friends had the strong connivance of the CIO. Again and again John L. Lewis has tried, through his District 50 catch-all union, to take over the farmer, but he has had no success whatever with the farmer and very little success with the labor

the farmer hires. The farmer, and often enough even the sharecropper and tenant, looks upon himself as a proprietor and not as an industrial *hired* worker. His interests, tied in varying degree to property and material possessions and profits, make him think altogether differently from the man who is working for wages and is subject to being fired on a moment's notice.

Organized labor has long seen, and rightly, an alliance with the farmers as the means of completely dominating American political life; but up to now the farmer has been too cagey.

There are many reasons for this besides his own interests as a proprietor. To the average farmer, the words "socialist" and "radical" are abhorrent, and save for an occasional eccentric farmer, he does not like even being called "liberal." The intelligent farmer reads constantly of industrial wage rises and strikes and is aware that the high prices of many commodities he has to buy are due to high wages for short hours, although he himself works at least six days a week for a minimum of ten hours, and on occasion twelve hours a day. He knows that on many commodities he sells, he receives only a part of the final price paid by the consumer, sometimes as low as 25 per cent or less. The rest goes to the middleman, to the retailer, and to union labor. And he resents, perhaps rightly, the general urban idea that the farmer is getting rich at the expense of the food consumer.

The farmer is virtually the only member of our society who sells everything wholesale and buys everything retail, making an economic lag which very likely will always have to be considered in our legislation if we are to eat. This is the very basis of parity thinking. In most cases the farmer has earned or maintained his stake in life by hard work, thrift, and intelligence, and "socialist" and "liberal" plans for taking away part of his worldly goods through legislation or taxes infuriate him. Fundamentally, and with some justice, he looks upon organized labor in its practices and proposed programs as a manifestation of "socialism," and labor leaders such as Walter Reuther are constantly reminding him that it is such a manifestation, and a very strong one.

The average farmer, of course, is basically as confused about the meaning of the word "liberal" as much of the rest of our society. It is a word which he no longer likes, although he once liked it well enough. That was when the Democratic Party stood for states' rights instead of strong federal domination. It was the time when "a liberal" meant a descendant of the thinking of the eighteenth century and the French Revolution from Voltaire down through Thomas Jefferson and Grover Cleveland. Today he does not know, any more than other members of society, what the word "liberal" means. Certainly it no longer has the meaning he once recognized. Today it

includes in its implications much that is descended directly from the philosophy of Karl Marx. It means the fellow traveler even to the point of near treason. It means all the people who would control his prices and give him handouts in return, who would tell him what to plant and how to live.

He is right, of course, in believing that today all of this goes under the head of liberalism, although much of it is as reactionary as the tribal laws of a primitive people.

3

MANY other elements, some of them abstract and intangible, influence the political philosophy of the farmer. More than any other member of our modern society save perhaps the sailor, the farmer lives in close and intimate contact with the fundamental laws and manifestations of nature. He must cope directly with weather, with soil, with animals, and with crops. He rarely suffers from the limitations, the delusions, or the illusions of the "intellectual" or the academic professional ideologist. He is not interested in change for change's sake or in experimentation with new ideas and theories when he is perfectly well off under existing conditions. Out of his daily experience he knows that the human race is far from perfect and that it must always contain followers as well as leaders, dullards as well as men who are brilliant and gifted and vital, the shiftless and lazy as well as the hard-working and thrifty. He knows that you cannot make a silk purse from a sow's ear. He knows there are no short cuts in any field of honest and enduring endeavor. Out of his own experience, completely fundamental, he believes in *what works*. And he believes that the "leveling" formula of the Marxian or Fabian Socialists does not work except to create destructive strains and burdens for a nation, leading eventually to its deterioration and possibly to its collapse.

All of this tends to make the farmer conservative, but it also tends to make him liberal in the best sense, with a liberalism based upon the economic and natural *laws* of man's existence. He is for progress within the realms of reason and possibility, and he has a natural abhorrence for the philosophy which came out of the embittered and psychopathic mind of a sick, frustrated, and defeated nineteenth-century character named Karl Marx.

Every year in this country upwards of 150,000 bad or ignorant or shiftless farmers are being liquidated by the force of economics, regardless of subsidies and price guarantees. This factor, linked with the fact that as the population increases, land becomes steadily more desirable and costly, is forcing a vast improvement in the whole of our agriculture. As the inefficient and careless farmer of the old frontier-pioneer pattern is being squeezed

out, the land he leaves behind is falling into the hands of better and more prosperous farmers and into the hands of a younger generation which has grown up in a wholly different tradition. These young men have been educated to believe that agriculture is a splendid and dignified profession and that the farmer who survives and prospers economically must be part businessman, part specialist, and part scientist.

Despite the billions expended in education through agricultural colleges, government bureaus, and all the other means of improving our agriculture and making *all* our farmers prosperous and successful citizens, it is in the last analysis economic forces which are actually accomplishing this steady improvement. When such a level of agriculture is achieved, the need for subsidies, parity guarantees, price supports, payments to the farmer for doing what the good farmer does anyway, will no longer be either needed or desired.

As for those farmers who each year are being liquidated, there is no need to shed a tear. In the vast majority of instances they hate their land, they hate their livestock, they hate their low social status, and in some cases they even hate their families because of hardship and poverty. In most cases they go into towns and cities and take industrial jobs where, instead of the long, grueling hours of agriculture under poor conditions, they work eight hours a day for five days a week. They have not only more leisure but an income and purchasing power many times larger than they had from their poor, mismanaged acres. They are, most of them, not farmers by intent or by preference but by accident, and in leaving the land they have no regrets except perhaps that they were not forced off it earlier. The added purchasing power of their increased incomes is of great value to the whole of our industry and to a high level of industrial employment.

All of these factors are involved in the political-economic aspects of our agriculture. The most reactionary element among our farmers as well as the most radical (and in political science these two elements are not far apart in terms of prejudice, violence, and ignorance) has always been among those farmers with the lowest income and the poorest standard of living. You will not find many Marxian "liberals" or many Fascist reactionaries among those who farm well, but you will find countless Jeffersonian liberals in the tradition of the eighteenth century.

Like any other element of our citizenry, the farmer is unwilling to turn down benefits, sometimes unneeded and unsought, which are showered upon him by political demagogues to influence his vote; but he is, I think, unlikely to go out seeking these unwanted and unneeded benefits regardless of the welfare of the rest of the nation. The prosperous, intelligent farmer wants neither gov-

ernment aids nor government interference and controls. The efficient poultry and egg producers have long fought subsidies and price supports. Even the potato farmer put up little or no protest when the outrageous subsidies thrust upon him by the federal government became a public scandal and were withdrawn. So it goes, all down the line.

These supports and subsidies were declared by those following the Marxian theory of planned government and economy to be implements of progress and enlightened government, but the good farmer always knew that they were no such thing. They were at best an effort to maintain and preserve a bad and inefficient system of agriculture and livestock management at the expense of the taxpayer and of precious natural resources in the form of soil, water, and forests. At their worst they represented a cheap political, demagogic trick. At no point did they manifest liberalism in the sense which the farmer recognizes.

4

THE modern farmer's political affiliations are, outside the South, rarely stable. He does not vote the party line, and the more prosperous and intelligent and liberal he is, the less he follows that line. From state to state his political affiliations vary. Frequently he is deeply affected by local candidates and issues; but more and more as the level of agriculture rises, he becomes a widely informed and fiercely independent voter. The rise in the quality and economic prosperity of the farmer, the recognition of his calling as one of the most difficult, complex, and dignified of professions, indeed the whole change in the status, quality, and education of our farming population, is bound to have an increasingly profound effect upon the whole of the nation economically, politically, and sociologically. Anybody, if you will, can hold down the average job in a factory, but not anybody can farm. That is an economic and sociological truth which as a nation we have had to discover the hard way at a cost of billions in taxes, in prices, and in the destruction of the nation's most important asset in terms of real wealth — its natural resources.

How the vote of the farmers will go in the elections of 1952 remains, of course, to be seen. I would be the last to say that the farmer, even the good, intelligent, and prosperous farmer, is so much nobler than the rest of our citizens that he will resist elaborate and extravagant political promises made to him. Now, long after the event, it becomes clear that in the 1948 election the farmers felt that they were neglected by the Republican candidate. If Mr. Dewey spoke at all it was *at* them, while Mr. Truman spoke *to* them, and promised them much more. Mr. Dewey had no one near him who understood rural psychology. Perhaps he and his advisers believed that if they

carried the Northeastern States, and particularly New York State, the victory was won. That was the old theory. But with the great increases in population in the vast Mississippi Basin area and in California, the picture has changed, and is changing more and more rapidly each year. The proof of the pudding was that Mr. Dewey carried the concentrated populous vote of the Northeast and still lost the election. The very same thing can happen again.

This struggle of interests between the populous areas and the financial forces of the Northeast on the one side and the rest of the country on the other will be a great factor in the election and perhaps the biggest issue of all at the Republican convention. There are countless voters in the South, West, and Middle West who, out of tradition, conviction, or prejudice, will simply not vote for the candidate of the New York bankers and newspapers. They believe that the Congressmen from the Eastern seaboard — or even a President, unless, of course, he is a renegade New Yorker like

F.D.R. who fought the financial elements — do not represent their interests or understand their problems. This factor played a much larger part in the 1948 elections than it has been given credit for doing.

Isolationism in its traditional meaning is an obsolete word, yet there is a strong feeling in the Mississippi Basin and particularly among farmers, who are suffering from labor shortages and taxes and the drafting of their sons, that foreign aid has been carried a bit too far. This reaction will show up not only in the election, where these individuals may actually have no real choice, but in the party conventions as well.

With all Mr. Truman's faults, I am not at all sure that the farmers were not right when they voted in his favor. If the interests from New York again dominate the Republican convention sufficiently to dictate the nomination of a Presidential candidate, the Republican Party may again have to go along without the support of the farmer, big and small.



IN THE LOOKING GLASS

by R. P. LISTER

I SHALL look no more in the looking glass, that tells no courteous lies,
I am sick of the face in the looking glass, I am sick of its bleary eyes,
I am sick of the nose in the looking glass, it is such an enormous size.

For the face I see in the looking glass is always the same old face,
Where the heavy hand of relentless time has left its relentless trace,
And every mark that the years have made stands still in the selfsame place.

I can see the dent in my upper lip that was made by a piece of ice,
I can see the bumps where they dropped me as a baby once or twice,
I can see the slowly receding hair that the years have gnawed like mice.

I know that face in the looking glass, what aspects it may wear,
From the watery gleam of wan delight to the grin of gay despair,
And the half-shut eyes of doleful dawn and the morning-after stare.

I shall hang a curtain before my glass that is heavy and soft and thick,
I shall blindly fumble with awkward hands at hairbrush and shaving stick,
But I shall not look in the looking glass at the face that makes me sick.

I shall go on walking around the world, and the world may look at me,
And the hardened ones shall hold their ground, and the little children flee.
But I look no more in the looking glass, I am sick of what I see.



STEPHEN POTTER has published in the Atlantic some of his most instructive articles on Gamesmanship or, *The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating*. Now that the season is at its height, we have asked him to apply his research to that special group of fanatics who muddy up every mealtime with their talk of pools, dry flies, and the speckled beauties which got away. This essay is a chapter in Mr. Potter's forthcoming book, which will also contain his account of Winesmanship, Rockmanship, and Clubmanship. More later.

TROUTMANSHIP

by STEPHEN POTTER

WHAT a complex world is here! Yet in the relatively small province of our little Correspondence College, we have made enormous headway and gained the thanks of all the fishership community by defining once and for all the two basic trout approaches, in one of which students are expected to satisfy the examiners.

Our visiting reader, J. Hargreaves, is a pleasant teacher who plays the two-approach system admirably himself. With newcomers, he demonstrates this twoness with a pair of ordinary fishing rods, one of which is new, the other old.

Rodmanship

The man who still keeps his old rod is pitted against the man who has just bought a new one. Old Rod makes the first move: —

OLD ROD: I like it. I like it. I like it. Of course I'm in my forties. I suppose my old one will see me through. Ought to. Ought to. Ought to.

NEW ROD (*countering implied criticism*): I was sorry to see my last rod go. But if one really fishes in water like this . . . You know . . . I suppose one kills about a rod a season? Mind you, if you don't go in for these acrobatic casts I'm always attempting, rather unsuccessfully . . .

OLD ROD (*pretending to suspect origin of rod*): Tell me — where did you . . .

NEW ROD (*no, it wasn't mass-produced*): Well — you know — "Jackie" Bampton happens to be rather a friend of mine. And my difficulty is that I'm not really comfy unless the action is, well, inches nearer the butt than normal . . .

OLD ROD (*outgambited but fighting back*): Don't worry . . . don't worry . . . it's like a woman. You get used to it. In a couple of years, anyhow, it will be part of you. Even if you don't catch many trout.

If New Rod's rod is longer, with a longer line, and the river needs it, Old Rod will be in difficulty. Spandrel's Underthwart can be used here.

SPANDREL (*old-rodding*): Nice rod, but it isn't alive till you're about fifteen yards out. I like to throw a shorter line myself.

With right inflection, O.R. can suggest that he is an ancient, almost neolithic virtuoso of the trout stream, a sort of Red Indian really, belly to the ground, who finds no difficulty in trout work at ten yards.

Troutmanship Basic

After practice in the two-approach system with rods, students may then start practicing troutmanship proper.

This is essentially A *vs.* B. A the purist, the scholar of dry fly, *vs.* B the rough-and-ready, the ham, the hack.

"Tell me frankly," says A the purist, "*were you fishing the water or the rise?*"

To counter this accusation of just chucking about, the student trained in Old Rodship should have no difficulty. I'm bound to say that Gattling-Fenn was at his best in this situation. Shirt open to the waist and apparently nut-brown to the navel (actually he wore a "Suntan Gypsyvest"), Gattling was able to imply "For Heaven's sake!"

"For Heaven's sake!" he said, and the gleam of his almost suspiciously white teeth suggested "A wandering gypsy I, bred from a long line of poachers — and born natural hunters to a man, like every Englishman born a mother's son."

While suggesting every word of this, Gattling was at the same time able actually to say: "I had him in a corner — I'm bound to say the fly was a bit damp (*digging scholar troutman in ribs*). I'm afraid it was the old Spam Special. I had to rob the sandwich . . ."

The following Hargreaves Hampers are worth study and are useful to others besides troutmen.

1. Do not cast in presence of other fishermen. Proved odds are 28 to 1 against anything happening. So if A says, "Have a go at him," you, B, should reply *either*, "No — you. I had a good day yesterday," or "Oh, that one? He's nearly had me once already. Ruddy great chub."

2. Arm yourself against the man who catches fish bigger than yours in the same water: —

TROUTMAN: That's a good one. What does it weigh?

LAYMAN: I don't carry scales.

TROUTMAN: I'll weigh it for you . . . 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. That's funny. How long is it?

LAYMAN: Frankly, I don't carry a tape measure either.

TROUTMAN: I do. . . . Thought so. Under 16 inches. That's the trouble with this water — it won't stand fish this size. Ought to be 2 pounds. It's gone back.

Layman begins to realize he has caught a fish practically fainting for want of food. He could have picked it out of the water with his bare hands.

3. Always be more observant than your rival: —

TROUTMAN: Anything moving?

LAYMAN: Not much. You saw the fish just below the boathouse?

TROUTMAN: Oh, you mean the one with the torn tail?

4. Rub it in. If, for instance, rival makes clumsy cast, go on and on pointing it out. Thus: —

TROUTMAN (*smiling through clenched teeth*): Now you've put him down. Now you *have* put him down. Crikey, were you trying to brain him? Doubt if he'll put his nose up for a week. Should think he'd rather drown. I'll move upstream a bit, I think. Happens to all of us.

5. Snob-play with flies. Cogg-Willoughby once had an invitation to fish at ——. The owner, last of the great sportsmen-Marquises, was later proved to be in Rhodesia at the time but Cogg built up a considerable snob approach on these lines: —

COGG (*rubbing the bridge of his nose with one finger*): No, I always tie my own. One thinks of the

girl — some unfortunate woman at Redditch — making twenty-four flies an hour. And I use a dressing recommended by Rude. Jim Rude, you know, ———'s keeper. He quite opens up to me, now.

This subject is still very "young," as we call it at Yeovil — that is, there is still a lot of loose fishing play within our orbit, and a dozen gambits have not yet been properly described. That is why I am glad to mention Marshall's "Mangler" — a gambit invented by H. Marshall and needing a finesse and urbanity of execution which totally belies its sobriquet.

The general object is to express an enormous Upper Sixthism so devastating that practically no one else can ever speak about fishing again; and it is done in this way: —

The catching of your specific fish is a problem, and must be so approached, without fervor, without even enjoyment.

On one side of your equation is your possibly fly, *x*. On the other, certain variables.

Let χ = weather
 " y = width of stream
 " y^1 = flow of stream
 " β = probable age of trout
 " o = wind
 " π = humidity
 " γ = temperature of water

Then, by a simple calculation jotted down in a waterproof tent with unrunnable ink on unsmudgeable paper, you get some such equation as this: —

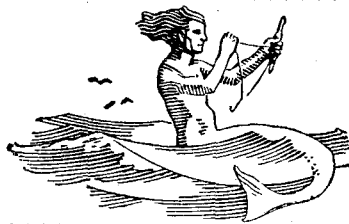
$$x = \frac{\gamma^{16} o \sqrt{\chi^3 y} y^1 - 8}{\beta^2 \pi}$$

= Split's Indefatigable or
 Aunt Mary's Special

Hand this result with your rod to the gillie and walk quite slowly away, leaving him to catch the actual fish.

Marshall has learned to rub in the effect of all this by turning up on the bank in a bowler hat and a dark pin-stripe and a pair of thin, blindingly well-polished black shoes, in which he delicately picks his way through pool and undergrowth.





An Atlantic Story



Artist, sportsman, and country gentleman, JAMES REYNOLDS is a painter of murals, an expert on Palladian architecture, and a connoisseur of Irish ghosts. His beautifully illustrated volume Ghosts in Irish Houses, which combines his two loves, has met with an enthusiastic reception in this country, as has his second volume, Gallery of Ghosts, which goes further abroad, to find its themes in India, Restoration England, and Maine. Mr. Reynolds's second novel, Maeve the Huntress, was published this spring by Farrar, Straus & Young.

SLIPPERS THAT WALTZ TILL DAWN

by JAMES REYNOLDS

THIS is a tale of moonlight, roses, love in June, gallant hussars, languishing naval ensigns, lovely women, a romantic castle; then—tragedy. At the time of the Battle of Waterloo the dramatic old pile of Garron Tower was a sumptuously appointed house. This had not always been so. When Sir Hildreth Starrat married the aged, eccentric Countess of Antrim for her fourth husband, the castle was scarcely fit for human habitation. The old pile of hugely hewn stone blocks was drafty and rat-ridden. Damp and mildew from incessant fogs drifting in from the Irish Sea corroded the walls of high-vaulted rooms. Draggled tapestries sagged on walls of peeling paint or cracked plaster the like of gigantic cobwebs. But Sir Hildreth changed all that in short order. In record time this energetic man, who loved the grace of living, changed the castle into a beautiful residence hung with crystals and damask, and carpeted with shimmering rugs from the East. Not only the interior of Garron sprayed color the like of a Roman candle; the long terraced gardens were planted so thickly with roses that Flora, gazing down from her cloud pavilion, was amazed and envious.

Obligingly the countess died soon after the wedding, leaving Sir Hildreth a vastly rich man. At first her sudden death met with some adverse speculation. For, almost immediately after his marriage, Sir Hildreth had installed his ward, a niece, Lady Constantia Gainsford, at Garron, and during the few months the old countess lived, she had refused to see the girl. The atmosphere at the castle may be said to have been charged with electricity. Whether the exit of the countess was

engineered by her husband or God has remained a moot point down the years.

In every way Lady Constantia was admirable. Her popularity in the village of Glenarm and the surrounding countryside was proverbial. Her beauty was of the fragile sort: silvery fair hair, gentian-blue eyes, and a rose-leaf complexion. A glance from her eyes devastated most males. Unfortunately, without meaning to, Lady Constantia inflamed the heart and rakehell brain of her guardian to a point which set jangling all the strange quirks of his mind. Extremely handsome, a born flatterer, a voluptuary of the first water, Sir Hildreth had made a career of infatuating women to his eternal gain.

He was crowding fifty-five years when he gave the first ball at Garron Tower, to celebrate the engagement of Lady Constantia to young Lord Avonport, a dashing blood in the Irish Fusiliers, the crack Irish regiment of the period. From the first hint of a love affair between Avonport and Lady Constantia, her guardian had cast a jaundiced eye on the proceedings. Outwardly he appeared extremely pleased with the match, admirably suited on every count as the couple were. Inwardly he seethed with jealousy. Tasting his own bile day after day, the man became secretly a monster of revenge.

All was set for the festivities. A moon close to full silvered the standard rose trees and the laticing vines of climbing yellow roses which covered trellised arcades. The hope that the full of the moon would endure for the ball seemed certain. Mantuamakers from Belfast had for days worked

feverishly on a series of gowns in which Lady Constantia would delight her guests, for the ball was only one of many entertainments planned by Sir Hildreth to launch his beloved ward on her engagement.

Everyone so fortunate as to be invited to the ball at Garron Tower arrived all during the day, decked in whatever costly finery each could manage. It was the period of peacocking for men and flaunting every jewel and plume in their wardrobes for fashionable women. Irish beaux and dandies still wore perukes dressed high, *en pompadour*, in the French and Italian style, far later in the nineteenth century than was the mode in England or on the Continent, according to a Dublin fashion magazine for men, delightfully called *The Dandy Gambler and The Sporting Buck*.

Irish women had eagerly seized upon the fashion for immense Turkish turbans of gauze and light silk. These erections, sprouting a panache of plumes or aigrettes, had been introduced to the ballrooms of Dublin by Lady Blessington, a "glass of fashion" paramount, after her triumphs in the salons of Paris.

Brilliant uniforms, resplendent with strappings, gold lace, and the insignia of smart regiments, were worn by most of the young dancers in a ballroom at this time. A military or, to lesser extent, a naval career was the goal of the young aristocrats.

True to predictions of the weather-wise, a moon full to bursting hung in a blackberry-colored sky on the evening of Sir Hildreth's ball for his ward. Fairy lights festooned the long stone balustraded terraces along the sea walk at the castle, which was etched against the sky with every window ablaze. The sound of music rose on the night breeze. Laughter and now and again a snatch of song issued from the wide, open terrace windows. Towards morning, when a faint finger of primrose dawn slit the eastern sky, the last gavotte was played. A few coaches belonging to guests who lived close by rumbled out the gates of Garron Demesne, the coachmen as sleepy as the occupants inside the cushioned box.

Sir Hildreth had been meticulously the grand host. But had one looked closely at his hooded eyes and noticed his withdrawn, watchful air, the realization that the man had some atrocious plan afoot would have come shockingly alive. The day after the ball the ladies slept long to repair the fatigues of continuous dancing. At lunch Sir Hildreth proposed some rough shooting in the savannas of bramble and larch a mile or so inland from the castle. A number of the young men, including Avonport, cheerfully agreed, for at Garron Demesne sport with guns was well known. A small body of water called Carnlough, near Glenarm, was a famous nesting place for wild geese.

Some ten guns set out with four beaters, and for an hour or so shots rang out at intervals. A good

bag was laid out in rows of variegated plumage on a strip of turf near the lough edge. Harry Avonport was standing on a knoll close to a spinny of larch when a shot exploded so close behind him that he turned quickly, only to stop a second cartridge full in the heart. When his friends ran to the spot where he lay dead, bewilderment as to how this tragedy could have happened ran rife. One explanation, given by Sir Hildreth, was that a malcontent in the neighborhood had twice taken a shot at Lady Constantia's guardian. Because Avonport was wearing a dark green shooting jacket and broad-brimmed hat similar to his, Sir Hildreth ventured the shot had again been meant for him. This version, while within reason, was not fully accepted by others of the party, although no one openly, at the time, entertained more than suspicion.

When Lady Constantia was told the news by her guardian, she was at first inconsolable. But so deep was the man's sympathy, so tender his solicitude through her days of mourning her fiancé, that the distraught girl finally agreed to go to Dublin for a season, staying with her aunt, Lady Carmichael. In a few months the resiliency of youth asserted itself. She became once again the creature of smiles and love of dancing she had always been.

2

DURING Lady Constantia's visit in Dublin a demented streak in Sir Hildreth's nature swept all reason before it. Singularly vicious revels were held at the castle. An ill-assorted group of bucks would coach up to Garron Tower from Dublin, Belfast, and as far south as Cork. A chancy lot they were, some accompanied by women of voluptuous charms but low breeding. Often at the height of these drunken orgies Sir Hildreth would curse the lot and drive them helter-skelter from his house. Then for weeks he would remain recluse. At night the terrified servants would hear the master ranging the corridors, shouting blasphemies at God and all the saints in the calendar.

One day he coached to Dublin, to appear smiling and urbane at Lady Carmichael's house in Merrion Square. He informed his ward he had come to take her home. At first Lady Constantia demurred. Garron Tower held upsetting memories for her. She appealed to her chaperone, who replied, "It is disagreeable, I know, for you to return to Garron Tower. But Sir Hildreth is not to be put off. He is your guardian and you are beholden to him. Put on as good a face as you can muster, and I dare say, what with his pleasure at having you home again, he will be prodigious kind to you. Indeed he already talks of another ball to celebrate your return." To a visitor who arrived to take a dish of tea with Lady Carmichael soon after this advice, she added, "For so young a girl, a perfect

bundle of delicate sensibilities like Constantia, to be shut away at Garron with one of the prize leechers of Ireland gives me the vapors to even think on. I will never know what possessed my brother Rathdavin to appoint Sir Hildreth as guardian to his daughter. A monument to loose thinking on Rathdavin's part. Disaster will come of this state of affairs, mark my word." Lady Carmichael uncorked a small crystal vial of ammonia salts to point her remarks. A few sniffs and she continued, "Constantia has another suitor. Many flutter around so lovely a girl, of course. But a young naval ensign from Cork Harbor named Tancred leads the field. A nice boy and very devoted. The sooner she is married and away out of that melee the better for us all."

So it turned out that Sir Hildreth and his ward journeyed north along the vile rutted roads of rural Ireland, with trunkloads of finery strapped on the roof. "My dear Constantia, we will be gay as starlings at the Tower this summer. I have planned all manner of diversions for you."

"Ah, Sir Hildreth," the pensive girl answered, "you are indeed prodigious kind. I hope the roses are all in bloom. I remember the ropes of roses twining the stair and balcony rails at my . . ." She stopped talking suddenly.

Quick to detect any hint of brooding, Sir Hildreth said, "We will have a Ball of Roses. Indeed a *bal masqué* in which the ladies dress to counterfeit roses. That should set the dowagers to cackling. Should you like a Rose Ball?"

Soon after Lady Constantia's return to Garron Tower her guardian took to making mysterious trips, to what destination she never knew. One morning before he started out, he came to the morning room where she was having first chocolate. "Constantia, what is the name of that young man who I hear paid such assiduous court to you in Dublin? I should like to ask him to the Ball of Roses next month."

Looking up from a letter which she had just started to read she smiled. "How odd you should ask that question at this minute. I have this letter from him. His name is Nevin Tancred. He is stationed at Cork Harbor. His ship is His Majesty's *Cormorant*. I will invite him when I answer this letter."

Had the girl noticed particularly, she would have seen a wave of dark anger flood the aging face of her guardian. He turned on his heel to leave but stopped short in the doorway. "Are you engaged to him? Or about to be?"

A trilling laugh came from Constantia's lips. "No, no. He has not asked me. I find him agreeable. Perhaps sometime I might find him even more. He is witty, gay, and startlingly handsome." She returned eagerly to reading her letter.

A fortnight later Sir Hildreth came back from his visit to, as he said, Galway. "I bought two

splendid stallions to add to my stud" was all he vouchsafed before shutting himself morosely away in a distant wing of the castle. For days Lady Constantia did not see him. A gossip living in the environs of Glenarm, monstrosly taken with the rich widower of Garron Tower, was constantly turning up for a dish of tea, always primed to relate the latest news, preferably of scandalous nature. Not finding Sir Hildreth anywhere in evidence, Mrs. Bawn-Brackley cornered a footman to announce her to Lady Constantia. Over a dish of tea on the terrace she said, "Was it not sad about that handsome young ensign being drowned in such a mysterious way in Bantry Bay?"

Absently, for she was not listening very attentively to the woman's chatter, Lady Constantia asked, "Who was it? I had not heard."

"Well, you of all people should know. It was the Tancred boy who paid you such ardent court in Dublin last season."

Stunned, the girl listened to Mrs. Bawn-Brackley recount what she had heard. It seemed young Tancred had received a message on board his ship. It read that his father, who lived near Bantry Bay, had been taken seriously ill. He must come home at once. It was signed by his mother. Alarmed, he had not looked closely at the writing. He left Cork Harbor Naval Depot on a fast horse. From then on, all that anyone knew was that the horse had been found dead on the rocks below Curryglass Headland. So broken was the carcass it would seem the animal had fallen from great height. The next day the body of Nevin Tancred was found floating near Whiddy Island in Bantry Bay.

Even when alone and miserable in her room, Lady Constantia did not in any way connect her guardian with Tancred's accident. Being of guileless nature, the girl had accepted Sir Hildreth's account of buying horses in Galway as the truth. After a while the master of Garron Tower emerged from retirement and set out on a series of entertainments of a nature to please his ward. The notable charm which had ensnared the foolish hearts of so many women through his temperamental journey of life was now brought into full play. He swept many women off their feet by his attentions, including infatuated, garrulous Myrtle Bawn-Brackley, who was almost hysterical with excitement at the bare thought of becoming mistress of Garron Tower. But, as always, Sir Hildreth had a method in his campaign. He wished so to enthrall the countryside they would all be on his side in case of an emergency. For by now his jealousy for his ward had become paramount in his life. So in love was the man with this fragilely lovely girl that his life was a torment. Let a young man so much as take Lady Constantia for a stroll, in broad daylight or in evening shadows, and Sir Hildreth became a thunderhead on the landscape. Of course the girl sensed this obsession to some de-

gree, but fended off any attentions on the part of her guardian as expertly as any Parisian cocotte.

Late in August, Sir Hildreth came upon his ward one day at the end of the terrace. She was engaged in threading ribbons through the eyelets of satin dancing shoes. "Well come upon you, my child. I have set the date for the Ball of Roses. The last night of August, when the roses are at their height. Always the second blooming of Garron roses is the most luxurious. Then the perfume is most heady. Which rose shall you impersonate?"

The girl was silent for a space of minutes. "I had not thought. The pale tea rose is my favorite. Must we have this ball? Are invitations already sent?"

"What is this?" Sir Hildreth put his hand under her chin. Lifting it he looked longingly into the clear blue eyes. "We must be gay and make this ball the most talked of. For at the ball I have a surprise for you and —" He turned towards the balustrade, gazing at a splendid view of the sea. "And a surprise for the countryside. Yes, even for Dublin and silly, dance-mad Cork. Oh, yes, I promise you it will be a vast surprise."

As Lady Constantia sat awhile on the terrace after Sir Hildreth had gone, she never for a moment even conceived that he would announce his intention to marry her, on the night of the ball. However ardent the man had at times appeared, she had put it down to his rather flamboyant, over-gallant nature. Yet, insidiously removing all obstacles, Sir Hildreth had been planning this matrimonial coup for years.

3

THE night of the Rose Ball, Garron Tower rang with suppressed excitement. Among the guests who gathered in chattering groups on the terrace and in high-ceilinged rooms, the talk was of the latest dance, which was to be inaugurated that night. The Vienna Waltz. The craze for this whirling dance had swept all Europe like a conflagration of gaiety. Irish gentry were notoriously backward to accept new modes. The tone was first set by decorous Viceroys at "the Castle" in Dublin. Once the viceregal court had given a nod of approval, important hostesses eagerly followed.

Musicians from Dublin started tuning violins and harps. Late arrivals strolled through the castle admiring the fragrant decorations, for everywhere ingenuity in arranging legion species of roses was evident. Great swags of dark red and white Gloire de Valois roses hung from cornices. Standard rose trees in all shades of pink formed a dado in the ballroom. Terrace and garden walks led through tunnels of climbing roses. Added to this, the women had aped in satins and crackling taffetas the crisp petals of red, yellow, pink, and white roses. Many brilliant uniforms appeared among

the throng, for a ship of the line, His Majesty's *Forward*, had anchored a few days before in the adjacent harbor of Carrickfergus. Shoals of fresh-faced young ensigns would sweep the ladies off their feet in the waltz. A cavalry regiment stationed at Glenarm added dash to the scene as tall officers, sabers clanking against sabretaches, strode about greeting friends. One officer in particular stood out in the ballroom for his height and mane of red hair: Captain Alistair Strand, who had paid marked attention during the last few weeks to Lady Constantia.

Sir Hildreth started the first dance, a gavotte, with the ranking peeress present, the Duchess of Clandyboy, while fortunate Captain Strand led out Lady Constantia. For the second dance a waltz was played. More than a few of the guests did not know this dance, so the ones who did had an appreciable audience gathered around the walls. Little by little as the violinists' bows leaped in the fast tempo, eager dancers joined the whirling throng. Brooding on the sidelines stood Sir Hildreth, for the sight of Captain Strand, partnering Lady Constantia for the second time in succession, caused the red flare of jealousy to gleam hotly in his eyes.

Walking out onto the terrace Sir Hildreth realized he must cast his engagement surprise into the teeth of his guests just before the supper dance at midnight. In the meantime he would absent himself from the ballroom, else his rage at attentions showered on his ward would unsettle him to a point where he would make a bad showing as a prospective husband.

Never had Lady Constantia enjoyed herself so much. To Captain Strand she said, "I could waltz until dawn lights the sky. Indeed, if I do not dance three pair of satin slippers to shreds tonight, I shall not consider the ball a success."

Swinging his partner expertly in and out of the dancing couples Strand replied laughingly, "I once knew a girl in Edinburgh who danced four pair of slippers to ribbons. But she was never as light to swing as are you." When the dance was over he whispered, "Let us take a turn on the terrace. I know a bower at the end of the rose walk. I have a question to ask you, very secret. Here, through this window."

Sir Hildreth had not been able to stay away from the ballroom. His jealousy, inflamed now by heavy drinking, acted as a magnet to draw him back to the long, candlelit room. Just as Captain Strand and his partner slipped into the shadows of the terrace he caught sight of them. His rage mounted as he followed. Softly — do not let them know, he cautioned himself. Softly. Then he saw the captain take Lady Constantia in his arms. A scarcely audible question followed. A less audible but eager answer, and the two kissed long and passionately.

Swiftly through the dark channels of this eaves-dropper's mind raced methods of revenge upon yet another suitor for Lady Constantia's hand. Obviously this time the affair was not youthful dalliance, as in the case of young Tancred. Well versed in all nuances of wooing, Sir Hildreth sensed deeply that his ward had answered her lover's proposal of marriage with a binding "Yes." Into his inflamed brain flashed an idea. Swift as lightning, and as deadly, it pointed the way. He knew clearly what he must do.

First he called to a lackey who was passing the niche where he stood concealed. "Watch her ladyship and when she is dancing with another than Captain Strand, the officer who is approaching with her now, let me know. I will be at the end of the corridor leading to the summerhouse." Turning, Sir Hildreth made off down the passage.

Blinded with rage at the sorry turn of events which had thwarted his so carefully laid plans, the man paced in demented state up and down a small reception room at the end of the corridor he had mentioned. This room, in a little-used wing of the castle, was private. At the moment all activity was in the rooms in the main block facing the sea. From a long box on a console Sir Hildreth took a slender rapier of Italian workmanship. Expertly he tested the point and blade. "This will be quick and silent," he nodded to his reflection in a mirror.

In the doorway appeared the lackey. "Your honor, sir, her ladyship is mountin' the stairs on her lone. May ye be wantin' me to take her a message, sir?"

"No," replied Sir Hildreth sharply. "Find Captain Strand, the officer I pointed out to you. Tell him Lady Constantia wishes him to attend her immediately in the little summerhouse at the end of this corridor. Show him the way, then return to your duties. Be quick about it."

But search as he would in every room, even out on the terrace, the lackey could not find Captain Strand. Meanwhile Lady Constantia, having procured another fan to replace one she had broken, descended the stairs. She almost danced along the corridor leading to the summerhouse, where she had asked Alistair Strand to meet her. Vaguely, she wondered why the hallway was so dark. Someone must have snuffed the candles which earlier in the evening had burned in every wall sconce.

Hastening her steps, she was about to burst into a snatch of song Alistair had taught her. She was just abreast of an open doorway when a man suddenly appeared in the corridor before her. His eyes gleamed with madness as, with a swift lunge of a rapier, he ran the blade through her heart. Blinding jealousy, the dark passage, the sound of footsteps he expected to be Alistair Strand's, had so confused Sir Hildreth that he mistook his victim.

For a moment, as he bent over the dying girl, his senses reeled back to sanity. Then with a cry more animal than human, torn from his heart, Sir Hildreth fled the castle. In the morning the body of the master of Garron Tower was found hanging from a limb of an oak in the farthest reaches of the park. Today this tree is called Starrat's Reward.

Soon after the fatal stabbing of Lady Constantia Gainsford, persons living at Garron Tower told of varying ghostly manifestations within the gray walls. At night a lilting laugh is heard echoing through a corridor in the oldest wing, the one abutting on the rose garden in the park; and sometimes snatches of a barracks song, sung haltingly, as if the singer were not familiar with the melody. Whenever this song is heard a pair of tea-rose dancing slippers are seen to spin round and round in the ballroom. A woman who was a guest at the castle a few years ago told me she had seen this phenomenon occur at intervals all night. A pair of slippers dancing tirelessly until dawn. I asked her if the crossover ribbons of the slippers were laced and tied or swung freely. "Well, now you ask me, I cannot recall. I believe the ribbons were tied, as around an ankle, else I should have noticed especially," she replied. With this apparition a pervading scent of roses drifts through the rooms. No matter what the season, the heady scent of summer roses is strong.

Another dramatic version I have heard is that sometimes the disembodied slippers pause in their dancing, hesitate, then dance away down the long corridor towards the summerhouse. A shriek rings out, the slippers disappear. Then there spreads a pool of blood at the spot where Lady Constantia was stabbed. It has been found difficult to erase this gory spot from the tiles.



Bostonian and lifelong Republican, THOMAS D. CABOT is Executive Vice President of Godfrey L. Cabot, Inc., and former President of United Fruit Company. Late in 1950, when the United Nations troops were being repulsed at the Yalu River, his friends Lloyd Brace, the Boston banker, Judge Charles Wyzanski, and Dean Donald David of the Harvard Business School urged him to go down to Washington "to help with an important defense job that needed doing." This he did, and these are the comparisons which he inevitably drew during his ten months in the State Department.

I WORKED FOR STATE

by THOMAS D. CABOT

IT WAS Under Secretary of State James E. Webb who persuaded me to come to Washington. My title was Director of International Security Affairs, "speaking for the Department of State on matters relating to the North Atlantic Treaty, other similar international programs, and military and economic assistance for mutual defense." I stayed ten months. The Congress was evidently not impressed with the results, for it has now eliminated the job, and I have returned to a comfortable home life, working only half as many hours as I found necessary to keep up with the load in Washington. I have no regrets for the experience. I acquired far more in educational value than I gave in time. Besides, there were more than enough thrills and satisfactions to compensate for all the hard work.

I went full of criticism and left full of admiration. To be sure, I am not prepared to switch my party allegiance. The demagoguery of New Dealers pleases me no more than the irresponsible obstructionism of Administration critics, but I am prepared to argue that our government's policy, at least in foreign affairs, is not, and should not be, dictated by domestic politics.

How foreign policy was made in previous Administrations is not my concern. Today it is a composite in which many earnest, intelligent, and devoted public servants have a part. You can complain of the lack of leadership if you will, or of weak leadership, but that is something different from mistaken or prejudiced or corrupt leadership, and I think the difference is important.

I had a good chance to watch policy decisions being made, for much of the work of the State Department was related to my job. Nowadays nearly every important part of our foreign policy impinges on international security or relates to our alliances. Furthermore, as chairman of the interdepartmental

International Security Affairs Committee (ISAC), I had ample opportunity to learn what a large part other agencies of our government, especially those within our military establishment, have in forming foreign policy.

It is impossible for anyone who hasn't worked in Washington to conceive of the mass of paper work, the clearances and conferences that go into making a composite decision. To a businessman this appears to be a hopelessly slow and wasteful process of reaching a judgment. I am sure one couldn't run a successful business the same way. But a business is different, not only because decisions are less important and less lasting in their effect, but also because most business decisions involve operations rather than policy.

We are often told that a dictatorship is more efficient than a democracy but far less safe. I take some comfort from a certain parallelism between the New England town meeting kind of democracy and this Administration's way of reaching a decision. The town meeting way of hammering out an agreement takes a lot of time. We worked many long, tedious hours resolving differences of view. It might perhaps be charged that sometimes it is mere exhaustion which determines policy. More than one good volunteer has been knocked out by the heavy load of work to which he has been exposed. No doubt the autocratic approach would save a lot of expensive manpower. I am sure that there is great and useless waste from lack of clear leadership in many parts of our government. But, in the field of foreign policy, almost any expenditure is better than a decision which is wrong because it has received an inadequate amount of prior study and thought.

Of course in any executive group the top man must have the final say — either directly, through the right to overrule, or indirectly, through the

right to appoint; but it was my observation that neither Mr. Truman nor Mr. Acheson even appeared to be aware of this prerogative during most discussions of policy. By this I don't mean to indicate that I was present during the most important discussions. I did have the opportunity to compare results with the guidance papers developed at lower levels and thus to appraise the extent to which staff decisions really determine high policy in Washington nowadays.

In saying this I do not wish to belittle the courage of the President in backing those decisions which have required courage. In the cold war there have been many cases where short-term acclaim has been sacrificed to attain long-term advantages for the free world. I am one who believes it took both courage and wisdom to make the decisions to support Greece and Turkey, to carry out the Marshall Plan, to join NATO, and to resist in Korea.

These decisions were made before my time. Whether they developed gradually from staff studies or were made at the highest level, I cannot say, but I think it probable the discussion at the Cabinet level was little more than a review of and concurrence in staff or working group recommendations. I do know that some very important changes of policy during my period in Washington weren't even considered at the political level until all the alternatives had been studied and reported on at many staff-level conferences.

Coming from a business training, it disturbed me a great deal at first that problems of foreign policy were considered concurrently in many places. The results seemed chaotic, and I longed for the ability, which I enjoyed in industry, to make prompt, final decisions on my own. I thought the system had all the faults of committee management multiplied many times. Gradually I came to realize that in government, unlike business, the damage from bad decisions is far greater than the cost of slow decisions; and that in attacking the problems of government, the delays due to consideration by many minds of varied training and viewpoint have far greater justification than in attacking the problems of business.

Especially of the State Department can it be said that decisions are rarely hasty or impulsive or based on individual prejudice. There is little doubt that other countries reach decisions on foreign policy quicker and at less cost. If the slower process of discussion and attrition of mind against mind in

order to reach a collective view results in better decisions, then it is almost sure to be worth the cost in both delay and dollars.

Coming from business I was also impressed with the degree to which discussions in the State Department gave weight to the opinion of junior officials. I found far less tendency for rank to outweigh logic than has been my experience in business. This had advantages in permitting any and every bit of logic to be aired, but it also tended to bury the important points in a mass of unimportant and barely relevant lines of argument. I was frequently charged with oversimplification, and as frequently was distressed at the lengthy discussion by my professional colleagues of points which seemed to me immaterial.

Perhaps it is fortunate that in recent years a considerable number of businessmen and business lawyers have been brought into the State Department at the policy-making level. Of the dozen top men in the Department at Washington, over half were previously highly successful as corporation executives or lawyers. I do not argue that a man who comes from business is as entitled to determine foreign policy as a man who has devoted his life to the subject in government or academic service; I only suggest that the tendency of the professional to substitute discussion for decision can go too far.

The fact that so many of those who determine foreign policy come from the conservative class is a fair answer to the critics of the State Department who charge it with mistakes based on leftist prejudices. One who knows the Department can recognize in the top echelon of command three who were high executives of companies listed on the "Big Board," three who came from law firms usually associated with Wall Street, and two who were Wall Street bankers. The Russian propaganda machine doesn't fail to make the most of this fact.

Now that I am back in business, my patience is often tried by the naïve criticism of our foreign policy by businessmen who should know better. Those who have the most to lose by the failure of our government's policy are frequently the least well informed and least conscious of the dangers of our international position. I too become annoyed when our government leaders admit no errors in our policy. But I can forgive a statesman dependent on politics claiming infallibility more readily than I can forgive the conservative critic who jeopardizes his government's foreign policy by damning decisions which are his salvation.

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

IT WOULD be well," wrote Charles Dickens a hundred and ten years ago, "for the American people as a whole, if they loved the Real less, and the Ideal somewhat more. It would be well, if there were greater encouragement to lightness of heart and gaiety, and a wider cultivation of what is beautiful, without being eminently and directly useful. . . . They certainly are not a humorous people, and their temperament always impressed me as being of a dull and gloomy character."

With the first and more philosophic half of this comment I have no quarrel, but that any observer of human nature, so long experienced as Dickens, could have gone so far wrong in his judgment of our humor and temperament I can only explain by the assumption that he understood neither our behavior nor our language. Few English writers have been able to cope with the American idiom, and their efforts to reproduce it show how often they have missed the point; this is true even of observers as sympathetic as John Galsworthy. Alistair Cooke, the American correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, is a happy exception: he does speak our language, and in the fifteen years he has lived among us his Friday evening broadcasts, short wave to BBC, have given Britons a fair and witty account of the American character. After the war he went cheerfully to work on a new nonpolitical series, and thirty-two of the best of these have now been reshaped and published as essays in *One Man's America* (Knopf, \$3.50). He writes about things that are apt to puzzle Europeans, people rather than politics, and the passions, manners, and flavors of our various regions — an effort to explain to "poor relations the foibles of the rich uncle across the seas."

In the May Atlantic the Peripatetic Reviewer made a tour of some of the literary and historic houses in New England. Reprints of his essay are available free of charge. Write The Editor, the Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

It is to Mr. Cooke's great credit that he does not go for those subjects so easy to caricature — subjects which amuse (and flatter) the English: Chicago gangsters, Hollywood queens, and Texas brag. He touches the bizarre when he writes of a sweaty Negro night club in Baltimore the night Joe Louis became champion, and this leads him to comment on the quiet modesty with which Joe has conducted his career. He writes of Willie Howard to recapture a great comedian and to remind us all of how hypersensitive we have become about the Jew — and even Jewish jokes — since Hitler. He quotes what Will Rogers said to the Prince of Wales and then a few of the salty things he said to us ("A holding company is the people you give your money to while you're being searched"; "Statesmen think they make history; but history makes itself and drags the statesmen along"). He writes about the surrender at Appomattox, a San Diego tattooist, and Damon Runyon; about autumn in New England, an express in the New York subway (six miles in seven minutes), and the shop talk in Washington, because they helped him to understand the United States and he thinks they may help British households to do so, too.

Mr. Cooke has not attempted to penetrate in depth our policy and institutions as did those two great Frenchmen, Alexis de Tocqueville and Raoul de Roussy de Sales; rather, it has been his aim to give a sane, vivid, and appreciative account of nature in America — human, that is.

Britain's Golden Age

Howard Spring has found the title for his new and capacious novel, *The Houses in Between* (Harper, \$3.95), in the words of the old Music Hall song, "You could see the Crystal Palace if it wasn't for the houses in between." The opening of the Crystal Palace in 1851 — at which Victoria and the Prince Consort presided — was supposed to symbolize a golden age of peace and plenty for England. Present at that opening was a little girl, Sarah

Rainborough. She saw the Queen and the incredible, airy beauty of the house of glass. She felt the good will and the exhilaration of the occasion, and then in her long life of ninety-nine years she was to experience the human frailty, the violence, the selfishness, and the warring which stood in the way of Britain's at-

taining that crystal ideal. The novel follows the skein of her life; it is told in her words and sympathy, and there are few scenes in it which she could not have witnessed and responded to. Because she lived so long, the story of what she witnessed and enjoyed and grieved over is exceptionally long. The first half — the Victorian half — has all the color and quaintness of history, and perhaps that is why I enjoyed it the more. But the whole is related with such an air of naturalness, for Sarah is a comforting and comfortable person, and with such a plenitude of incident and detail, that I can well believe those readers who love England will stay with it to the close.

Sarah's father was a smug, successful ironmaster who made his first fortune out of the Crimea and who had no time for his child; and the luckiest thing that happened to her was that her giddy mother fell in love with the somewhat rakish Lord Burnage and was divorced. The penalty of divorce in those days was ostracism, and so Sarah was brought up at Tresant, Lord Burnage's country place in Cornwall, where she and her half sister, Sally Gaylord, had the freedom of lake and beach, and where they were admirably taught by their governess, Maggie Whale, a charming spinster drawn on the lines of Jane Austen. Tresant and the little fishing village of Porteven are dominated by two men — Lord Burnage, with his dash and love of danger, a striking figure on his horse or at the tiller of the lifesaving boat; and secondly his servant, the half pirate and wholly amorous Captain Eddy Rodda, a giant mariner vulnerable to women and the bottle. For a brief season, the household lives in the bright sun of serenity. Then, in a wild night of high seas and shipwreck, Lord Burnage has his back broken in the attempted rescue. His wife dies in childbirth, and the girls, with the occasional help of Maggie, who has now become a novelist, go their individual ways — Sally to the London slums as a social worker, Sarah to her marriage with Daniel Undridge, lawyer and politician.

It is no service to author or reader to attempt to trace the family ramifications. Mr. Spring's inventiveness occasionally leads him astray, and for pages we are closeted with minor and sometimes eccentric characters who contribute little but caricature to an already heavily peopled canvas. Again, the necessity of keeping his threads together at times forces him into coincidence, to accidental meetings, and to consequences which are, to say the least, unlucky. The wars take sons and brothers and husbands almost before we have had time to know them, with the result that only the three women — Sarah, Sally, and Maggie Whale — are seen throughout in clear and endearing focus. Sarah is the real achievement of the book, and a lovely and perceptive woman she is — witty, generous, and unafraid. She has the quiet tenacity of English women, and Mr. Spring has, I think,

been remarkably successful in conveying the hazard, the heartache, and the disappointment of a great people in the touching concerns of a single being.

Ireland: the Lean and the Rich

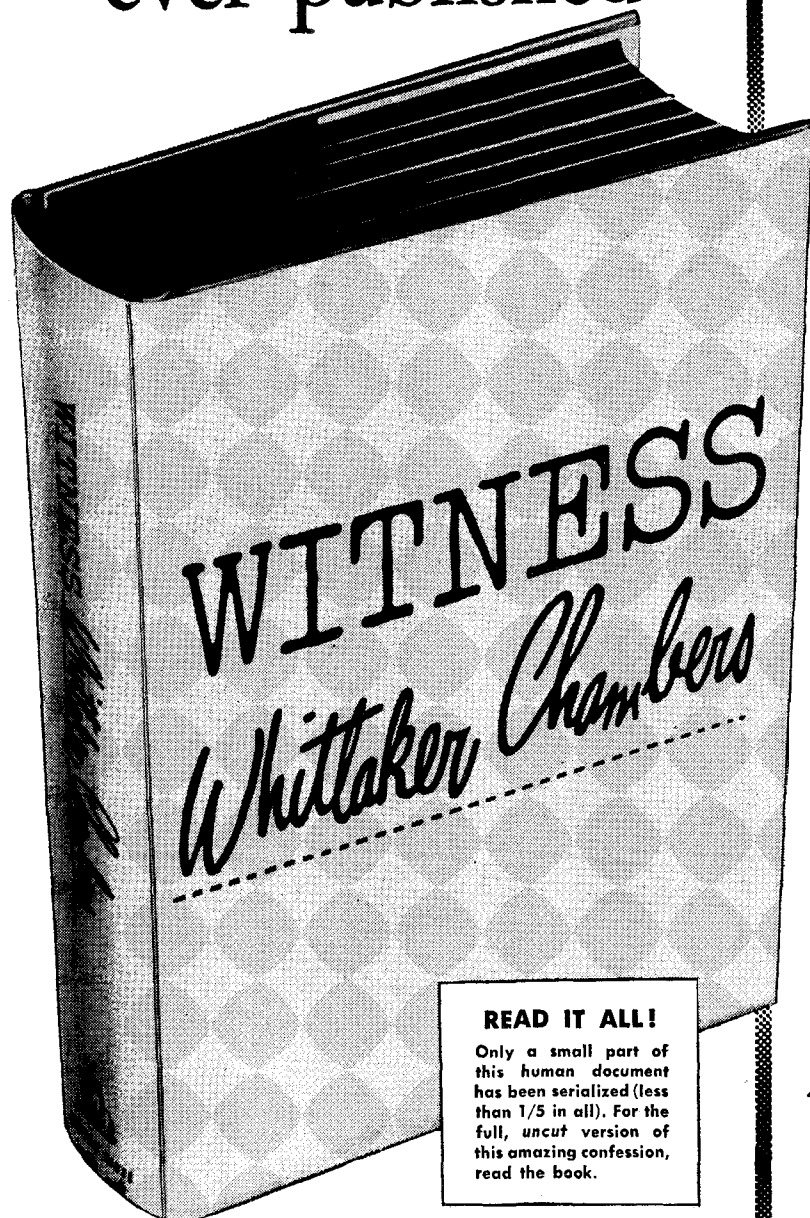
The first time I saw the Irish Players, I remember how taken I was by their unaffected charm; these people seemed to have walked in off the streets and, with their gift of revelation, to have made me a responsive part in their private world. **Walter Macken**, the novelist and playwright, has the same touch. At the age of seventeen he was acting in the Galway Gaelic Theatre; at twenty he was writing his own plays in Gaelic; and since 1948 he has managed, acted, and written plays for the Abbey Theatre of Dublin. His true ear for the Irish speech, his intimate knowledge of the peat farmer and fisherfolk, his love of Irish song and laughter, his skill in laying bare the heart — these qualities, which he developed first in the theatre and now in his books, mark him as one of the most gifted storytellers of today.

His novel *The Bogman* (Macmillan, \$3.50) opens with the return of Cahal Kinsella to his native village of Caherlo. Cahal is sixteen, with very black hair ("as black as the back of a bee") and features and shoulders to turn a woman's head. Submissive and unaroused as a young bull, he has at last been released by the Industrial School, which for ten years has curbed his spirits. The boy knows he is illegitimate and that his mother has disappeared, but this abasement is forgotten in his first taste of freedom; there are songs in his heart and he puts his own words to them as he heads for his grandfather's cottage by the river Ree. He finds Barney, the old man, a hard driver and abusive, but the life cannot dull Cahal's exuberance as long as Bridie is there to cook for them, as long as he has a melodeon to play and the chance to be with Máire, the new girl in the village whom he surprised while she was bathing in the river and whose beauty is his dream.

Cahal is enslaved before he knows it — to Barney, to the older woman he was deluded into marrying, to the harvests which force him deeper in debt. He fights back with his patient strength, with his songs which are repeated from tavern to tavern, and with his longing for Máire. The youth of the book and the scenes in which Cahal's strong, blithe spirit is challenged are what give the novel its poignancy. The hooley where Máire first tries to rouse him; the day he "lowered" old Barney in full sight of the village; the flood, when he went to the rescue of Jamesey and his father; the unsparing talk with the Canon; the bloody day on the threshing field — Mr. Macken tells it all in Cahal's words with a lilt and an honesty refreshing to read.

Artist and horse lover, a son of Ireland and a devotee of Virginia, **James Reynolds** is a writer in

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES, **RANDOM HOUSE**, N. Y.

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whom the springs of enjoyment are now bubbling at the rate of two new books each year. He writes of Irish castles, and of Irish ghosts, an incomparable collection of which he inherited from his lovely grandmother; he is at work on his autobiography, and he has just published his gay-hearted novel, *Maeve the Huntress* (Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.75), which celebrates the Ireland of the country house, the ballroom, and race week — a rambling, picturesque story continuing the chronicle of the Lassitter family of Connaught and particularly the adventures of Mark and Maeve, the twins, who have reached their eighteenth birthday as the story begins. It is a sequel to Mr. Reynolds's novel, *The Grand Wide Way*, and here as earlier everyone present is out to have a good time, and has it.

Maeve herself is a rather old-fashioned Spirited Beauty; she makes her debut, shows her horses at Dublin, visits friends in Italy — the account of Venice is heavenly — captivates an eligible Virginian, and eventually becomes chatelaine of Blaney Castle and M.F.H. of the West Galway Hunt. She has many friends and relatives to smooth her way, all well off, and the possessor of horses and castles with charming names; there are balls, routs, pretty clothes, immense delicious meals, fast races, sensational hunts, quaint servants, ghost stories, and superstition. No personalities but lots of characters; no plot but plenty of incident; death and fires are soon forgotten, for what counts here is the *joie de vivre*. Mr. Reynolds's zest for Irish society is genuine and compelling.

"The finding, framing and telling of Stories"

I have a special liking for those autobiographies in which a writer tells of how he approached and mastered his craft. The essays of John Galsworthy, *The Summing Up* by Somerset Maugham, Henry James's *Notebooks*, and the *Journal* of Katherine Mansfield are at once sources of incentive and measurement for the beginner. To the shelf, I now add *So Long to Learn* by John Masefield (Macmillan, \$2.50), the account of how he struggled through youth and early manhood to become a storyteller, and within its limits a perfect example of the backward glance, so vivid, so modest, and so illuminating. I think of the difficulties he encountered in his rather lonely boyhood; the forbidding Victorian attitude which drove him into his hiding hole — his "tepee" — to read and which mocked any notion of his trying to write. I enjoy the liberation which came to him as at last he began to find the great books, and can see how the yarns of the clipper ships, told him by old Wally of the *Conway*, were seed for his later work. And I feel the breadth of his vision as Masefield speaks of what Yeats did for the poetic drama; as he gives his magnificent appraisal of the *Morte d'Arthur* and, in his closing passage, sounds his call for the return of the British Epic and Fable in their true nobility.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Three Who Made Legends

HENRY IRVING by *Laurence Irving*. (Macmillan, \$10.00.) In this spacious biography, Irving's grandson tells the fabulous story of the poor farm boy who became one of the world's greatest actors, and he brings vividly before the reader's eye a legendary theatrical career.

THE FOUR SEASONS OF MANUELA by *Victor W. von Hagen*. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown, \$5.00.) Rescued from its many myths by painstaking research, here is the love story of the turbulent Manuela Saenz and Simon Bolivar, one of the most passionately extravagant among the makers of history.

NELL GWYN: ROYAL MISTRESS by *John H. Wilson*. (Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$4.00.) An admirable and extremely entertaining biography of "witty, pretty Nell of Old Drury" — brazen, debauched, humorous, "the wildest and indiscreetest creature that ever was in court."

Traveling Companions

WORLD WIDE TRAVEL GUIDE by *Richard Joseph*. (Doubleday, \$3.50.) This up-to-date version of Mr. Joseph's *Your Trip Abroad* covers some thirty countries. It dispenses a great deal of useful information in a compact manner, and contains a handy currency converter on the inside of the jacket.

JOURNEY IN THE SUN by *Dane Chandos*. (Doubleday, \$3.00.) Mr. Chandos's account of a tour through Spain and Portugal is an exceptionally engaging piece of travel writing. The author is an amusing observer who writes equally well about people, landscape, art and architecture, food and wine.

FOOTLOOSE IN SWITZERLAND by *Horace Sutton*. (Rinehart, \$4.00.) The Travel Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* adds a fourth enthusiastic volume to his lively, well-organized "Footloose" series. Many photographs by the author.

ROME AND A VILLA by *Eleanor Clark*. (Doubleday, \$4.00.) A brilliantly written, intense, sometimes overelaborated evocation of the face and feel of Rome, with excursions into its history and time out to tell the life story of the famous Sicilian bandit, Giuliano.

Science for the Layman

A LAND by *Jacquetta Hawkes*. (Random House, \$3.75.) A poet and jack of all sciences enlivens the geological history of Britain with anthropology, aesthetics, and politics in an informative, beautifully written book. Drawings by Henry Moore.

PLANTS, MAN AND LIFE by *Edgar Anderson*. (Little, Brown, \$4.00.) No botanical training is needed to follow this account of how men and plants have influenced each other. It's as fascinating as a detective story.

WHEN DOCTORS ARE PATIENTS edited by *Max Pinner, M.D., and Benjamin F. Miller, M.D.* (Norton, \$3.95.) Thirty-three doctors describe varied reactions to thirty-three diseases. Uneven, but the best pieces are enlightening and moving, the unsatisfactory ones remarkably few.

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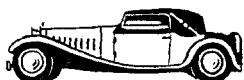
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



AMERICAN business, which has long been harassed by the baying of writers and social reformers, has lately been bitten by the hand that fed it: *Fortune* Magazine. In a series of articles based on two years' intensive research and now gathered into a book — *Is Anybody Listening?* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.00) — William H. Whyte, Jr., and the editors of *Fortune* present a cheerfully disrespectful and generally devastating critique of the folkways of American business. The piercing irony is that, as Mr. Whyte acknowledges in a whisper, *Fortune* has done its bit toward fostering some of the folkways which this treatise finds moronic or repulsive.

Is anybody listening to the massive sales campaign for free enterprise on which U.S. industry is spending upwards of a hundred million dollars a year? Whyte's answer is that the campaign "is not worth a damn"; and he proceeds to show how and why business is grossly fumbling the job of communication.

One basic trouble is that business has spent far too much time listening to itself instead of to the customers: it is mesmerized by its own myths and self-induced fears. The public, according to *Fortune's* survey, has emphatically not lost faith in free enterprise; it has, however, become deeply distrustful of the hypocrisy, the hokum, and the odious interpretations of the American dream which have been peddled in the name of free enterprise. The folksiness of so much of the copy "selling" free enterprise is a scabrous insult to the American intelligence. "Hell yes, it stinks," say the ad-men glibly, "but chum, we're not writing for smart guys like you and me, but for the peasants and that's what they go for." *Fortune* found the "peasants" unimpressed.

This reader particularly savored the scathing sections on the debasement of language by business — on dropsically inflated "businessese"; on the currently more fashionable "reverse gobbledegook," which tries to mask vacuity or weasling with phrases which give a brisk, "on-the-beam" effect; and on the castrated English of

"prose engineers" such as Dr. Rudolph Flesch, whose grotesque formulae don't award pass marks to Churchill's blood-toil-tears-and-sweat metaphor. Incidentally Flesch, with a Neanderthal touch characteristic of his species, has suggested that Churchill should have said: "You must expect great suffering and hard work."

The latter part of Whyte's book explores a grimmer subject: the extent to which corporations have been bewitched by the "social engineers" — the champions of adjustment for adjustment's sake — whose idea is to "engineer" everybody into a machine-like conformity similar to the "group think" of George Orwell's 1984. A good many concerns, before hiring a married man, screen his wife to see whether she can be "integrated" into the corporation "family." Whyte was dismayed to find that the wives of management, to a considerable degree have happily surrendered to group-think — they would not, for instance, dream of buying a Cadillac if the boss drives a Buick. *Getting along*, Whyte concludes, has become their end-all purpose.

Churchilliania

Robert Lewis Taylor's *Winston Churchill* (Doubleday, \$4.50) starts out with two strikes against it. The first is that Churchill's life has been more than copiously documented, and much of the documentation has been done with matchless éclat by Winston Churchill. The second is that Taylor apparently has not had direct contact with his subject, who is adamantly uncoöperative with biographers. Churchill — heavily dependent on his literary earnings to sustain his ducal style of living — has long since let it be understood that whatever monies are to be made by writing about him, he intends, as far as possible, to make himself. In spite of these handicaps, Mr. Taylor has come up with a biography which should delight a good many people, however much they may have read about Churchill.

The subtitle, "An informal Study of Greatness," has misleading connotations: in so far as appraising Churchill's greatness is concerned, Taylor's book says nothing of much consequence. What the author has given us is an anecdotal biography written in the vein of a *New Yorker* profile; and it is, for my money, a highly entertaining job every inch of the way.

I have slight misgivings — possibly unjustified — as to whether Taylor

has always separated legend from fact: a British journalist who knows Churchill well once itemized in print his daily intake of wines, whiskey, and brandy; and this accounting, though moderately stunning, amounts to but a few drops for each beaker attributed to Churchill by Taylor. At any rate, this book added to my knowledge of Churchilliana such items as the fact that Churchill's breakfast is apt to include — in addition to an egg, bacon, scones, and tea — half a cold partridge and a bottle of white wine; that in a period of political misfortune, Churchill once bought a cheap violin and essayed to prepare himself for the concert stage; that after his famous broadcast declaring "We shall fight them on the beaches," he placed his hand over the microphone and added: "And we will hit them over the heads with beer bottles, which is about all we have to work with."

An admirable feature of Taylor's biography is that it dwells particularly on the less well known phases of Churchill's career — his tempestuous schooldays; his combat experience as a subaltern, in which he displayed a lunatic bravery; his early days in Parliament; his service as a colonel in the trenches in the First World War. All in all, Taylor's "Life" lends persuasive backing to his comment on Churchill: "It is wholly possible that he is the liveliest personality yet produced by the upper vertebrates."

Close-up of Gide

Since the war, there has been an appreciable rise of interest among serious readers in this country in the writings of André Gide; and the critics have been at work on him. Two books about Gide were published in the forties: a critical biography by Klaus Mann, which was discerning in part but rather slipshod; and a doctrinaire essay by Van Meter Ames which inflated some sound perceptions into the sterile thesis that Gide was "a philosopher of science." Last August, there appeared Albert Guerard's erudite and incisive *André Gide*, primarily a study of Gide as a novelist. Now **Harold March**, a professor at Swarthmore and author of an excellent book on Proust, has turned in a comprehensive critical biography, *Gide and the Hound of Heaven* (University of Pennsylvania Press, \$5.00), which makes use of the important disclosures that Gide made about his marriage ("the secret drama of my life") a few years before his death.

Professor March's is an extremely searching study which contributes much to a fuller understanding of Gide's complex, elusive personality and to a more precise awareness of the issues at stake in his work. It tells the story of Gide's restless life in fascinating detail, and the analytic passages are skillfully integrated with the biography. Unlike so much of the writing about Gide, March's appraisal is neither hostile nor adulatory, but sympathetic and at the same time decidedly exacting. The author also deals trenchantly with the bearing of Gide's homosexuality on his life and work.

Having made clear my regard for Professor March's study, I must add that it has, to my mind, certain shortcomings of some consequence. The author has accepted at face value the picture which Gide tends to give of himself in the *Journals* as a man more or less crippled by neurasthenia — a picture which (as Gide eventually acknowledged, and as his life itself demonstrated) is somewhat out of focus. March does not bring into bold enough relief those elements in Gide which furnish an exhilarating counterpoint to his cloying introspection and perversity — his remarkable creative energy (he wrote more than fifty books); his insatiable zest for literature; his spirit of adventure.

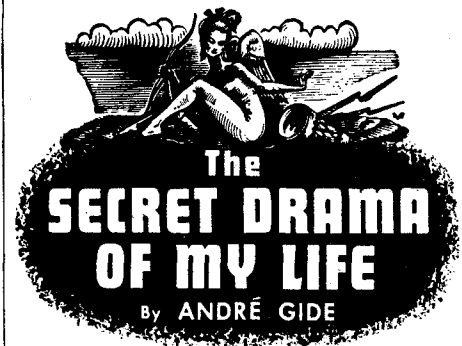
Similarly March's analysis, which delves deeply and discerningly into Gide's spiritual conflicts and the opposites that obsessed him — submission to authority and emancipation; self-assertion and self-loss — fails to give sufficient emphasis to the *enlivening* content of Gide's disquiet: the quality which made his influence so tremendous among young European intellectuals. March has neglected, I feel, the crucial point that a resolution to the problems which Gide dramatized, with inconclusive conclusions, in each of his books is to be found in his work when it is viewed as a continuum. This resolution is the Gidian doctrine of perpetual exploration, which might be baldly paraphrased as follows: Emancipation brings freedom and the elation of rebirth; but untrammelled freedom breeds defeat, followed by a recognition of freedom's hazards, which, however, should serve as an impetus for fresh adventure. "*Le Paradis est toujours à refaire.*"

Private lives

Loving, Nothing, Back, Caught, Concluding, Party Going — these six nov-

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"In what some here call shocking taste and others a non-restraint necessary for one trying to make literate the whole of his inverted life, Gide relates the fantastic tale of his honeymoon in Italy, where he often abandoned his bride for local *ragazzi*, and his adventures on a train to Algiers, which provoked from his wife the remark, 'You had the air of a criminal or a madman.' And when, he recounts, twenty-two years later he went off on a similar adventure to England and Madeleine burnt all his letters to her, he wept for eight days — not, he is careful to make clear, because of what he had slowly made of his wife, but because of such a precious loss to his writing.

"Ordinarily one might render unto Gide the privacy of his private life, if it weren't he himself who made it part of the public domain. Moreover Gide's chronicling of his life is by far his essential legacy."

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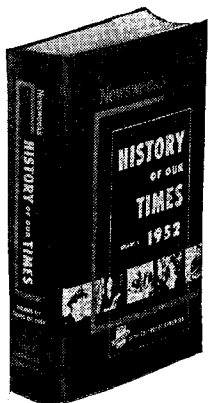
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els by England's **Henry Green** (written between the late thirties and late forties, and published in this country, in nonchronological order, since 1949) add up to a body of work which is one of the freshest and most exciting in contemporary fiction. The latest Green offering — to straighten out his tangled literary chronology — really is his latest: the title is *Doting* (Viking, \$3.00), and the setting is the West End of London.

"I've always doted on older men," says Annabel Paynton, eighteen years old, to Arthur Middleton, rising forty-five and, as the saying goes, happily married. And Arthur remarks: "Oh, doting isn't loving at all, Ann." As usual, Green's economic title goes to the heart of the matter: this is a story about people who are in a state of doting.

After the Middletons have taken Annabel out several times as a date for their schoolboy son, Arthur starts inviting her to luncheons à deux; and presently Diana Middleton catches her husband and Annabel in farcically compromising circumstances. In retaliation, Diana starts dining out with their old friend, Charles Addinsell, a handsome widower much versed in philandering. Arthur, distraught by the tensions in his home, introduces the selfsame Charles to Annabel, but is righteously indignant — though not more so than Diana — when they learn that Charles and Annabel are seeing each other nightly. Diana and Annabel now engage in devious maneuvering against each other, in the course of which Annabel's confidante, another eighteen-year-old, becomes involved with Charles. Eventually the five of them go out together on a party for the Middletons' son — "And the next day they all went on very much the same."

The story is told almost entirely in dialogue — dialogue through whose surface is filtered, prismatically, the characters' true coloring. There is possibly no novelist in business who punctures human pretensions quite so subtly as Henry Green, or who does so with such affectionate tolerance. In a year whose showing, in fiction, has been exceptionally poor to date, *Doting* is something to be thankful for. It is, however, certainly one of Green's lesser novels; and the author's wonderfully sly humor is a bit tarnished by the book's over-all tone of somewhat shame-faced and distinctly ineffective middle-aged lechery.

Green says of *Doting*: "They will call it decadent, but it is not. In fifteen years' time it will be thought quite soppy."

Potpourri

YOUR TRIP TO BRITAIN by Richard Joseph. Doubleday, \$4.50.

This 429-page handbook to England, Scotland, Wales, North Ireland, and the Coastal Islands might fairly conservatively be described as encyclopedic. Whether you want to know about the green fees at Royal St. George's or visiting hours at the Duke of Norfolk's mansion or the mores of pub life or the possibilities of jazzing up your holiday by participating in a "Temperance Festival" — Mr. Joseph has the answer. The author's avowed love affair with the British Isles leads him to discern enticements in places which, as a former resident of this territory, I would heartily dis-recommend. But even a native of Britain would find this sprightly manual, with its vast fund of folklore, a very helpful source of reference on a trip around his own country.

THE WORLD OF GEORGE JEAN NATHAN edited by Charles Angoff. Knopf, \$5.00.

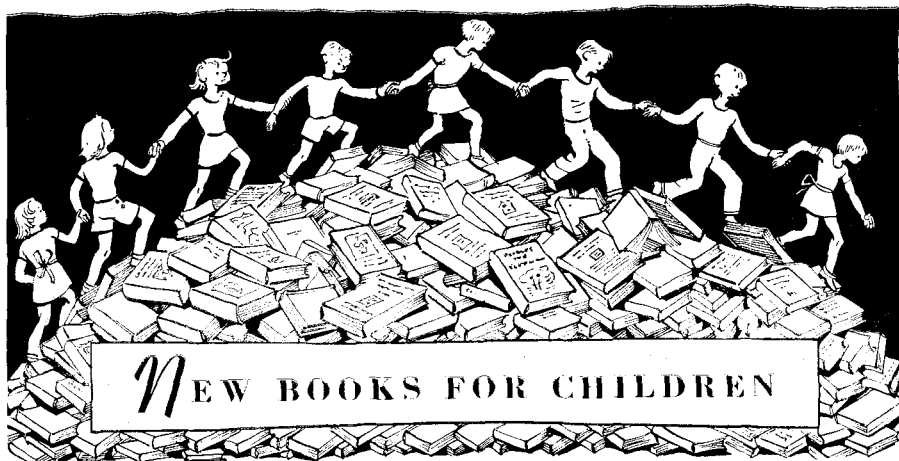
A generous anthology of Mr. Nathan's adrenal prose culled from his three dozen books and other writings. Herein are Mr. Nathan's pronunciamientos on, *inter alia*: bachelors, sex, women, marriage, alcohol, literary personalities, strip-tease, movies, ballet, the drama, criticism, and the American credo. Our savant is unquestionably most impressive when dealing with the theater. But whether Nathan is capriciously extravagant, or his worldly wisdom thin, or his love of paradox dated, he possesses an inestimable quality: he is virtually incapable of being dull. This offering would be worth the price of admission if only for the sake of its verbal virtuosity, which may be somewhat *démodé* but is more than somewhat exhilarating.

THE STOCKADE by Kenneth Lamott. Little, Brown, \$3.00.

The setting of this taut, tough first novel is a Pacific island at the end of World War II. A platoon of Marines commanded by a hard-bitten, unthinking Lieutenant is guarding some 5000 Okinawans and Koreans, impressed into labor battalions by the defeated enemy, and now packed into a stockade. Only the platoon's doctor senses that Lieutenant Rossi's callous handling of "the gooks" is breeding a sinister situation in the stockade; and he cannot avert the eventual disaster. Lamott's fast-moving story is a timely minor drama symbolizing the nemesis that the white man's color prejudice invites in Asia.

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NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

by MARGARET FORD KIERAN

MARGARET FORD KIERAN was *Children's Page Editor of the Boston Herald* for twenty-three years. She is the author of a juvenile entitled *David and the Magic Powder*.

THINGS have reached a fine state of affairs when one's house guests have to fight their way through piles of children's books in order to retire for the night. But that's the way it was at our place. Books to the left of you, books to the right of you, and we were just plain lucky in having such an understanding visitor as *North with the Spring* Edwin Way Teale, who strode manfully through the guest room in search of a decent night's sleep. I think, though, that he may have taken a peak at *George Heinhold's Burglar in the Treetops* (Holt, \$3.00) en route. It has such nature lore as he especially would enjoy, and this is the time of year when anyone's thoughts are turning towards shore and woods.

Birds, beasts, and fish must have been foremost in the mind of many a children's author this past winter. The spring crop of books fairly sings with the pound of waves and the hush of forest. Even a casual trip through a bookstore would show you this. It would show you, too, that all those diatribes sounded by people who say there are too many books published, anyway, don't apply to juveniles. In this department things are improving. More books, yes, and better ones.

My stint of reporting on such books this spring seemed more arduous than last fall's for some reason. Possibly because my thirteen-year-old assistant, Ronnie, was not available — he being currently engaged in collecting sea shells on the West Coast. I missed his firm, authoritative phrases: "This is nutsey," for a favorite, and "That you can have," for one that did not measure up to his high standards.

Nevertheless the job had to be done, and now, unhappy as a man confronted with the task of making selections for an anthology — some fine things are inevitably left out — I give you first a few choices for boys and girls in the lower age brackets. Four to eight years would be this grouping, roughly, though all parents should realize that their own children are above the average in intelligence and some adjustments will therefore be necessary.

You would have to read *Tiny Toosey's Birthday* (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00) by Mabel G. LaRue to understand how the ridiculously simple tale of a family's trip downtown had me in such a state of suspense I couldn't bear it when I thought all the Tooseys were finally on the train, only to realize that Tiny himself had jumped off to retrieve his mother's blown-away hat. Such excitement! Such stopping of the train! And that was only one of the climaxes attending the day's excursion. I don't know what made this story more hair-raising than many a television thriller, unless it was that the family was so pleasant I liked them and cared what happened. The book is one of the publisher's Easy Reading Series, and very small boys and girls will want to reread it, I'm sure.

Teaching a youngster how to handle money becomes a very painless operation through *David's Hundred Dollars* by Catherine Woolley (Morrow, \$2.50). It starts with David's receiving an award of that amount for preventing a train wreck. Picture a boy going on nine with one hundred dollars in his pocket. Well, not really in his pocket, because his mother was official custodian. And not really one hundred dollars, because he had spent a little of it on candy, toy airplanes, and things like that. But there was enough left for him to dream and

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Atlantic Prizes to College Students

The Atlantic Contests for College Students for 1951-1952 (closing date April 8) were open to all students using the Atlantic Monthly in a course during some part of the college year from September 1951 through March 1952.

Essay Contest

PRIZE—\$100.00

The Riddle of Time, by W. O. Alexander, Jr., University of Houston, Texas; *Ruth Pennybacker, Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

Chiaroscuro in the Scarlet Letter, by Elizabeth Bartels, Clarke College, Dubuque, Iowa; *Sister Mary Ignatia, B.V.M., Instructor*

Two Legs To Stand On, by John D. McKee, University of New Mexico; *Julia M. Keleher, Instructor*

Heritage, by Irene K. Davis, University of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Emily G. Irvine, Instructor*

But the Weather Turned Around, by Mary Joan Storm, Mount Saint Mary's College, Los Angeles, California; *Sister M. Laurentia, C.S.J., Instructor*

Story Contest

PRIZE—\$100.00

The Giant Forsythia, by Gwynne Wimberly Shook, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas; *George Bond, Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

The Cousins, by Louis J. Bosco, University of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor*

Flowers of the Field, by Ann A. Burzynski, University of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; *Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor*

Chavez, by Richard Barnes, Pomona College, Claremont, California; *Edward Weismiller, Instructor*

Bella Mae, by Helen Obrikat, Fresno State College, California; *Frances M. Wilson, Instructor*

Poetry Contest

PRIZE—\$100.00

Christmas Card, by Lillian A. Pereyra, Mount Saint Mary's College, Los Angeles, California; *Sister Marie de Lourdes, Instructor*

HONORABLE MENTION

Sampler, by Richard B. Roberts, University of New Hampshire, Durham, New Hampshire; *Carroll S. Towle, Instructor*

Three Cinquains, by Ann Carlson Brown, Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio; *Robert Price, Instructor*

Turbulent Peace, by Mary Anne Lewis, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland; *Sister Maura, S.S.N.D., Instructor*

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1952 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one to Gwynne Wimberly Shook, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas (for her story, *The Giant Forsythia*), and one to George Bond, Instructor of Gwynne Wimberly Shook

drool over. As the days go by he transforms his yearnings into purchases that leave him with practically nothing to show for the once huge sum. A sure lesson in economy with brisk text and good line drawings.

If you happen to be living in a household that is complicated by the addition of a cat, dog, pony, hamster, and other assorted beasts, do not despair until you have read *Too Many Pets* by Mary M. Aldrich (Macmillan, \$2.00). Everybody but Daddy contributed something to this entourage. His stern voice of authority rings throughout the book until the last few pages, when, weary and won, he donates two guinea pigs to the collection. "Nothing like a few animals around the house to keep things from getting dull," he murmurs in a reluctant and dignified admission of defeat.

Elizabeth Coatsworth has done another appealing tale, which she calls *The Wishing Pear* (Macmillan, \$2.00). Children who show a distaste for history in school will no longer have to be prodded and pressed to read about our country in the seventeenth century. Not when the story of Peter Stuyvesant is made contemporary through the fanciful tale of little Lydia Ten Eyck, who lived in a brick house just outside New Amsterdam. The book is slight but it has charm.

Squirrel Hotel by William Pène du Bois (Viking, \$2.00) is something else again. Maybe you will think it is a story only for young people, but I found myself moving along credulously with the account of an old gentleman who, when not conducting an orchestra of bees, was working on a splendid miniature hotel for squirrels, complete with electricity and running water. This should not be classified with the *Alice in Wonderland* sort of nonsense. It is cool, logical, and completely convincing once you accept the fact that a bee orchestra is technically possible. I don't think I am able to convey the serious, the believable, quality that this fantasy projects. Perhaps you'd better take a look at it yourself. I feel sure, even if you should be skeptical, that your children will dote on it.

The illustrations in *Binky's Fire* (Harcourt, Brace, \$1.75) are wonderful. Beth Krush did them, and Sally Scott wrote the book. Binky is a beagle pup whose relation to family living is extremely tenuous until there comes his big moment, when unwittingly he is the hero of the neighborhood. His expression of glee as the newspaper photographers turn up for a candid camera shot resembles that of a successful political candidate just after the final count is announced. Sally Scott makes Binky think the way *I* think a dog thinks. A cute story.

Now to a little higher age group. There has been a decided trend, this past year, toward books about young people who, for one reason or another are thrown on their own resources while their parents are out of the family picture.

The Rowleys of Robin Road by Joan Beckman (Whittlesey House \$2.50), *Ronnie* by Lester Rountree (Viking, \$2.50), and *Strong Wings* by Mabel Louise Robinson (Random House, \$2.75) are cases in point. Judging by the way the childrer acquit themselves, it does not seem too revolutionary to submit that parents, or at least those of them who don't seem to be able to run their own lives, would do better to let the younger generation take a fling at self-discipline. These three books are full of the sort of adventures that build character. They are wholesome and happy and they sparkle with a love of the out-of-doors.

The last thing I would want to suggest is that the books I mention as "wholesome" have anything saccharine about them. Not at all. *Timmy and the Tiger* by Marjorie Paradis (Harper, \$2.50) is just as exciting as many a comic book to which I have been exposed. And the sharp note of courage and honesty that young Tim sounds is something that will make a positive and lasting impression on ten-year-olds.

For this same age group and older children I recommend a group of baseball yarns selected by Phyllis R. Fenner, called *Crack of the Bat* (Knopf, \$2.50). The story of how Babe Ruth got his name and behind-the-scenes bits about the Dodgers and the Yankees are told by sports writers like Bob Considine, Frank Graham, and John R. Tunis. Some fact, some fiction, and in either case thoroughly readable.

The Rookie from Junction Flats by Joe Webster (Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$2.50) is another baseball story (strictly fiction this one) and, though it ends in the conventional split-second hoopla home run, it does have a good, authentic feeling of sand lot, dugout, and diamond.

At the risk of having young spaceship designers pooh-poo my choice, I will say that I enjoyed *Today's Science and You* by Lynn Poole (Whittlesey House, \$2.75). The reason I think overearnest youths may raise an eyebrow is that the book is written in a popular vein. Chapter headings like "X Ray the Sleuth," "What is an Isotope?", "Trace Elements," and "Schistosomiasis" give you an idea of the scope of the work, and I still think it will find interested readers among average teen-agers and their elders.

Also in the scientific field is *Model Jets and Rockets* by Raymond F. Yates (Harper, \$2.50). The line drawings are clear and so is the text. Perhaps you remember Mr. Yates's equally fine *Boys' Book of Model Railroad*.

The preceding notes I have made seem to lean on the masculine side. So let me hastily call to your attention a pleasant tale titled *Lincoln's Little Correspondent* by Hertha Pauli (Doubleday, \$2.50). I am not an authority on Lincolniana, so I must take the publisher's word as to its historical accuracy. Anyway, it's a pretty little tale, and once again a good springboard for history. (Eight to twelve years of age for this one.)

Now back to teen-agers, and would there were a better word for this group. A fast, crisp-dialogued story for girls is *A Cap for Corinne* by Zillah K. Macdonald (Messner, \$2.50). All the down-to-earth routine of a nursing career is chronicled here, but it is enlivened by a romance that has the added appeal of mystery — disappearing narcotics.

Then there is *May Lamberton Becker's Presenting Miss Jane Austen* (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00). What a lovely book this is! In text, in treatment, and in illustrations it is far, far above the run of the mill. Though it is an introduction to one of England's leading literary ladies and is thus designed for young people, it should find a much wider audience.

Always realizing that summer is practically upon us, I want to mention *Black Tide* by Carl D. Lane (Little, Brown, \$2.75). It would be an excellent selection for anyone in your family or among your young friends who likes boats. Not only is it an exciting adventure story of three boys a long way from home in their Maine sloop, but it reprints excellent diagrams of gear, course, ships, and operations connected with the yarn.

Let's Fish by Harry Zarechy (Knopf, \$3.00) is another title you'll want to jot down for that summer reading list. It has everything an embryo fisherman would want to know, including descriptions of more fish than I, limited to a sketchy acquaintance with sole Marguéry and sea food vol-au-vent, had dreamed of. Tuck it in Junior's bag if he's going to camp or if he and Daddy are planning an excursion.

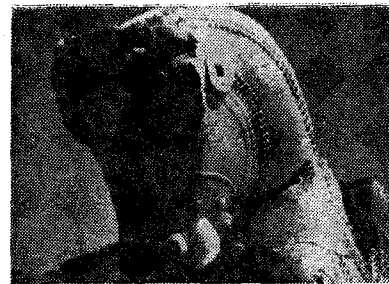
When *An Introduction to Wild Flowers* (Doubleday, \$2.50) by John Kieran came in I was prepared to make quite a thing of my capacity for unprejudiced judgment by setting the book in its place with a restrained though laudatory nod. Alas, it won me. As a companion volume to his *Introduction to Birds* it is delightfully informative — and, once again, it is a book which cannot be directed to any specific age group. Boys and girls will like to use it after a hike, to check up on flowers they have seen; and their elders with a latent interest in nature will enjoy it, too. There are lovely illustrations in color by Tabea Hoffmann. Because of the references, it could almost have been called "Introduction to Spring."

Now comes the most frustrating moment. The books are still before me and so is the warning that says "Time and space are nearly up." Only a quick but enthusiastic mention then of *Escape from the Icecap* by Bertrand Shurtleff (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50); *One Morning in Maine* by Robert McCloskey (Viking, \$2.50), and *Jim Bridger* by Shannon Garst (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75).

Then there are, as usual, the Golden Books of Simon and Schuster: *Wheels*, *Seven Little Postmen*, *Indian*, *Indian*, and *The Tawny Scrawny Lion*.

But you who follow children's books have seen these titles by now, perhaps. To you who do not keep up with the reading matter of the young generation, I can only say that a walk through a bookstore — and I realize that this sounds a commercial note — will be a pleasant experience indeed.

Too many books are published, yes, but not too many books for boys and girls. I look forward to seeing more of them crowd our guest room next fall, and I only hope that my assistant, Ronnie, will be on hand to help me evaluate them. He will be a mature young man of fourteen by then. And — who knows? — he may be able to give me a new word for "teen-ager."



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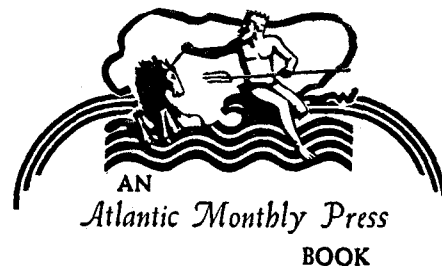
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ACCENT ON LIVING



THERE are still a few odd kinks in the American business operation that no one seems to be able to straighten out. Multiple solicitation by mail, for instance. Consider the case of Doakes, for the past ten years a subscriber for the magazine *Tumult*. He reads it closely, finds in it much to his liking, and knows almost as well as the editors what the magazine is all about.

Suddenly, in the same mail with his June 27 copy, Doakes receives three letters from the circulation department of *Tumult*. All three are identical — a rousing appeal for Doakes to take advantage, right away, of *Tumult's* big money-saving, get-acquainted offer. *Tumult* has reason to believe, it tells him, that Doakes is precisely the kind of man who would enjoy reading *Tumult*. Simply use the convenient order form and return envelope and *Tumult* will be his.

Doakes is nettled by the letters, which imply that *Tumult* fails to appreciate his years of loyal readership; but it's a small matter, a clerical error by some underling at *Tumult*, he decides. He throws the letters away. A week later two more letters arrive, this time with air mail reply envelopes enclosed: Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

Tumult is plainly losing its wits. Postage, paper, human energy are being squandered, and Doakes is of-

fended by the stupidity of the repeated errors. And why should *Tumult* be offering him a lower rate as a stranger for a "trial" subscription than he pays as one of its perennial supporters?

Doakes sits down and writes a well-reasoned letter of reproof to *Tumult*. What has come over it? Desist. Let *Tumult* mend its ways. Disgustingly yours, J. Doakes.

From *Tumult's* point of view, the situation underlying Doakes's complaint is embarrassing but unavoidable. The magazine is enjoying a healthy growth, yet every year it loses a goodly number of its subscribers to death, poverty, procrastination, ennui, or the competition of other magazines. New readers must replace these defections.

One way for *Tumult* to replenish its list is to send out teams of fast-talking doorbell-ringers. But house-to-house selling is so expensive that it often eats up the entire subscription price and more.

Tumult has found that it can bring in a considerable number of new readers by display advertising with a coupon to clip. The difficulty here is that *Tumult* is not a "mass" maga-

zine, and there are only a few media in which its advertising can be made to pay off.

This leaves only one other avenue of approach to the much needed new subscriber — direct mail. In the financial sense, *Tumult* is really in the mail-order business. A given expenditure on the direct mail appeal adds more new names than any other method will produce.

The people who inhabit the mail-order world have one characteristic in common: they are all willing to buy — nay, have bought — merchandise by mail. As a result of the purchase, their names have landed on a list, and a functionary known as a "list broker" rents the list for \$10 or \$15 per M (incl. addr.) to those who would like to transact some more direct mail business with these same people.

Tumult's circulation department receives thousands of cards from list brokers, each setting forth the peculiar virtues of a certain list.

A list may contain anywhere from a hundred to a million names. By testing out a thousand or two names on a big list, *Tumult's* circulation department can drop it or go further, according to what the sample augurs. By much trial and error, it has learned exactly the degree of "special offer" that will fetch a new reader. It would much prefer to wrest the full price

from him and it has experimented in that direction, but the newcomers simply won't pay it — and no newcomers, no *Tumult*, for old subscribers or anyone else.

The diversity of brokers' lists is likely to stagger anyone who encounters it for the first time. Here are a few bona fide categories, as described by the brokers: —

Unique list of people (30,000) interested in purchasing property on West Coast deeded to the state for nonpayment of taxes.

Recent buyers (9290) of unique albums of bird songs and frog and toad voices.

People (400,000) who sent in a box top plus 50 cents cash for one chef's saw.

Men (50,000) who want to learn how to become private detectives, find missing persons, etc.

Executives (10,000) who subscribe for a periodic service of urinalysis. These are health-conscious individuals with above-average income.

Extremely choice small list of buyers (2500) of cement for home repair of antiques, bric-a-brac, ceramics, etc.

Ten thousand people who are interested in "Naturopathy."

People (15,000) who make speeches — leaders in their communities who have bought their speech material from a mail-order house.

Fifty thousand buyers of "Psychology of Love Courses."

List of people (7650) who have bought a bookkeeping system to be used in operating their own mail-order business from home or small office.

These categories may, of course, be a shade too specialized for Doakes, but if he received five letters, he is on five lists. Perhaps he is a gourmet — anyone at all, in the world of the list broker, who ever ordered by mail anything to eat or drink. Or he may be living on a "compiled list" — that is, he is a mushroom fancier, a graduate of Berserk College, owns a '50

Chevy, and took a winter cruise last year to the Mediterranean. These qualities might put him on a highly selective list where all four would be included, or he might be named on four additional lists on account of each.

Well, reasons Doakes after hearing *Tumult's* story, why doesn't the magazine screen out its subscribers before using the lists rented from the brokers? A fair question, and the answer is twofold: 1) The screen-out operation alone would cost *Tumult* upwards of \$40,000 a year, and this it cannot afford; 2) most of the brokers won't let the lists out of their own possession, lest others copy the lists and spring into being as competing brokers. *Tumult* never even catches a glimpse of the list it must use.

At any rate, that's how it all comes to pass. [Nothing in the foregoing is necessarily to be construed as relating in any way to the affairs of the *Atlantic*.]

CHARLES W. MORTON

POOLED EFFORT

by JESSE GRANTHAM, JR.

JESSE GRANTHAM, JR., lives in a suburb of Philadelphia, where he works for the Curtis Circulation Company.

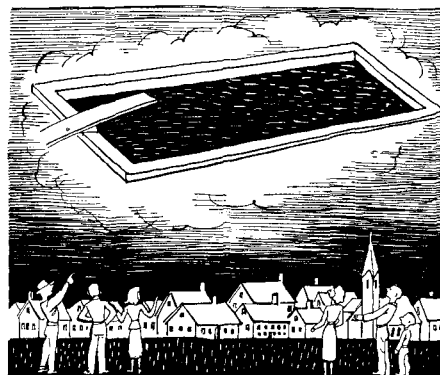
UNTIL recently, about the only thing our community produced was children. It's an area of young couples where play pens are about as noticeable as television aerials. Also noticeable was the community's lack of a swimming pool for youngsters.

Bob Avery said that very thing several years ago to his next-door neighbor, Ernestine Wright. Both of them told their friends. Before long there was talk of a few of us getting together to build a wading pool. As word of the project rolled around, it picked up interested families. Soon there was substantial talk of a monstrous pool to be open to three or four hundred families. It would cost \$100,000 — maybe more.

Imagination is an energetic engineer. Maybe that's what happened to Cheops. He started to build a modest, comfortable pyramid and ended up with the biggest yet. But Cheops had power. So does a community, though we underestimated it

at first. All we had in the beginning was enthusiasm, which withers. But about the time enthusiasm died and rigor mortis set in, we got a boot forward by Bob Avery.

Bob is an engineer, and he and a couple of friends ran the idea through their slide rules and devised a plan to



finance the pool by yearly dues and a sale of stock. Four hundred families were the most a pool could accommodate; \$100 per family was all even the most enthusiastic would pay. That came to \$40,000, which would buy land and almost pay for materials and some labor.

It was then that dormant talent

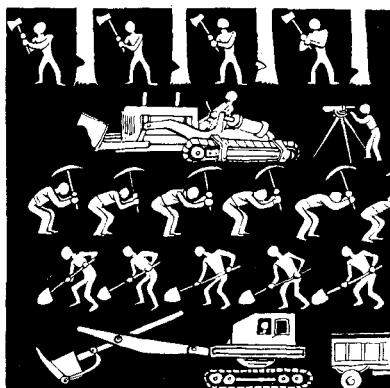
began to sprout. One citizen knew how to weld, another knew a friend with a bulldozer, someone else laid pipe once. Almost everyone figured he could do something. Even my wife Mary, who is no good on a garden spade, thought she could help by talking neighbors into the idea and out of \$100. She and Mary Swoyer headed up the membership committee and soon had crews organized to canvass the neighborhood.

Earl McGillicuddy, the architect grandson of Connie Mack, drew up plans for a pool that later caused engineers to wonder why every pool wasn't built the same way. It was T-shaped. At the base of the T were 1- and 3-meter diving boards. So that divers would not be crashing down upon swimmers, the main swimming area was the top of the T, 25 meters long to meet AAU requirements.

Things got going again. Roy Weston, a sanitation engineer, was put in charge of construction; Don Senges, a chemical engineer, volunteered to worry about the necessary filter plant; and Ed Clute, treasurer of a bank, agreed to handle finances. A couple of lawyers were willing to lead us down the legal path to a

nonprofit organization — for tax purposes, they explained.

For the next eighteen months nothing



happened materially, but plans were made on a D-day scale. Solicitors covered Marple and Newtown Townships, and memberships came in, but slowly. By early 1950 we had about \$15,000, which we felt was enough to purchase land. A plot of 12½ wooded acres was bought in Marple Township. That brought a flurry of stock buying. There was no bull market, just a comfortable eagerness. But it didn't last, and the membership committee again was ringing doorbells.

During the summer the actual location of the pool on the site was determined. Preliminary tests indicated there was rock below the surface, which meant trouble when the excavation started. Then the U.S. Army came to the rescue! A company of combat engineers belonging to the 28th National Guard was looking for a place to practice some of the lessons on demolition they had been studying in the classrooms. For several successive Saturdays residents of the community thought bombs were falling as the engineers blasted stone — and even some of the larger

tree stumps which could not be moved by a bulldozer.

In the fall of 1950, club members gathered on the grounds and cleared the land. Women prepared coffee and hot dogs while men cut down 50- and 60-foot oaks and beeches. Then the engineers brought out their transits and with mysterious professional signs laid out the pool. The bulldozer came in the next weekend, and before we knew it there was a hole in the ground.

During the winter, materials were bought and stored. We needed pipe with paint to preserve it and a member knew where to buy these things cheaply. Reinforcing steel was hard to get, but some was found and stored. We also got hold of two filters at manufacturer's cost. Whenever a purchase was considered, everyone asked where we could get a discount. What are high prices for but to bring out the hidden genius most people have for getting things wholesale?

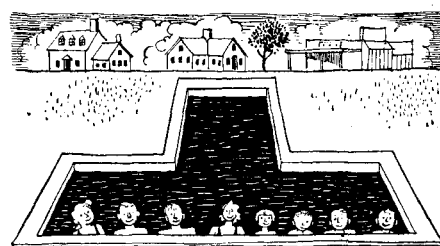
This activity caused another buying spate in pool stock. With this subsequent sign of prosperity, a bank agreed to lend the club a few thousand dollars to speed up the purchase of materials. And the more we bought, the easier it was to talk people into risking \$100. The idea was making more sense.

In the early spring of 1951 we got another real break. A contractor was willing to pour the concrete at little profit to himself. He was getting started in the swimming pool business and needed just this sort of prestige job to make him known. While concrete was oozing into shape, members were clearing ground for a parking area.

No one knew exactly what the year's expenses would be, so it was

decided to skip a bathhouse for the time being — children wouldn't mind dressing at home. Our theory that, somewhere in the community, knowledge at rest could be jolted into solving a problem had worked so many times it became automatic. My wife and I heard that an old prefabricated building left over from World War II had been zoned off some property not far away. Within a week the club had made a deal to have the building moved to the pool.

Then the old pattern began again. One member was in the trucking business — so we had a truck. Others had the strength and time to knock the house down and load it. Someone knew where we could get seconds in shingles at half price. The building looked so shabby and the price seemed so right, we shingled the whole thing from the ground up. Over one weekend, the house was shingled, a partition was built down the center, lino-



leum was laid, and plumbing was fitted in. One member built window boxes, another contributed geranium and petunia plants, and a third contributed about 300 square feet of sod.

When the concrete was poured and the bathhouse up and the filter plants purchased, the more conservative investors were ready to sign. Marple-Newtown Swim Club stock jumped to \$125. Memberships still came in.

Don Senges and a group who knew about fitting pipes installed the filter plants and, by spring, water was flowing into our pool. The grand opening was to be on July 8. On July 7, someone noticed that water was seeping through the walkway around the pool near where the feeder pipes had been laid. Shortly the plumbing and engineering details were digging like moles to find the break. They worked practically all night and fixed the leak. The next day, more than 500 members splashed around in their own pool.

Even financially, the pool is a success. The pool that would have cost the township over \$100,000 was built for about \$35,000. One reason for the success of the pool has been that from the very first it has been a family

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CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.

affair. In signing up members, not only were the parents listed but also every child in a family. Most country clubs are basically men's clubs in that the main feature is a golf course. This "average man's" country club puts the emphasis on the family.

When winter came, activities did not stop. Every Saturday found a group of enthusiastic men and women still working on the project. A smaller pool has been built for the little tots. A full-scale job of landscaping is being supervised by two landscape architects and a horticulturist.

Enough has been collected from yearly dues to cover all operating expenses for the first year and make a healthy payment on the bank note. The whole project, except yearly expenses, is about paid for. These yearly expenses will be met by the yearly dues. Dues are \$8 per person in each family up to four, with a charge of 50 cents for each additional person. There have been some complaints because of this charge, but none from Max Gilbert, who has all of his twelve sons and daughters signed up as club members.

LET'S GO

by ETHEL JACOBSON

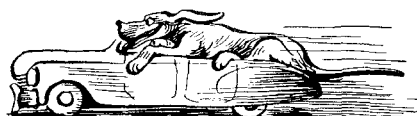
ROVER FORSAKEN

His joy is shattered,
His faith is shaken.
We went for a ride
And he wasn't taken.



ROVER TAKEN

HE plunges, he lunges
From laps to faces.
We're scattered and battered
By manic embraces.
He dances. He pants
Down the driver's neck.
Rover's in clover —
And we're a wreck!



SKOBLIANKA

by JOSEPH H. MEYERS

JOSEPH H. MEYERS was born in Cincinnati and until recently taught English at Purdue University. He now lives in Delray Beach, Florida.

ON OUR first trip abroad my wife and I found ourselves altogether unprepared to cope with the guides, touts, souvenir venders, and the like who prey on tourists. The best of them were a nuisance when we didn't want their services, as we seldom did. The worst were blackmailing fiends who completely spoiled our pleasure.

The guards in the Italian museums gave us a particularly bad time. The moment we appeared they would pin us down before some exhibit, force their worthless patter on us, and top the outrage by demanding a tip. They nearly maddened us sometimes until one day, under pressure, my wife recalled *The Innocents Abroad*.

On a Mediterranean cruise that he took in 1867, Mark Twain, you may remember, grew tired of being dragged about by little men who pointed out the obvious to him and recited facts he could find in his guidebook. So he and a friend of his worked out a system for discouraging guides. They simply adopted an attitude of idiot unresponsiveness and dead-pan heckling. When a guide in Genoa proudly showed them a piece of Columbus's own handwriting, they remarked that in America there were children of fourteen who could write better. But it was the handwriting of Columbus, the guide repeated. Who was Columbus? they asked. What did he do? Was he dead? Parents living? When another guide started lecturing them about a mummy, they listened sub-

missively and after he had finished stared in silence at the mummy for as long as they could hold out — five minutes, ten minutes. Then one of them asked, "Is he dead?"

The system sounds so mild, so harmless, that unless you have tried it you are likely to think it wouldn't repel a May moth. But we found out that it works — almost invariably and when nothing else will.

It was one day in Milan that Ginny suddenly remembered Mark Twain. We were in the Brera and a guard was holding us against our will before Raphael's *Wedding of the Virgin*. Raphael, he told us, was great artist.

"Oh, yes," said Ginny in her moment of inspiration. "He was an American too, wasn't he?"

"Che?" asked the guard, brought up short.

"Raphael was an American, just like me," said Ginny with simple patriotic pride.

"No, no, no!" said the guard. "Was Italian."

"No, no, no, *no!*" said Ginny. "Was American."

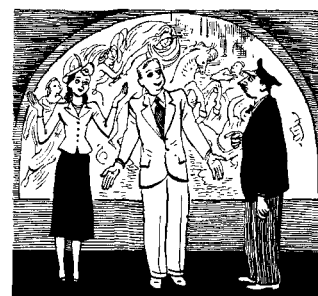
"Certainly he was," I joined in with delight. "Born in Philadelphia."

"Of course," said Ginny. "We knew him personally."

The guard opened his mouth, then closed it. Muttering disgustedly to himself, he moved away.

Soon we were using the Mark Twain system regularly. By degrees we developed our own variations.

Most of the people who prey on travelers, we found, are linguists. They speak at least a smattering of several languages, and they are extraordinarily shrewd at guessing the nationality of their intended victims.



So when a guide edged up to us in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie and started reciting, "This picture called *The Last Supper*. Is famous painting. Is by Leonardo da Vinci. Was great artist," I turned to him and said in Italian, "I don't understand." (It was one of the few things I could say in Italian.)

"No American?" he asked. "No English?"

"Non capisco," I repeated.

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch? Dieses Bild *Das Letzte Abendmahl* heisst."

"Non capisco."

"Français? Parlez-vous français?"

"Non capisco."

"Español?"

"Russo," I said loudly. And turning to Ginny I asked her, "Dariou kai Parisatidos gignontai duo paides?"

"Skoblianka," she replied.

"Ah!" said the guide, looking startled. "Non parlo russo. Scusi," and withdrew.

It would have been better, of course, if I had really known some Russian. But fortunately I remembered the opening line of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, which I had studied in high school, and it served just as well. From that time on we used this device wherever we went, to drive off pests of every sort.

We also learned how to get rid of guides simply by beating them to the punch. For instance, when one of them approached us in the Uffizi, I grabbed his arm and started telling him, "Is here *Primavera*. *Primavera* by great artist Botticelli, was real name Alessandro dei Filipepi. Born 1444 question mark, died 1510." All



PRIMAVERA; CENTRAL PARK

by LIONEL WIGGAM

STATUES and leaves and fountains and green grass:
Here is a richness undivined by Nero
And unrestricted to a privileged class;
You can row boats or bowl and be a hero,
Or loaf and watch the girls and sailors pass,
Or be a child and get up skating races,
Or lay your love down in the shadowy places.

Here for the dispossessed are tender lawns,
Here for the kind are pigeons to be fed,
Here for the young is history stopped in bronze,
Here for the old is sunlight on the head.
Here for the dreamy sort are lyric swans,
Here for the shy is somewhere to retreat,
Here for the bold, somebody new to meet.

Statues and grass and fountains and green trees:
Buds to be sniffed at, vistas for the eye,
Air to stretch up in, earth to cup the knees,
People to talk to, privacy to cry.
Fountains and grass and statues and green trees:
If you are loved, a graciousness to lie in,
If you are not, a spaciousness to sigh in.

this was on the frame. "Is famous painting. Symbolical as anything," I continued. "Now come, is over here another one, called *Birth of Venus*, is by same man —"

But no one would let us tell him about more than one picture. Resentful but baffled, they would free themselves and hurry away.

Still another modification of the system helped us to drive off peddlers of antiquities. We used it first, I recall, at Carthage, where an especially persistent Tunisian followed us about trying to sell us what he claimed was an authentic Punic lamp. At last I consented to examine the thing, but after one glance I returned it to him.

"Ça?" I said contemptuously. "Passée! Démodée! N'avez-vous pas une lampe punique électrique?"

A bit wildly the antiquarian started to explain. Then he stopped. "Ah! Vous vous moquez de moi!" he said bitterly, and withdrew in a dignified huff.

The chief merit of this type of cold warfare is that it can be endlessly adapted to meet almost any situation. It has served my wife and me for many years. If you are going abroad, I recommend it to you: it may save you from a nervous breakdown.



WHY I DON'T STOP SMOKING

by ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN is a Canadian author who gave up advertising for magazine writing. He is a native of Toronto and now lives in the Kawartha Lakes district of Ontario.

SOMEDAY I intend to stop smoking, but I haven't yet. I've chewed gum, peppermints, arrowroots; counted my cigarettes, hidden them, rationed them, and cut them in half. I've done everything but stop smoking them.

Actually, not smoking right now wouldn't bother me too much. What I can't stand is not smoking in the future. That's when everything of interest happens to me, and it's when I need a cigarette most.

For instance, I am constantly finding myself, at some vague distant date, leaning against the corner of a building in a British fog, tall, hawk-like, lithe as whipcord, and able to see without glasses. I reach into my trench coat pocket, take out a package of cigarettes, twist one into my mouth, strike a match, cup my hands to my cigarette, and peer over the flame at a dim figure across the street. It's a signal that will start God-knows-what things happening around Number 10 Downing Street.

But as the new nonsmoking, nicotine-free Allen, there's nothing to do but just stand there peering through the fog, feeling at loose ends. Unhappily, I unwrap a stick of gum, but all the fun in the thing is gone. Besides, the man on the corner is waiting for a signal. The only thing I can think of is to make my gum snap.

Or perhaps I'm sitting in a deck chair enigmatically studying my fellow passengers, when Hedy Lamarr comes along and takes the chair next to mine. In a moment we are talking.

She takes out a solid-gold cigarette case, inlaid with ivory, withdraws a cigarette, taps it on her hand, then quickly holds the case out to me. I am just about to take one, then suddenly pull back my hand and say, "Thanks, I don't smoke." The picture is completely ruined.

Another horrible situation: I am coming down a gangplank at Algiers with a paper concealed in my shoe. I stroll through the narrow, tortuous streets of the native quarter. I knock at a door, mention a name, and I'm shown up a narrow staircase. I find myself face to face with Sydney Greenstreet. I sit down, wipe my forehead with my handkerchief, and wait.

"Have you got it?" Sydney asks, watching me from beneath heavy lids.

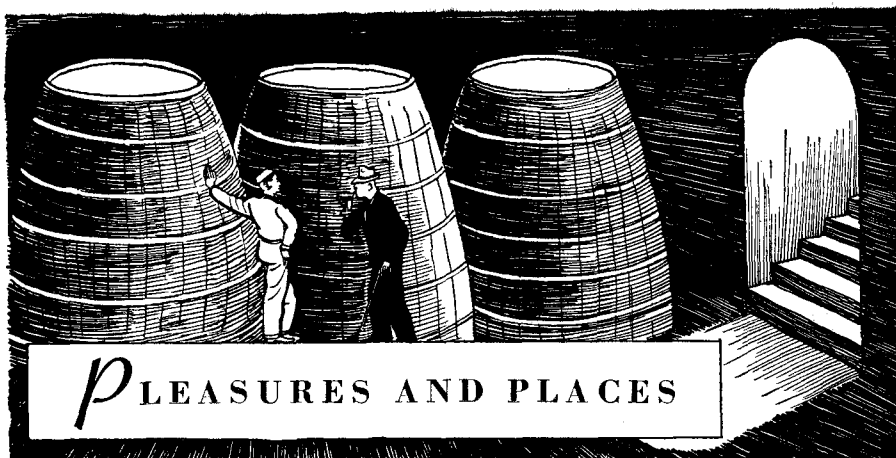
"Not so fast, my dear Mr. Greenstreet," I say. "We have a little matter to discuss first."

We watch one another. It's clearly a waiting game calling for steel nerves. Sydney lights a cigarette, fans out the match, and watches the smoke curl from his lips. I reach into my pocket and pop a peppermint into my mouth.

It's no use. There's no point in going out to meet adventure if you're going to be silly about it.

Cutting down or quitting smoking while I'm around the house putting up screen windows or making kites for my children is something I can handle, although I wait for each cigarette so long, and am so conscious of how long it will be until the next one, that I can't enjoy the one I'm having. But monkeying with cigarettes in the future just doesn't work out. I've seen myself chairman of a board of directors, putting my cards on the table in a deal involving billions, and sitting back coolly waiting for a decision while I take out of my pocket half a cigarette left over from the morning's allotment, gripping it in a bobby pin, and carefully holding it to my lips. I've found myself looking over my desk in the back of my night club at the boss of a rival gang and his two torpedoes who are trying to cut themselves in on my racket, while I frantically ransack my desk for a package of cigarettes I hid from myself that morning.

I can't even die like a man. Occasionally I'm caught by Arabs, tied to a stake, and, just before I'm shot, offered a blindfold. All I can do is shove it aside with a contemptuous laugh and ask for an arrowroot.



P LEASURES AND PLACES

S HERRY

by MACKINLEY HELM

MACKINLEY HELM is among the most versatile contributors to the Atlantic, which has published his writings in the fields of biography, fiction, the fine arts, and travel. He spent four months in Spain last year, and now brings us an account of the wine and brandy industry in Jerez.

YEARS ago in Venice, at a still impressionable age, I read in John Ruskin's *Praeterita*, from the chapter called "Papa and Mamma," of Papa Ruskin's partnership with don Pedro Domecq of Jerez in a business concerning Spanish sherry and brandy. I was touched by Ruskin's account of the friendship existing between his father, who handled important British accounts in his own ponderous person, and the Spanish landlord who cultivated inherited vineyards in southwestern Spain. Their trustful relationship, as short-winded as it was fruitful—its fruit, remember, enabled the Englishman's son to live at the fabulous Hotel Royal Danieli while he sketched and measured the stones of Venice—seemed to me to represent the utmost in nineteenth-century probity in the world of affairs.

Two or three exchanges of letters resolved a year's problems in a business running to hundreds of thousands of pounds. Papa Ruskin, who could shut his eyes and identify wines by taste and olfaction, mysteriously anticipated the tastes of the persons of property, the peers of the realm who bought Domecq sherries largely. In a brief memorandum to Don Pedro in Jerez, he suggested that next year's British buyers would undoubtedly lay down wines a shade darker (or paler) than last year's consignment, and a little younger

(or older). Perhaps the handwritten note would reaffirm the English partner's primary requirement, namely, that every drop of export brandy and sherry, of whatever variety, should be nothing short of incomparable. Don Pedro, "a Spaniard as proud as himself, and as honorable"—so John was to write—complied with the elder Ruskin's demands and suggestions in every particular.

John Ruskin's graphic account of the partnership stayed alive for a number of years in my mind, so it seems, for when in due course I set up my own household and began to buy sherries, I sampled the whole list of American imports from the house of Domecq. I came to prefer the dry (*fino*) wines for myself, though I like champagne sweet. I liked the *vinos de pasto* and *amontillados*; and, as it happened, I did not by any means give the first rank to the most costly varieties within the *fino*, or dry, category. To suit other tastes, I liked also to have the richer sherries on hand: the medium dry *amorosos*, the soft, sweet *olorosos* with their golden fragrance. They were all pleasant to decant and pour out. . . .

Having thus disclosed an old-fashioned addiction to the habit of sherry, perhaps I will not sound out of key when I say that I felt a high degree of excitement when my wife and I set out by motor from Cádiz, on a sunny late-winter morning, bound for the wine cellars of Jerez. We skirted the south rim of the blue Bay of Cádiz, headed north, caught sight of an arrow that pointed the way to Jerez and Seville, and within an hour we reached the city where Don Pedro's descendants still bottle sherries the like of which have tickled men's palates for more than two centuries. (Two export *olorosos*, clover sweet, picture-frame golden, have been celebrating Domecq's bi-

centennial for some twenty years.)

You do not actually see, on the highway from Cádiz to Jerez, any considerable part of the 15,000 scattered acres of vineyard which lie between the seaward reaches of the



two southern rivers, the Guadalquivir and the Guadalete. You drive, instead, through vast ranches where brave bulls, *toros bravos*, are bred for the bull ring, and past fields of wheat. (These we saw wholesomely green again, in the winter, after long years of drought.) The black stumps of grapevine prepare their green buds in the calcareous soil of the rolling back country, in the dark clayey soil of the *barros* (loosely, mud banks) southwest of Jerez, or in the *arenas*, the sandy soils near the sea. So that when you begin to smell Jerez de la Frontera, you might, if you had not been briefed on its principal industry, be perplexed by the sudden and overwhelming odor of grape.

What you unmistakably smell on approaching the city is the fruity effluvium of the ferment of pressings which give off the substance of "sherris," as sixteenth-century England called the white wines of the formerly Moorish city of Sherish: *Good sherris sack ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish dull vapours*, says Falstaff (in *King Henry IV*). The Moorish vineyards were made to produce wine and not sugary raisins after Alfonso X stormed the city in 1264 and set out to eliminate the old Moorish culture. *El Sabio*, as this Alfonso is known, made such a clean job of it that one finds the puritanical age of the Moslem dominion reflected in present-day Jerez only by inference, as in the Gothic church of San Dionisio, brightly embellished in the Mudéjar manner: which is to say in a Spanish style employing such Moorish invention as brick paneling, tiled domes, and tiled or mosaic dadoes and fountains. For the rest, the history of Jerez — the Roman and Visigothic Asido,

the Castilian raid, the Moorish recapture — has been swallowed up by expanding warehouses, the aromatic *bodegas* of The Brothers Sanchez Romate, Gonzales Byass & Co., Domecq, and the others, good Christian establishments all, and devoted to restoring the vine to its God-given use.

We followed our noses through the delectable fumes and presently introduced ourselves at the Domecq headquarters, at the end of a winding sycamore driveway. On the strength of our stated attachment to the house and its products, we were hospitably put into the hands of a youthful employee who had learned British English without stepping out of the province of Jerez. Señor Gonzalo Marin Ruiz de Ojeda — at our service! — was a small, compact young man with black hair, a glossy mustache, and a spontaneous smile. The latter assured us that we would be no trouble at all to the staff of Don Pedro.

Our arrival was not strategically timed for a scientific inspection. The bottling departments were shut down for the two-hour midday rest and lunch period and the 2000 workmen were already lining up for their second daily *copita* of manzanilla — a light, dry, tonic wine which takes its name, meaning camomile, from the pleasantly bitter aftertaste which it leaves on the tongue. Don Gonzalo explained that the crew is served with drinks on the house at eight in the morning, at midday, in midafternoon, and at six-o'clock closing, and observed that few of the men, for this reason, spend any considerable part of their daily wage, which is less than a dollar, in the public cantinas. (It might also be supposed, though this never was said, that they would likewise be less disposed to dip and drink, while on duty, from the costlier barrels of sherry and brandy.)

The time of day thus conniving to put us promptly to work in the sampling division, where visitors more often conclude a scientific tour of the works, we walked past the queues of thirsty employees and repaired forthwith to the brandy *bodegas*. We first of all fell to work, all of us, upon about three ounces apiece of a sixty-year cognac called Carlos I in honor of one of my particular heroes, the first Spanish King Charles, perhaps better known to our world as the Roman Emperor Charles V. The antique brandy was tenderly

lifted out of its cask in a small cylindrical metal cup (a *venencia*) fixed to the end of a length of wire and bravely poured into tulip-shaped goblets. In pouring from dipper to glass in a stream which I judged to reach eighteen inches at the height of its flow, the veteran maestro spilled not a drop of the precious brandy, however breath-taking the flourish with which he gave light and air to the liquor he drew from its dark, quiet pool.

The dusky, dank cellar grew perceptibly warmer and brighter as we sipped this good brandy. Then with Don Gonzalo as guide and narrator — and as fellow-taster — we worked our way up and down through many varieties: up to the 150-year-old Nelson, Fox, and Napoleon and down to my favorite bar brandy, a *fine champagne* which is sold by the case at the plant for around half a dollar a bottle and is retailed in Spanish bars somewhat more cheaply than coffee. (What with taxes and all, Domecq's Fundador sells, alas, at above five dollars a bottle at home in America.)

We sampled the more ancient brandies in minute globules mixed with wine, the maestro pouring the heavy opaque liquors into the slim, tapering, crystal goblets — *catavinos* — prescribed by Spanish etiquette for the consumption of sherry. Holding the stems between thumb and forefinger, the old man rotated the filled glasses gently so that when he returned the dark distillations to the casks they pertained to, a few drops would adhere to the sloping sides of each goblet. To these droplets the maestro then added a dry, almost transparent sherry, and we tiddled Nelson and Fox and Napoleon suave-

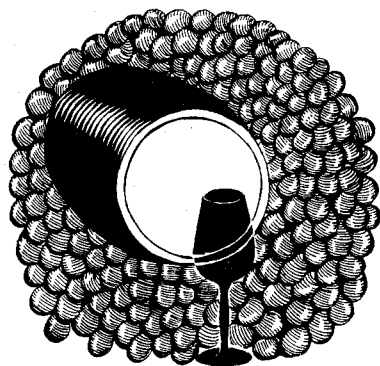


ly dispersed in this straw-colored vehicle.

After working an hour or two in the brandy department, we went on

to the neighboring sherry *bodegas*. There the maestro of the wine-tasting division, a lean family man about thirty, dipped and poured skillfully from casks containing every gradation of dry and sweet sherry, the sparkling streams ranging in color, as they splashed from the dipper, from palest straw through buff, bay, and tawny to the sunlit campania browns and the ochers. We worked long and hard at the sampling, yet it was never suggested that we might be approaching the finish, the pay-off, the ultimate tasting. On the contrary, the cellars were endless and we endlessly sipped the penultimate *copa*.

By the time we had drunk and approved of almost too many penultimate sherries, it became apparent that the slim-bellied maestro was beginning to feel that he needed his



dinner. We mumbled something expressive of leaving and requested Don Gonzalo to offer the man a glass of good wine in our name, with our thanks and our blessing; whereupon the dipper and pourer, pleased as well with a tip of a day's pay or thereabouts, showed us photographs of his family, joined our ranks as participant taster, and pressed us to take additional glasses of sherry in each distant corner of the damp vaulted cellars.

For each export name I was able to mention, we had, in the sum, a taste of the product under its Spanish label: long drafts of a *fino* called Guita in America, an elegant, pale dry wine which Americans sometimes overlook because it is cheap (it costs less than two dollars); Guita's dainty and costlier sister, La Ina; a flower-like amoroso known at home as Delicia; the full-bodied and storied wines known as Celebration Cream and Double Century. A subtle Jandilla with no exact export equivalent proved to be Elizabethan in content, a wine to warm the blood and make it

"course from the inwards to the parts extreme." We even good-naturedly sampled a wine which would one day be called "drissuck" locally, a mixture too prankish to own a Spanish name and equivalent.

Dry sack is ambiguous. Sack is not, never was, a dry wine, as Dr. Johnson well knew, though other lexicographers have tried to derive the name for it from *sec* or *seco*. The more sirupy versions of the wine called dry sack by shippers—I believe never by vintners—find a ready market in England, where 70 per cent of the sherry runs thick and hearty, though not quite so sweet, I was told, as in Papa Ruskin's time. The vintners will tell you that England still calls for dry sack and drinks sweet, while American taste, so the don Pedro Domecq of our day informed me, runs 70 per cent on the side of dry wines.

Don Gonzalo obliged us by explaining the confusing disparity between the domestic and export labeling of the Spanish sherries. Spaniards, like Frenchmen, want to know where their table wine comes from. If it is an Albariza, for instance, does it come, they inquire, from the Carrascal region, the Balbaina, or the Macharnudo in the lime-white hills west of Jerez? If a Macharnudo, is it Upper or Lower? A very great wine, for example, is a Macharnudo Alto from the Río Viejo.

In addition to isolating the region, the Spanish connoisseur likes to know, if he may, the specific domain producing his bottle—though he realizes that vineyard bottling has nearly everywhere given way to the (generally better) standardized system of blending and bottling used in the warehouses of Jerez. For a party, he is likely to think there is nothing more snobbish than, say, a *Vino de la Raza* from a nobleman's vineyard, and it makes him feel good to serve it. The foreign consumer, on the other hand, though he may be sufficiently acquainted with France to fuss over the claret and Burgundy labels, is not often familiar with Spanish regions and vineyards. The export sherries therefore bear names and labels intended to tickle his fancy, make him think of Iberia. . . .

So what with tasting and talking, the four of us worked our way into deep afternoon. We learned that Don Gonzalo had acquired a bicycle, as much a mark of success in his country as a car in America. We heard that

his marriage would follow promotion and we hoped both were imminent, the boy a capable, well-met fellow and the dark-haired girl in his wallet



decidedly pretty. We listened, above all, to good talk of the grape: the "white" Palomino, sweet, topaz yellow; Pedro Ximenez, rich in grape sugar; the fat Muscatels from the sandy regions. Each processed grape has its seasoned lover.

In September, the harvest is sprinkled with gypsum and pressed in the nighttime by the spiked boots of treaders. The new wine is fortified, after fermentation, by substantial additions of good, wholesome brandy. In the big plants of Jerez, the bottling is standardized by the blending of old and new wines from the high-piled 500-liter casks in the cellars—casks coopered from sound American oak; so that such color as the colorless pressings acquire from contact with the wood and not from the chemist is American color. This thought somehow pleased me.

Before we took leave of our good friend Don Gonzalo in a shower of vinous presents that rained on us all, we were coaxed, unreluctant, to pay a last visit to an innermost chamber in the most ancient *bodega*, and what a bibulous holy of holies it was! The scented barrels of sherry were ornamented with the names and crests of historical persons. The Spanish royal family was well represented, beginning with Carlos III, the first Hispanicized Bourbon, and ending with Alfonso XIII and the Infanta Eulalia. Alba and Primo de Rivera and Franco had lent their names to old wines as Nelson and Fox and Napoleon had done in the case of old brandies. And while we fondled our truly ultimate intemperate *copas*, I spied, through a barely transparent screening of cobwebs, a moist, bearded cask on whose beaded head I spelled out the name of old sobersided Papa Ruskin himself.



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by JOHN M. CONLY

Bach: Cantatas No. 140, *Wachet auf*, and No. 32, *Liebster Jesu, mein Verlangen* (Magda Laszlo, soprano, Alfred Poell, bass, Waldemar Kmentt, tenor; Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra and Akademiechor; Westminster: 12" LP). This *Wachet auf* just barely nudges out another excellent new one, issued by Bach Guild, conducted by Felix Prohaska and graced by Anny Felbermayer. The Bach Guild also offers *Christ lag in Todesbanden* on the reverse. Hear both before choosing.

Bach: Partitas in B-Flat Major, C Minor, A Minor, D Major, G Major, and E Minor (Paul Badura-Skoda, piano; Westminster: three 12" LPs in album with score). Here is something gorgeous, a treasure. Badura-Skoda's Bach has the same loving brightness Edwin Fischer's had, without the wrong notes. Amen.

Beethoven and Brahms: Symphonies (Felix Weingartner conducting Vienna Philharmonic, London Philharmonic, London Symphony, Royal Philharmonic; Columbia: thirteen 12" LPs). Age dulls the sound of this complete reprint series (originally recorded 1926-42), but nothing can mar the deep, unfaltering *rightness* of Weingartner's playing. Every orchestra leader in the land needs these recordings—and every real Beethoven and Brahms enthusiast. Try the Beethoven Fourth and Brahms Third.

Brahms: Symphony No. 1 in C Minor (Eugene Ormandy conducting Philadelphia Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). In new, scrumptious, hi-fi clothes, a near-perfect replica of the famous "white-hot" 1934 Stokowski performance. Warning: a new Toscanini is already on tape.

Dvorak: *Amid Nature*, *Carnaval*, *Otello*, and *Notturmo for Strings* (Henry Swoboda conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Concert Hall: 12" LP). A melodic feast almost never set forth in concert halls. On one LP, a delightfully seasonal bargain.

Goldmark: *Rustic Wedding Symphony* (Henry Swoboda conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Concert Hall: 12" LP). Lusty, lyrical, and everlastingly listenable (like the Dvorak Slavonic Dances), this strangely underexploited work is handsomely performed and recorded.

Haydn: *Quartets Op. 17, Nos. 1-6* (Schneider Quartet; Haydn Society: three 12" LPs, analytical notes on request). People who think chamber music formidable should start with these utterly endearing samples. The Schneiders, who plan to do Haydn's whole output, play with all the *Gemütlichkeit* there is.

Honegger: *Concertino*, together with Milhaud: *Concerto No. 1* (Fabienne Jacquinet, piano; Anatole Fistoulari conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; M-G-M: 10" LP). A sprightly modern cocktail, easy to take; plenty of tonal tang.

Mozart: *Clarinet Quintet in A Major* (Benny Goodman, American Art Quartet; Columbia: 12" LP). Benny, a fine Mozartian, here outclasses (by far) a new Westminster with Leopold Wlach and the Vienna Konzerthaus and (much more narrowly) the older Lyrichord Sidney Forrest version.

Puccini: *La Bohème* (Toscanini conducting Albanese, Peerce, other soloists, and NBC Symphony; RCA Victor: two 12" LPs or 45 albums). Comments are obviously redundant, except that in this one the Maestro actually can be heard humming.

Ravel: *Gaspard de la Nuit* and *Miroirs* (Leonard Pennario, piano; Capitol: 12" LP). Still too young to be quite another Gieseking, Pennario does an impressive job, abetted by some of the best piano tone ("Full Dimensional Sound") on records. Listen also to his 10" Liszt-Debussy-Chopin "war-horse" disk.

Weber: *Grand Duo Concertante* and *Variations on a Theme from Silvania* (Sidney Forrest, clarinet, Leonid Hambro, piano; WCFM: 12" LP). Florid but graceful music, wonderfully lush clarinet sounds, somehow very fetching.